

THE LINCOLN READERS



SEVENTH READER



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**THE
LINCOLN READERS**

THE LINCOLN READERS

Primer
First Reader
Second Reader
Third Reader

Fourth Reader
Fifth Reader
Sixth Reader

Seventh Reader
Eighth Reader

THE LINCOLN READERS

BOOK SEVEN

FOR GRAMMAR GRADES
AND JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOLS

BY

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INTRODUCTION

Local Contacts With Life. Within the memory of our grandfathers, books were few and those available were written for adults. The Bible, Pilgrims' Progress and one or two other books of a religious character constituted the entire library in many homes.

As a people, we were ignorant of the world about us. The fortunate few who had means could travel and, in this way, gain first-hand information of the land they lived in and of other lands. For the great majority of people, however, this first-hand experience was not possible and their contacts with life were largely local and provincial in character.

Multiplicity of Modern Contacts. Modern life has been accompanied by a wealth of good books, as well as much reading material that is valueless. Through the reading of well selected books, the range of one's observation and his understanding of human relationships is greatly widened. Contacts with life cease to be local. Stories of travel, geography, history, transportation, industry, invention, biography, etc., enable him to observe the world about him, to travel in imagination to lands he may never see, to acquaint himself with the experiences, struggles, traditions, and aspirations of preceding generations and of people of other lands, and to satisfy a natural human curiosity about the world he lives in, impossible of realization through direct observation and actual participation.

Requisite Habits and Skills. This is not possible, however, unless the person has acquired not only requisite fundamental habits and skills in reading, but also has been trained to use books effectively. This touches the whole problem of teaching a pupil how to study—the development of the ability to discover problems through his reading, to select data bearing upon problems under discussion, to use reference books, to evaluate data, to compare and organize data, and to arrive at valid and verifiable conclusions. He must not only comprehend what he reads, but must also interpret the thought of the author by reading between the lines.

Much of our reading is carried on as a leisure occupation. No dominant purpose or motive drives us on. We read for the genuine enjoyment given us by these vicarious experiences with

life. Nevertheless, our tastes and permanent interests are determined by our ability to read with understanding and to make use of what we read, fully as much as by our reading experiences. One cannot experience complete enjoyment in the ownership of a car unless he has learned to drive it skillfully.

The Lincoln Readers Present Laboratory Materials. It is not their purpose to give complete accounts of human experience in the various fields. Illustrative material only is given. A cross section of modern life with its necessary background is presented in a series of projects acquainting the pupil with School Life of the Past, The Lands We Come From, Colonial Life, Community Life, Industrial Life, Nature and Science, Transportation, etc.

Attention is called to the fact that the pupil is presented with a wide sampling of materials of literary merit touching many fields of human experience. The fields in which his interests are aroused may be explored further by securing and reading the books listed under "Additional Readings." Several hundred worth while books are suggested under this heading. If possible, they should be available in the school library. Pupils should receive definite training in the use of these books. Page references have not been given because children should be taught to use the index and table of contents of a reference book when in search of data bearing upon a problem, or when in search of additional material relating to a subject in which they are interested.

The Lincoln Readers Provide Definite Training in the Art of Study. In the "Helps to Study" given at the close of each selection, pupils are taught how to select and organize data; questions are asked requiring them to evaluate and to judge the validity of statements made; and thought questions are asked which require them to use facts in new situations. They are asked to choose, to compare, to contrast, to summarize, to conclude. Tabulations, outlines, the interpretation of graphic material, and the naming of paragraphs and selections are featured. Briefly stated, pupils are trained to study illustrative reading material, to interpret and appreciate good literature, and they are provided with a wealth of additional selections to assist in the establishment of permanent reading interests.

Motivated, Purposeful Reading. Pupils should be trained to go to books with problems in mind. The Lincoln Readers provide this motivation by giving a setting for each selection in

the introduction and by arousing the curiosity of the pupil by means of initial questions. The child reads to find out. The problem-solving attitude is established at the outset.

Divisions of the Series. In planning the Lincoln Readers, the series was divided into three groups:

I. The Primary Books, having for their chief objective the mastery of the mechanics of reading.

II. The Intermediate Books, having for their objectives the development of certain reading abilities, skills, and study habits.

III. The Grammar Books, or Junior High School Books, having for their objectives further training in proper study habits, a discrimination in the use of reading matter, and an appreciation of some of the best types of literary production.

In accordance with the above plan, the Seventh and the Eighth Books are planned to correlate with the social and natural sciences, English, and mathematics. They will make more effective the study processes of the pupil in these subjects as well as to furnish him with supplementary material in the various fields covered in the grammar grades.

—C. J. A.

TO THE TEACHER

This book is intended to be used as a text in reading. From the standpoint of materials it is intended to broaden the experiences of boys and girls and to enlarge and enrich their fund of information. It reveals to them cross sections of the fields of education, history, literature, transportation, nature, science, community life, child life, industry, and invention. It does not go exhaustively into any one field. Those pupils whose interests are aroused by any given field should be urged by the teacher to do additional reading using the selections suggested at the end of each story.

Each selection presented in this book is preceded by a paragraph or two of introduction. The introduction gives either the setting of the story to follow or raises questions to be answered by the pupil after he has read the selection. The introduction raises a problem. The pupil should be made aware of this problem before he begins his reading of the story.

To reiterate, this book is designed as a text book in reading and is to be used for study purposes. The HELPS TO STUDY placed at the end of each selection have been carefully prepared. Their purpose is to train the pupil in effective and economical study habits and to develop attitudes and appreciation in reading. They should be used by the pupil in the preparation of his reading assignment as study guides.

THE OBJECTIVES OF READING INSTRUCTION

Objectives and Concomitants for Grade Seven

I. Fundamental Reading Abilities, Habits, Skills.

8. Developing an increasingly meaningful vocabulary. pp. 1, 40, 55, 63, 98, 172, 187, 203, 211, 236, 313, 330.
10. Arousing appropriate emotional attitudes, pp. 1, 24, 25, 49, 55, 80, 98, 178, 187, 207, 211, 228, 266, 330, 420.

II. Locating Data.

15. Ability to skim rapidly to locate needed data, pp. 13, 24, 50, 57, 164, 173, 197, 227, 246, 283, 335.
16. Ability to use an index effectively and quickly, pp. 164, 197, 311, 313, 334, 353, 364, 376, 387, 462.
19. Ability to use an appendix. Special drill by teacher.

20. Ability to use paragraph headings, pp. 50, 62, 88, 154, 164, 247, 356, 368, 400.
21. Ability to use cross-references, pp. 35, 46, 62, 72, 95, 103, 172, 203, 283, 353, 367, 406, 462.
22. Ability to use keys and footnotes. "Additional Readings."
23. Ability to use maps, charts, graphs, etc., pp. 4, 35, 62, 88, 143, 182, 203, 210, 246, 299, 313, 356.
24. Ability to use a glossary and dictionary. Special drill.
25. Ability to use library effectively: knowledge of card catalogs, author cards, title cards, etc. etc., 17, 27, 35, 54, 130, 146, 172, 182, 197, 203, 210, 236, 311, 423.
26. Knowledge of the organization and arrangement of materials in general reference books, encyclopedias, etc. pp. 27, 172, 182, 197, 203, 210, 334, 345, 423, 456.

III. Organization.

27. Ability to pick out the central idea of a selection, pp. 18, 27, 50, 177, 183, 215, 246, 251, 256.
28. Ability to select the important points and supporting details (outlining), pp. 1, 10, 27, 46, 62, 72, 103, 179, 183, 215, 236, 338, 353.
29. Ability to summarize, pp. 24, 172, 197, 250, 284, 310, 436.
30. Ability to associate what is read with other known facts, pp. 4, 13, 33, 55, 57, 68, 103, 131, 153, 164, 178, 183, 200, 240, 284, 383, 395, 406.
31. Ability to determine the sequence of events or topics, pp. 10, 46, 62, 88, 172, 200, 240, 284, 383, 395, 406.
32. Ability to follow directions accurately, pp. 54, 62, 156, 160, 172, 177, 182, 247, 283, 310, 313, 338, 395, 447.
33. Ability to make a bibliography, pp. 1, 17, 27, 172, 182, 183, 227, 240, 258, 335, 406.

IV. Evaluation.

34. Ability to determine the validity of statements, pp. 40, 56, 68, 79, 104, 105, 153, 292, 436.
35. Ability to select materials appropriate for dramatization or essential to characterization, etc., pp. 36, 41, 46, 55, 63, 80, 130, 183, 211, 266, 345, 377, 420, 424, 447.
36. Ability to determine the relative importance of different statements, pp. 72, 164, 197, 210, 222, 265, 302, 367, 406.
37. Ability to sort essentials from non-essentials (judgment), pp. 40, 79, 105, 122, 161, 197, 205, 222, 265, 367, 463.

38. Ability to evaluate conflicting or supplementary ideas from different sources (comparison), pp. 7, 13, 35, 46, 63, 80, 104, 111, 164, 172, 177, 223, 310, 334, 364.
39. Ability to state questions answered by material, pp. 7, 50, 79, 84, 88, 160, 200, 223, 251, 266, 364, 384, 406.
40. Ability to form valid conclusions, to find right solutions, pp. 35, 54, 67, 95, 200, 223, 367, 406, 410.
41. Ability to verify conclusions, or to apply them to other situations, pp. 3, 17, 20, 35, 72, 153, 161, 246, 276, 310.

V. Retention.

42. Ability to memorize effectively and economically worthwhile selections, pp. 3, 28, 47, 49, 85, 87, 96, 98, 103, 145, 163, 199, 206, 237, 239, 355, 396, 436, 449.
43. Ability to reproduce the essential conditions of a problem, pp. 236, 276, 313, 334, 420.
44. Ability to reproduce the essential thought of a selection, pp. 80, 104, 105, 111, 172, 177, 211, 228, 284, 345, 406.
45. Ability to recall facts of earlier reading for their bearing upon a new problem (delayed recall), pp. 30, 111, 123, 153, 163, 197, 211, 227, 246, 346. Memory tests.

VI. Appreciation.

46. Ability to visualize described details, pp. 1, 30, 46, 49, 63, 78, 96, 104, 105, 111, 177, 186, 187, 228, 246, 346.
47. Ability to evaluate and enjoy the humor of a selection, pp. 63, 111, 113, 17', 178, 204, 284, 377, 450.
48. Ability to feel and enjoy rhythm and music in literature, pp. 30, 47, 87, 96, 98, 199, 204, 213, 239.
49. Ability to read orally and effectively for the enjoyment of others, pp. 30, 47, 96, 197, 213, 227, 345, 396.
50. Ability to read silently for self-enjoyment (recreatory), pp. 11, 80, 178, 187, 228, 284, 411, 437.
51. Ability to appreciate accurate and refined diction, pp. 1, 28, 30, 49, 55, 85, 87, 105, 122, 211, 258.
52. Attitude of enjoyment of good literature (love of books), pp. 25, 30, 47, 49, 55, 85, 97, 131, 145, 213, 346, 437.
53. Ability to enlarge and enrich experience through wide reading, pp. 4, 10, 12, 57, 88, 103, 131, 173, 183, 215, 227.
54. Possession of valid and permanent reading interests—a resultant of use of Lincoln Readers.

NOTE. For complete list of Reading Abilities, see authors' chart, "*The Objectives of Reading Instruction*".

CONTENTS

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY	<i>Abraham Lincoln</i>	1
THE LANDS WE COME FROM	<i>C. J. Anderson</i>	4
AMERICA IN 1700	<i>J. A. Harley</i>	7
THE WORLD OF STORY BOOKS		11
A GREAT CITY'S WATER SUPPLY	<i>Smithsonian Report</i>	13
THE STAGE COACH	<i>Washington Irving</i>	18
A FRIEND OF THE BIRDS	<i>Hon. George F. Hoar</i>	25
THE MEANING	<i>Ina E. Lindsley</i>	28
IN SCHOOL DAYS	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i>	30
THE DANISH FARMER	<i>Jen Jensen</i>	33
ELIZA LUCAS	<i>Letters of Eliza Lucas</i>	36
SIR GALAHAD	<i>Thomas Mallory</i>	41
ABOU BEN ADHEM	<i>Leigh Hunt</i>	47
MILD OCTOBER	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i>	49
MAN'S USE OF FIRE	<i>Talks On Science</i>	50
A FITTING TRIBUTE	<i>Herman Hagedorn</i>	55
THE BANANA UPON CLOSE ACQUAINT- ANCE	<i>Elsie S. Eccls</i>	57
THE OLD-FASHIONED SCHOOL	<i>Nathaniel Hawthorne</i>	63
AN ALPINE VILLAGE	<i>S. H. M. Byers</i>	68
THE TICKING TEPEE	<i>Carolyn S. Bailey</i>	73
THE GOLDEN ARROW	<i>Mary MacLeod</i>	80
I AM AN AMERICAN	<i>Elias Lieberman</i>	85
DOWN TO SLEEP	<i>Helen Hunt Jackson</i>	87
THROUGH THE PANAMA CANAL	<i>William H.</i>	88
THE SILVER BIRCH	<i>Jean Blewett</i>	96
THE STATE OF MIND	<i>Anonymous</i>	98
THE PRICE OF SUCCESS	<i>C. J. Anderson</i>	99
YE OLDE SCHOOLMASTERS		104
NEW AMSTERDAM	<i>Diedrich Knickerbocker</i>	113
THE STORY OF ALI BABA	<i>The Arabian Nights</i>	123
WHERE DREAMS COME TRUE	<i>James F. Dwyer</i>	131
NIGHT	<i>Robert Southey</i>	145
A JOURNEY BY DOG TEAM	<i>C. K. Leith</i>	146

AROUND THE CHEMIST'S TABLE	<i>B. Clifford Hendricks</i>	154
A JUNIOR LEAGUE OF NATIONS	<i>Editorial</i>	161
SPINNING AND DYEING IN COLONIAL TIMES	<i>R. M. Tryon</i>	164
THE FIRST PUBLIC SCHOOL	<i>J. A. Harley</i>	173
AN IRISH PEASANT'S STORY	<i>J. F. Powers</i>	178
DRESS AND CUSTOMS IN NEW ENG- LAND	<i>Dr. Abiel Abbott</i>	183
THE SHIPWRECK	<i>Daniel DeFoe</i>	187
THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT	<i>Joseph Addison</i>	199
AROUND THE WORLD	<i>William Huffman</i>	200
GOOD MORNING	<i>P. D. Gog</i>	204
THE SHIP OF STATE	<i>Henry W. Longfellow</i>	206
A BOLD DREAM REALIZED	<i>Lt. Robert E. Peary</i>	207
A SELF-EDUCATED MAN	<i>Abraham Lincoln</i>	211
A PEEP INTO NORWAY	<i>The World and Its People</i>	215
THE STORY OF A BOUND BOY	<i>Asa G. Sheldon</i>	223
THE NUBIAN SLAVE	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i>	228
TEN RULES OF A MIDSHIPMAN	<i>U. S. Naval Academy</i>	237
MIDWINTER	<i>John T. Trowbridge</i>	239
THROUGH A BOY'S EYES	<i>Leon Patroni</i>	240
THE STORY OF STORAGE CELLS	<i>Floyd L. Darrow</i>	247
PUBLIC BENEFACTORS	<i>Maude Harrison Huey</i>	251
THE BANK FISHERMEN	<i>James B. Connolly</i>	259
A VISIT TO SICILY	<i>Broughten Brandenburg</i>	266
A BRAVE HEART	<i>Doris Turpin Bradford</i>	277
A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT	<i>Jonathan Swift</i>	284
FEEDING A GREAT CITY	<i>Vane Kendrick</i>	293
WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE	<i>George P. Morris</i>	301
A VISIT TO CUZCO	<i>Trips Abroad</i>	302
FORETELLING THE FLOODS	<i>Edwin Tarrisse</i>	311
THE SHERITON PAINT-UP	<i>George F. Pierrot</i>	314
A SCHOOL IN ALBANIA	<i>Begir Baci</i>	331
ON A VIRGINIA PLANTATION	<i>Robert Beverly</i>	335
THE RETURN OF ULYSSES	<i>Homer's Odyssey</i>	339
TAKING LEAVE FOR AMERICA	<i>Emily Greene Balch</i>	346
UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE	<i>William Shakespeare</i>	355
EARLY TRANSPORTATION IN THE FAR WEST	<i>Howard C. Hill</i>	356
HOW TO GAIN A DAY	<i>Garrett P. Serviss</i>	365

CONTENTS

xiii

PETROLEUM AND ITS USES	<i>Edith P. Parker</i>	368
SALEM HOUSE	<i>Charles Dickens</i>	377
THE MORAVIAN PEASANT	<i>Community Life Leaflets</i>	384
A HEROINE OF LONG AGO	<i>Florence M. Pettee</i>	388
PROUD OF IT	<i>Berton Bratey</i>	396
A MAY MORNING	<i>John Milton</i>	399
SEEN IN PORTO RICO	<i>Rose Henderson</i>	400
FLYING SQUADRONS	<i>Cleveland Museum</i>	407
A PRAIRIE FIRE	<i>James Fenimore Cooper</i>	411
JOHN APPLEBY	<i>An Interview</i>	421
A HOME IN THE BLACK FOREST	<i>Mary Steiner Bauerman</i>	424
LAETITIA, THE LITTLE PATRIOT	<i>Lillian L. Price</i>	430
AN EXCITING CANOE RACE	<i>James Fenimore Cooper</i>	437
THE VOICE OF NATURE	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i>	449
THE KING'S HIGHWAY	<i>J. R. Tanner</i>	450
THE POCKET GOPHER	<i>Mae Cresswell</i>	457
HIS AWAKENING	<i>Harold Titus</i>	463

SEASONAL PROJECTS

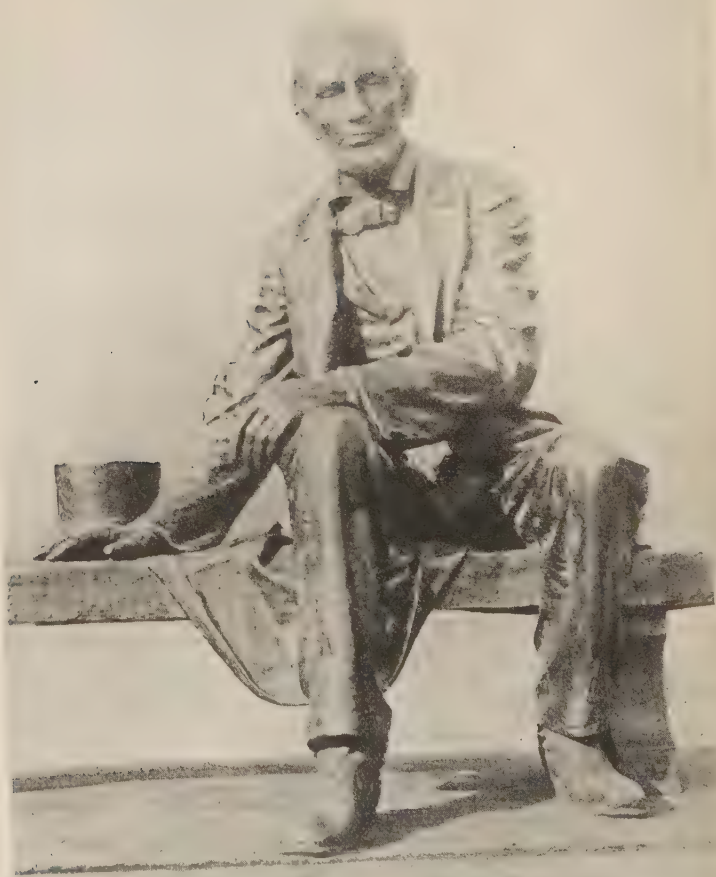
Projects				
Schools and Education	An Auto- biography ¹	In School Days ³⁰	The Old- Fashioned School ⁶³	Ye Olde School- masters ¹⁰⁴
Old World Peoples and Customs	The Lands We Come From ⁴	The Danish Farmer ³³	An Alpine Village ⁶⁸	
Colonial Life	America In 1700 ⁷	Eliza Lucas ³⁶	The Tick- ing Tepee ⁷³	New Amsterdam ¹¹³
Immortal Stories	The World Of Story Books ¹¹	Sir Galahad ⁴¹	The Golden Arrow ⁸⁰	Story Of Ali Baba ¹²³
Community Life	A Great City's Water ¹³	Abou Ben Adhem ⁴⁷	I Am An American ⁸⁵	Where Dreams Come True ¹³¹
Poems Of Nature		Mild October ⁴⁹	Down to Sleep ⁸⁷	Night The Stars ¹⁴⁵
Travel and Transportation	The Stage- coach ¹⁸		Through the Pan' Canal ⁸⁸	A Journey By Dog Team ¹⁴⁶
Nature and Science	A Friend Of The Birds ²⁵	Man's Use Of Fire ⁵⁰	The Silver Birch ⁹⁶	Around the Chemist's Table ¹⁵⁴
Scoutcraft	The Meaning ²⁸	A Fitting Tribute ⁵⁵	The State Of Mind ⁹⁸	A Junior League Of Nations ¹⁶¹
Arts and Industries		The Banana Upon Ac- quaintance ⁵⁷	The Price Of Success ⁹⁹	Spinning and Dyeing In Col. Times ¹⁶⁴

Note to Teacher. These are *type lessons*, chosen to illustrate the corresponding reading abilities, habits, and tastes. The Projects should selections of your own choosing.

ARRANGED BY MONTHS

173 The First Public School	211 A Self- Educated Man		331 A School In Albania	377 Salem House	
178 An Irish Peasant's Story	215 A Peep Into Norway	266 A Visit To Sicily		384 The Moravian Peasant	424 A Home In Black Forest
183 Dress In New England	223 The Story Of A Bound Boy	277 A Brave Heart	335 Virginia Planta- tion	388 A Heroine Of Long Ago	430 Laetitia, The Little Patriot
187 The Ship- wreck	228 The Nubian Slave	284 A Voyage To Lilliput	339 Return Of Ulysses		437 An Excit- ing Canoe Race
206 The Ship Of State	237 Ten Rules	293 Feeding A Great City	346 Taking Leave For America	396 Proud Of It	
199 Spacious Firmament	239 Midwinter	301 Woodman Spare Tree	355 The Green- wood Tree	399 A May Morning	449 Voice Of Nature
200 Around The World	240 Through A Boy's Eyes	302 A Visit To Cuzco	356 Early Transpor- tation	400 Seen In Porto Rico	450 The King's Highway
204 Good Morning	247 The Story Of Storage Cells	311 Foretel- ling The Floods	365 How To Gain A Day	407 Flying Squadrons	457 The Pocket Gopher
207 A Bold Dream Realized	251 Public Bene- factors	314 The Sheriton Paint-up		411 Prairie Fire	463 His Awaken- ing
	259 The Bank Fishermen		368 Petro- leum and Its Uses	421 John Appleby	

several kinds of reading material and proper methods of developing be extended as far as time and opportunity will permit with suitable



Underwood & Underwood

THE LINCOLN STATUE AT NEWARK, N. J.



LINCOLN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

In the earlier books of the Lincoln series you were told certain facts about Lincoln's boyhood; you learned several incidents connected with his life; and you read several anecdotes told about Mr. Lincoln, and one or two of the stories for which he was famous.

In the present volume you are to read Mr. Lincoln's modest estimate of himself and his attainments, and in February you may read one of his famous speeches—a speech that will be read and recited as long as our mother tongue shall be spoken, for it is considered one of the purest gems in English literature. The Autobiography was written at the request of friends when Mr. Lincoln first became a candidate for the Presidency. Surely no one would ever accuse Mr. Lincoln therein of “thinking of himself more highly than he ought to think.” Read it to understand the hardships of the pioneer life of the “The Great American.”

“O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us!”

“I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families—second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky about 1781 or 1782, where, a year or two later, he was killed by the Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest.

“My father (Thomas Lincoln) at the death of his father was but six years of age. By the early death of his father, and the very narrow circumstances of his mother, he was, even in childhood, a wandering, laboring boy, and grew up literally without education. He never did more in the way

of writing than bunglingly to write his own name. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my eighth year. It was a wild region, with many bears and other animals in the woods.

"There were some schools, so-called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond 'readin', writin', and cipherin' to the rule of three. If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard. Of course, when I came of age I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write, and cipher to the rule of three. But that was all. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

"I was raised to farm work till I was twenty-two. At twenty-one I came to Illinois, Macon County. Then I got to New Salem, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store. Then came the Black Hawk War; and I was elected captain of a volunteer company, a success that gave me more pleasure than any I have had since. I went into the campaign—was elated—ran for the legislature the same year (1832), and was beaten—the only time I ever have been beaten by the people. The next, and three succeeding biennial elections, I was elected to the legislature. I was not a candidate afterward.

"During the legislative period, I had studied law and removed to Springfield to practice it. In 1846 I was elected to the lower house of Congress. Was not a candidate for re-election. From 1849 to 1854 inclusive, practiced law more assiduously than ever before. Always a Whig in politics, and generally on the Whig electoral tickets, making active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again.

"If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said that I am in height six feet four inches,

nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average one hundred eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollected."

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What is an autobiography? How does it differ from a biography? Name another famous autobiography. 2. Name each of the paragraphs in this selection. Make a brief outline of the story. 3. Make an outline of the most important facts in your own life, which you would include, if you were to write an autobiography. 4. What is the most important statement that Lincoln makes here? Why do you think so? 5. Study a picture of Lincoln. Does he give a good description of himself? 6. Contrast your own opportunities for an education with those of Lincoln.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Abraham Lincoln, a True Life*, JAMES BALDWIN; 2. *Abraham Lincoln, the Greatest American*, JANE JENNINGS; 3. *The Life of Abraham Lincoln for Boys and Girls*, CHARLES W. MOORES; 4. *Lincoln, the Man of the People*, W. H. MACE; 5. *The Boy's Life of Abraham Lincoln*, HELEN NICOLAY; 6. *Autobiography*, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN; 7. *Story of My Boyhood*, JOHN MUIR; 8. *A Dutch Boy Fifty Years After*, EDWARD BOK; 9. *Girls Who Became Famous*, SARAH BOLTON.

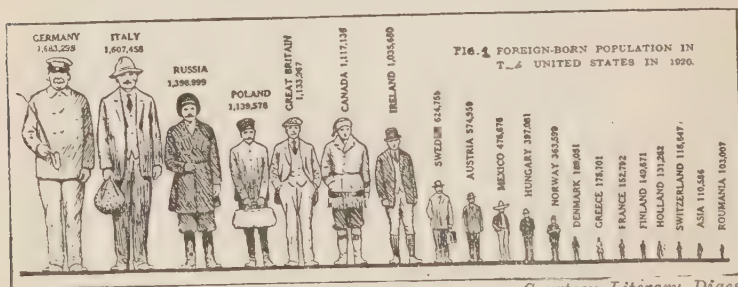
LINCOLN'S PLEDGE

Let every American, every lover of liberty, every well wisher to his posterity, swear never to violate in the least particular the laws of the country, and never to tolerate their violation by others. As the patriots of seventy-six did to the support of the Declaration of Independence, so to the support of the Constitution and laws let every American pledge his life, his property, and his sacred honor. Let every man remember that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his father, and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty. Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling books, and almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in the legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice.—Abraham Lincoln.

THE LANDS WE COME FROM

WE CALL OURSELVES AMERICANS

The only "real" American is the American Indian. There is some evidence in support of the belief that he, too, is an imported product. Nevertheless, he was in possession of our country when the first white man landed here.



Courtesy Literary Digest

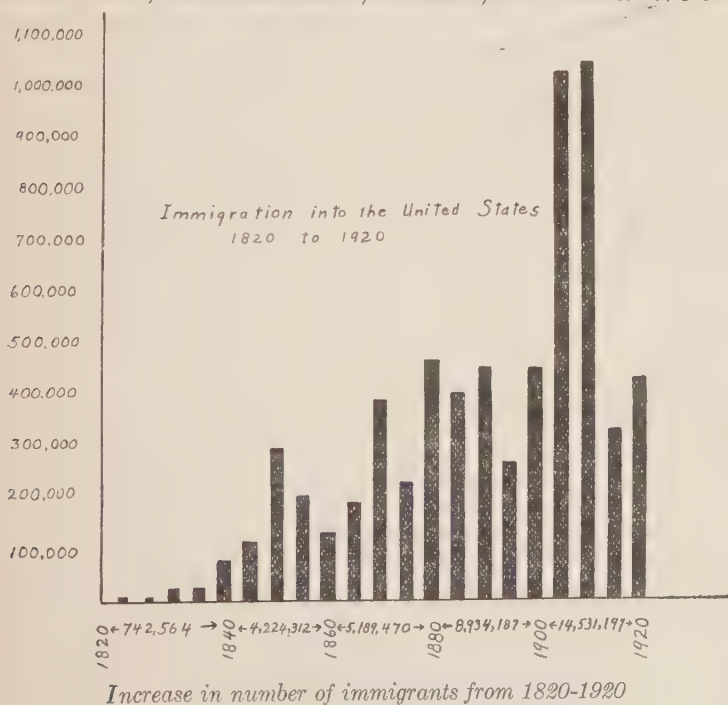
Since that time there has been a constant procession of peoples from the Old World to the New. The Puritans, Quakers, and the Huguenots came here to escape religious persecution. Others came for adventure, trade, commerce, and some to escape the fate of the unfortunate debtor of England. During the nineteenth century many people sought a haven in this country from the political intolerance of Europe.

Thus America has become the land of religious and political freedom, the land of opportunity, the melting pot of the nations.

Germany, Italy, Russia, Poland, Great Britain, Ireland, the Scandinavian countries, Austria, Hungary, Greece, France, Finland, Poland, Holland, Switzerland, Roumania,

Bulgaria, and a score more of countries have contributed to the population of the United States. Each immigrant comes clad in the peculiar fashion of his nation, with its manners, customs, and traditions. Most of them do not speak our language, do not know and love our heroes and traditions, and do not understand our form of government. Nevertheless, this country is to them the land for the oppressed, the land of opportunity.

We hear it said that our foreign born citizens present a problem. The problem to be solved is a mutual one. To become good Americans, they must understand America. To help them become good Americans we must understand them, their traditions, customs, and ideals. We can



better understand them by learning something of the land from which they come.

It is for this purpose that the project, "Old World Peoples and Customs" is presented. You will find on the project page at the beginning of the book the names of a number of selections dealing with the old country life of our immigrants. By consulting the table of contents these selections may be found. They present the Danish farmer at work, the Swiss villager in his mountain home, the Irish peasant during the potato famine, the Norwegian on his upland homestead, the Sicilian villager, the Moravian peasant, laboring under the peculiar land customs of his country, and the German of the Black Forest. Their life in the home land explains their reason for immigrating to this country in such numbers.

In order to picture the rising tide of immigration, the preceding chart is presented. It shows the increase in the number of immigrants during the past century. The last two bars indicate that the United States has begun to close the gates and we may expect that in the future, only as many immigrants shall be permitted to enter our country as we can care for and make into good Americans.

C. J. ANDERSON.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Tell all you can from Figure 1.
2. Why are these men made of various heights?
3. What five countries have contributed the largest number of immigrants?
4. What five countries have sent the least number?
5. In Figure 2, the height of the column is a measure of the number of immigrants coming to our country in any given year. In what year did the greatest number come? Approximately, how many entered the United States in that year?
6. In what year did the smallest number come? Approximately, how many came during that year?
7. How many have entered the United States during the entire century?
8. Between what dates did the greatest number come?
9. In what year did the number of immigrants decrease a great deal?
10. Is the number on the increase or decrease in 1920?

AMERICA IN 1700

What is the difference between the manners and customs of the Colonial settlers and those of Americans of to-day? What changes have taken place in the occupations of the people, their dress, means of transportation, homes, furniture, etc.? These are some of the questions which you can answer by reading carefully the series of stories of colonial life presented in this section of your book. As you read, make the comparisons suggested above.

By the beginning of the eighteenth century the English colonies in America stretched from the Kennebec River at the north to the Savannah River at the south. The inhabitants numbered less than 300,000. The four New England colonies contained only 105,000 inhabitants; the middle colonies claimed 55,000, and the southern group 110,000. There were about 46,000 Negroes. The largest city was Boston (7000) and next largest, Philadelphia (4000).

In every colony the English people were the ruling element and established in each the use of the English language, the practice of English customs, and the observance of English laws. However, other races were not without representation: the Dutch in New York; Dutch and Germans in Pennsylvania; Swedes in Pennsylvania and New Jersey; French Huguenots in the Carolinas, and Scotch and Irish widely scattered.

During the first hundred years the colonists were extremely busy—building houses, clearing land, growing crops, hunting game, fighting Indians, going to church, tending the sick, burying the dead, visiting the needy, buying and selling goods, spinning and weaving wool, providing food and clothing, and doing many other things for the comfort or the necessity of their households.

Their houses were made of logs or of boards covered with shingles. Some few well-to-do people in the larger cities lived in stately brick houses. Most of the furniture of the poor people was homemade—fashioned out of oaken slabs by hand. Only in the better houses could be seen specimens of those chairs, tables, and clocks for which the colonial period was famous.

Special mention should be made of life on the plantations in the South. The planter's house was often built of brick, two stories high, with a wide hall through the middle and surrounded with a spacious veranda. This was the "mansion house," set in the midst of hundreds of acres, and with a lanewinding down to the main highway. Near by might be seen a village of whitewashed Negro cabins, with many black boys and girls playing about, their parents at work in the fields.

The colonial planters had much leisure. Some of them had fine libraries, and were thoroughly acquainted with public questions. They kept fine horses and hunting dogs. They were fond of horse racing, and often followed a pack of hounds on a grand fox hunt. "They entertained lavishly and, if possible, transported their guests in a coach and six. And they were so generous with their hospitality that their mansions were always open to respectable travelers."

Clothing for the poor people was all homemade. Home-spun linen and woolen cloth were the materials commonly used, although furs and deerskin were much used on the frontier. The wealthier class followed English fashions closely and the gentry regularly appeared at balls and other grand affairs in velvetsuits with kneepants, silk hose, buckled slippers, ruffled collars and full-bottomed-wigs.

Food was abundant. Wild game could be taken without much hunting; roots and herbs, wild berries and vegetables could be had for the labor of gathering them; corn and

wheat were widely grown; and every home had its own garden. In the southern colonies rice and tobacco were grown for export.

The "meetinghouse" was usually the first public building to be erected in any community, and church attendance in some of the colonies was compelled by law. Schools were common in the north Atlantic colonies; in the South, the custom of employing private teachers was more in vogue. Higher education was encouraged, and before the Revolution eight colleges had been established for the education of young men for the professions. They were: Harvard, 1636; William and Mary, 1693; Yale, 1700; Princeton, 1746; Columbia, 1754; Pennsylvania, 1755; Brown, 1765; and Dartmouth, 1769.

The colonists early learned the art of self-government, that is to say, they learned how to manage their public affairs without close oversight by the mother country. Considerable freedom in this respect would be natural to the inhabitants of a new colony; but the necessity of banding together for protection and for helpfulness to one another compelled the colonists to depend upon their own efforts; to plan and solve their own civic problems; and to decide how best to safeguard their own interests first of all. Their town meetings and assemblies were in very truth "schools of citizenship." In such meetings all sorts of public affairs were discussed and regulated to the minutest details. One such regulation follows:

"It is ordered that all doggs, for the space of three weeks after the publishinge hereof, shall have one legg tyed up If a man refuse to tye up his dogg's legg and he bee found scraping up fish in the corne field, the owner shall pay 12s besides whatever damage the dogg doth."

Thus, from the exercise of independence in local affairs, the final step to complete independence for the colonies

was only natural, and a Declaration to that effect was published July 4, 1776.

*Resolved ~~that these~~
That these United Colonies are, and of
right ought to be, free and independent States, that
they are absolved from all allegiance to the British
Crown, and that all political connection between them
and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be,
totally dissolved*

—J. A. HARLEY.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Outline this selection.
2. On a large sheet of paper, prepare a chart form like the following illustration. If you prefer, use the terms New England Colonies, Southern Colonies, etc.

Main Points	Colonies		
	New York	Connecticut	etc.
Nationality of Colonists	Dutch	English	etc.
Chief Cities	New Amsterdam	etc.	
Occupation of Settlers etc.	etc.	etc.	

3. As you read the selections on Colonial Life, fill in the outline. Some of the information desired may be obtained from your history books. Place a star (*) after each item of information in your outline which was obtained from the stories in this book.

4. Does this outline show likenesses and differences?

ADDITIONAL READINGS: 1. *Grandfather's Chair*, NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE; 2. *Home Life in Colonial Days*, A. M. EARLE; 3. *Kate Bonnet*, FRANK STOCKTON; 4. *Captain Kidd*, J. H. INGRAHAM; 5. *The Deerslayer*, JAMES F. COOPER.

THE WORLD OF STORY BOOKS

The world is so full of a number of things,
I think we should all be as happy as kings.

The world is, indeed, full of a number of things; it is full of story books—books designed to make children as happy as kings; and it is the purpose of this project to acquaint you with some of these happy books.

Your librarian will tell you that an easy test of the value of a book is to ask yourself, "Is it worth reading again?" If it is not worth reading a second time, you may be reasonably sure it was not worth reading the first time, and there are so many worth while books!

On the other hand, the stories that make you as happy as kings, that never grow old, that bring new delight with each re-reading, that are as new and fresh and charming to-day as they were centuries ago, and that will bring delight to other children yet unborn—those stories are, indeed, *immortal*.

Moreover, the characters in these immortal stories are quite as real and quite as heroic as any of the heroes of history. Their exploits presented in song and story, in the drama, in the opera, and in the movies have made their names and deeds household words to millions. Furthermore, each typifies some great human aspiration, experience, or ideal. For instance, in Robin Hood, we behold the spirit of youth and adventure; in King Arthur, the spirit of chivalry; and in Robinson Crusoe, man's struggle against adversity.

Whence came all these stories?

It has been said that there are only seven original story-plots, and that the world of story books is but an

adaptation of one or more of these early plots to the writer's needs. The origin of these basic stories is lost in history. The men whose names are associated with their origin did not invent the plots; they merely adapted for their own needs the forms that had been in use perhaps for generations before them. The style, language and incidents, of course, are the author's own, but the plots seem to be the common property of story-tellers the world over. Thus, the story of Cinderella has three hundred forty-five variations.

Under the title of Immortal Stories there are provided in this book several specimens of these old stories. If you have previously read any of them, so much the better,—you will thus have the opportunity to compare the story you know with the version here presented and to note the variations in them. If you have never read any of them, we hope these excerpts may give you the incentive to read the entire books at your earliest opportunity.

SOME OF THE IMMORTAL STORIES

Adventures of Robin Hood

King Arthur Legends

Cinderella

Alice in Wonderland

Pilgrim's Progress

Robinson Crusoe

The Arabian Nights

The Last of the Mohicans

Lorna Doone

Swiss Family Robinson

Æsop's Fables

Christmas Carol

Sinbad the Sailor

Gulliver's Travels

Tales from Homer

Franklin's Autobiography

The Talisman

Ivanhoe

Treasure Island

Vicar of Wakefield

The Ancient Mariner

Gray's Elegy

Grimm's Fairy Tales

Don Quixote

King of the Golden River

Tales from Shakespeare

A GREAT CITY'S WATER SUPPLY

What is the source of your water supply? Does it come from a deep well, or a lake, or a river, or from some other source? Is the water pumped into a high tower, or caught in a reservoir, or stored in some other way? Does your storage system furnish the necessary *pressure* in the water mains or must force pumps supply the pressure? Learn all you can about your own water system and compare it with the one described in this story.

"Florence, can you bring grandma a drink of fresh water?"

"Yes, grandma, in a minute"; and presently Florence reappeared with her little blue glass and a pitcher of water drawn from the kitchen faucet.

"Oh, that's a darling," said grandma, "and it's so cool and fresh!" she added after draining the glass. "It tastes just like the spring water I used to fetch my grandma when I was your age."

"Spring water!" exclaimed Florence somewhat puzzled. "Do you mean to say you had nothing better than spring water to drink when you were a child?"

"Just so, my dear. Spring water! There isn't any better water in the world; and what's more, you have been drinking spring water, dear, all your life and evidently didn't know it."

"Why, grandma!"

"Yes, I mean it. Where did you think your drinking water came from?"

"Well, really, grandma, I didn't know. To tell the truth, I never thought about it before. I've heard father speak of 'city water' and supposed he meant *city* as distinguished from *country*."

"Well, well, well!" laughed grandma. "That's a good

one. But I'm surprised that your father never explained to you the source of your water supply.

"It's very interesting," continued grandma, "to know the sources of things; and in this connection I must tell you about the rock spring on our old farm up in the Catskills. When I was a child, one of my daily chores was to carry water from the spring to the house. It was our only source of water both for the household and for the live stock; and whatsoever was more than our daily needs ran merrily down the hillside to join a meandering brook.

"Now, all is changed. A great dam has been constructed across the creek four miles below our old farm and the water from our spring—and many others—has been dammed up to supply you and thousands of other people in New York City with good, pure drinking water."

"Why, grandma! How can that be? The Catskills are a hundred miles from here. How could the railroads haul enough water that distance to supply this great city?"

"That's a good question, and now that you have raised it, you will want to know the whole story. But I shall turn you over to your father at this point and ask him to continue the story. Here he comes now."

"Certainly, mother," replied Mr. Terry. "I'll be glad to tell Florence about the big reservoir. Strange I never thought of doing so before.

"New York City, my dear, obtains its water supply from four different sources outside the city. I will tell you about one of them, the Ashokan reservoir, because I am more familiar with its history and because the big lake has partly submerged grandma's old farm.

"Some years ago the city of New York purchased several thousand acres of land in the Catskills at a place about fourteen miles west of Kingston, New York, for the purpose of building thereon a reservoir capable of

holding millions of gallons of water—large enough, in fact, to cover all of Manhattan Island to a depth of twenty-eight feet!”

“You mean —”

“Yes, exactly. If there were a wall around Manhattan thirty feet high, the water from the Ashokan reservoir would fill it within two feet of the top. That will give you some idea of the vast amount of water stored just in one of the city’s great artificial lakes.

“But to return to my story: to impound such a vast amount of water, the engineers in charge of the undertaking built a great dam across Esopus Creek and adjoining gaps of these dimensions: length, four thousand six hundred fifty feet; height, two hundred twenty feet; base, one hundred ninety feet thick; and width at top, twenty-three feet. That’s wide enough, you see, for a highway on top the dam.

“The artificial lake formed by the dam covers twelve and eight-tenths square miles and is one hundred ninety feet deep just above the dam. In preparing the basin for this reservoir, it was necessary to remove seven villages, having a total population of two thousand persons, numerous farmhouses and buildings, and to rebuild forty miles of highways and bridges. This great basin is fed by numerous springs and rivulets from the surrounding hills and mountains, and the supply of water is practically constant.”

“I should think the lake would be a popular summer resort,” Florence suggested.

“Not a bit of it,” explained Mr. Terry. “Uniformed guards are on duty at the reservoir constantly to protect the water from contamination of any kind. One wouldn’t care to drink water from a pond or lake which the public resorted to for swimming and bathing. No-sir-ee!

“As I said before, this reservoir is one of the four which

supply New York City. Now if all this water had to be hauled in tank cars to the city, the railroads would surely have one big job on their hands. I'll leave the problem for you to figure out how many cars would be required to supply this city with 500,000,000 gallons of water a day.

"No, water via railroad transportation would be too difficult to obtain and too expensive to use. The engineers had a better plan. They found by making surveys that an aqueduct, or huge pipe line, from the reservoir to the city was possible; they, therefore, recommended that plan.

"It is one thing to build an artificial lake capable of supplying a city with water, but quite another thing to conduct that water ninety-two miles under ground to the very heart of the city. But that's what New York City did."

"Underground, father? I don't understand."

"Yes, underground. The water from Ashokan leaves the reservoir through an underground concrete tunnel seventeen feet in diameter and flows slowly down a gentle grade to the city. There's no hauling, or pulling, or pumping necessary. The water flows down as quietly as the Hudson and is distributed through the city's water mains to the many consumers and arrives in our homes as fresh and pure as when it left the reservoir. That's a real engineering feat, and one of the biggest in this country."

"Oh, now I see why grandma laughed and said I had been drinking spring water all my life and didn't know it. I see now that we are as dependent upon the country for our pure water as we are for our pure milk and green vegetables. As grandma says, 'It's interesting to learn the source of things'."

—*Adapted from Smithsonian Report.*

SOME PROBLEMS IN ARITHMETIC

1. Draw a cross-section diagram of the Esopus Creek dam. What is such a figure called? 2. How could you compute the number of cubic feet in this dam? 3. What is the area of Manhattan Island? What facts given in this account would you use in determining the cubic capacity of the Ashokan reservoir? Can you find two sets of facts which can be used in finding this cubic capacity? 4. From your geography text, or from a United States census report, find the population of New York City. What facts would you use in determining the average daily consumption of water per person in this city? 5. If the water in the tunnel flows at the rate of four miles per hour, in how many days will a drop reach the city from this reservoir? 6. How would you determine the distance the water falls in traveling from the reservoir to New York City? 7. What facts would you need to figure out how many cars would be required to supply New York City for one day? 8. How long would this train of cars be?

GROUP ACTIVITIES

1. Construct a clay model illustrating the reservoir used in em-pounding the water supply for New York City and the tunnel used in conveying it to the city.

2. Write to the Department of Water Supply of the City of Chicago for information about the method used in supplying water to that city. Contrast this method with that used in New York City.

3. Learn how your own community is furnished with water.

4. Choose sides and debate one of the following questions (a) Resolved that our city should adopt the New York plan of supplying water to its inhabitants. (b) Resolved that in our community, each home should be provided with a well to furnish its water supply.

5. What is *pure* water? Can you find out how cities that take water from a dirty river manage to purify it for drinking purposes?

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Little Book on Water Supply*, W. GARNETT; 2. *Farm Water Supply*, F. G. BEHREND; 3. *Checking the Waste*, MARY H. GREGORY; 4. *The Land We Live In*, OVERTON W. PRICE; 5. *How the World Is Housed*, F. G. CARPENTER; 6. *Town and City*, FRANCES G. JEWETT; 7. *With the Men Who Do Things*, A. RUSSELL BOND; 8. *How It Is Done*, ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS; 9. *Catskill Water Supply*, Board of Water Supply, New York City.

THE STAGECOACH

Have you ever taken a trip to grandmother's home or to the house of some school friend to spend the Christmas holidays? To be sure; you traveled by train, or bus, or behind grandfather's best team. Read the following selection carefully. Does it present a picture of Christmas home-coming different from your own? Were boys in the days when Irving lived much different from those of to-day?

In the course of a December tour in Yorkshire, I rode for a long distance in one of the public coaches, on the day preceding Christmas. The coach was crowded, both inside and out, with passengers who, by their talk, seemed principally bound to the mansions of relations or friends to eat the Christmas dinner. It was loaded also with hampers of game, and baskets and boxes of delicacies, and hares hung dangling their long ears about the coachman's box, presents from distant friends for the approaching feast.

I had three, fine, rosy-cheeked boys for my fellow-passengers inside, full of the buxom health and manly spirit which I have observed in the children of this country. They were returning home for the holidays in high glee, and promising themselves a world of enjoyment. It was delightful to hear the gigantic plans of the little rogues, and the impracticable feats they were to perform during their six weeks of vacation.

They were delighted at the thought of meeting with the family and household, down to the very cat and dog, and of the joy they were to give their little sisters by the presents with which their pockets were crammed; but the meeting to which they seemed to look forward with the greatest impatience was with Bantam, which I found

to be a pony, and, according to their talk, possessed of more virtues than any steed since the days of Bucephalus. How he could trot! how he could run! and then such leaps as he would take—there was not a hedge in the whole country that he could not clear.

They were under the particular care of the coachman, to whom, whenever an opportunity presented, they addressed a host of questions, and pronounced him one of the best fellows in the world. Indeed, I could not but notice the more than ordinary air of bustle and importance of the coachman, who wore his hat a little on one side, and had a large bunch of Christmas greens stuck in the



buttonhole of his coat. He is always a personage full of mighty care and business, but he is particularly so during this season, having so many commissions to execute in consequence of the great interchange of presents.

And here, perhaps, it may not be unacceptable to my untraveled readers, to have a sketch that may serve as a general representation of this very numerous and important class of functionaries, who have a dress, a manner, a language, an air, peculiar to themselves; so that, wherever an English stage coachman may be seen, he cannot be mistaken for one of any other craft or mystery.

He has commonly a broad, full face, curiously mottled with red, as if the blood had been forced by hard feeling into every vessel of the skin; he is swelled into jolly dimensions by frequent heavy meals, and his bulk is still further increased by a multiplicity of coats, in which he is buried like a cauliflower, the upper one reaching to his heels. He wears a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, a huge roll of coloured handkerchief about his neck, knotted and tucked in at the bosom, and has in summer time a large bouquet of flowers in his button hole—a present, most probably, of some country lass. His waistcoat is commonly of some bright colour, striped, and his smallclothes extend far below the knees, to meet a pair of jockey boots which reach about halfway up his legs.

All this costume is maintained with much care; he has a pride in having his clothes of excellent materials, and, notwithstanding his occupation, there is still discernible that neatness and propriety of person which is almost always found in an Englishman. He enjoys great respect and consideration along the road, has frequent conferences with the village housewives, who look upon him as a man of great trust and dependence, and he seems to have a good understanding with every bright-eyed country lass.

The moment he arrives where the horses are to be changed he throws down the reins with something of an air, and abandons his steeds to the care of the hostler, his duty being merely to drive from one stage to another. When off the box, his hands are thrust into the pockets of his great coat, and he rolls about the inn yard with an air of the most absolute lordliness. Here he is generally surrounded by an admiring throng of hostlers, stable-boys, shoeblacks, and those nameless hangers-on that infest inns and taverns, and run errands, and do all kinds of odd jobs, for the privilege of fattening on the drippings of the kitchen. These all look up to him as to an oracle;

treasure up his cant phrases; echo his opinions about horses and other topics of jockey lore, and, above all, endeavour to imitate his air and carriage. Every ragamuffin who has a coat to his back thrusts his hands in the pockets, rolls in his gait, talks slang, and is an embryo Coachey.

Perhaps it was only fancy that led me to see cheerfulness in every countenance throughout the journey. A stage-coach, however, always carries life with it, and puts the world in motion as it whirls along. The horn, sounded at the entrance of a village, produces a general bustle. Some hasten forth to meet friends; some with bundles and handboxes to secure places, and in the hurry of the moment can hardly take leave of the group that accompanies them.

In the meantime, the coachman has a world of small commissions to execute. Sometimes he delivers a hare or pheasant; sometimes tosses a small parcel or newspaper to the door of a public house, and sometimes, with a knowing smile, hands to some half-blushing, half-laughing housemaid an odd-shaped letter from some rustic admirer.

As the coach rattles through the village, every one runs to the window, and you have glances on every side of fresh country faces and blooming, giggling girls. At the corners are assembled groups of village idlers and wise men, who take their stations there for the important purpose of seeing company pass.

But the sagest knot is generally at the blacksmith's, to whom the passing of the coach is the event of the day. The smith, with the horse's heel in his lap, pauses as the vehicle whirls by; the cyclops round the anvil suspend their ringing hammers, and suffer the iron to grow cool, and the sooty spectre in brown paper cap, labouring at the bellows, leans on the handle for a moment and permits

the bellows to heave a long-drawn sigh, while he glares through the murky smoke shop.

Perhaps the approaching holiday might have given a more-than-usual life to the country, for it seemed to me as if everybody was in good looks and good spirits. Game, poultry, and other luxuries of the table, were in brisk circulation in the villages; the grocers', butchers', and fruiterers' shops were thronged with customers. The housewives were stirring briskly about, putting their dwellings in order, and the glossy branches of holly, with their bright red berries, began to appear at the windows. The scene brought to mind an old writer's account of Christmas preparations:

"Now capons and hens, beside turkeys, geese, and ducks, with beef and mutton—must all die—for in twelve days a multitude of people will not be fed with a little. Now plums and spice, sugar and honey, square it among pies and broth. Now or never must music be in tune, for the youth must dance and sing to get them a heat, while the aged sit by the fire. The country maid leaves half her market, and must be sent again, if she forgets a pack of cards on Christmas eve. Great is the contention of holly and ivy, whether master or dame wears the breeches. Dice and cards benefit the butler; and if the cook do not lack wit, he will sweetly lick his fingers."

I was roused from this fit of luxurious meditation by a shout from my little traveling companions. They had been looking out of the coach windows for the last few miles, recognizing every tree and cottage as they approached home, and now there was a general burst of joy—"There's John! and there's old Carlo! and there's Bantam!" cried the happy little rogues, clapping their hands.

At the end of a lane there was an old sober-looking

servant in livery, waiting for them; he was accompanied by an old pointer, and by the comical Bantam, a little old rat of a pony with a shaggy mane and long, rusty tail, who stood dozing quietly by the roadside, little dreaming of the bustling times that awaited him.

I was pleased to see the fondness with which the little fellows leaped about the steady old footman, and hugged the pointer, who wriggled his whole body for joy. But Bantam was the great object of interest; all wanted to mount at once, and it was with some difficulty that John arranged that they should ride by turns, and the eldest should ride first.

Off they set at last, one on the pony with the dog bounding and barking before him, and the others holding John's hands, both talking at once, and overpowering him with questions about home, and with stories of school. I looked after them with a feeling in which I do not know whether pleasure or melancholy predominated, for I was reminded of those days when, like them, I had neither known care nor sorrow, and a holiday was the summit of earthly happiness.

We stopped a few moments afterwards to water the horses, and on resuming our route, a turn of the road brought us in sight of a neat country seat. I could just distinguish the forms of a lady and two young girls in the portico, and I saw my little comrades, with Bantam, Carlo, and Old John, trooping along the carriage road. I leaned out of the coach window in hopes of witnessing the happy meeting, but a grove of trees shut it from my sight.

In the evening we reached a village where I had determined to pass the night. As we drove into the great gateway of the inn, I saw on one side the light of a rousing kitchen fire beaming through a window. I entered and admired, for the hundredth time, that picture of con-

venience, neatness, and broad honest enjoyment—the kitchen of an English inn. It was of spacious dimensions, hung round with copper and tin vessels highly polished, and decorated here and there with a Christmas green. Hams, tongues, and flitches of bacon, were suspended from the ceiling; a smoke-jack made its ceaseless clanking beside the fireplace, and a clock ticked in one corner. A well-scoured deal table extended along one side of the kitchen, with a cold round of beef, and other hearty viands upon it.

Several travelers were preparing to attack this stout repast, while others sat smoking and gossiping on two high-backed oaken settles beside the fire. Trim housemaids were hurrying backwards and forwards under the directions of a fresh, bustling landlady, but still seizing an occasional moment to exchange a flippant word, and have a rallying laugh with the group round the fire.

I had not been long at the inn when a post-chaise drove up to the door, and in a few moments I was on my way to the family mansion of the Bracebridges.

—WASHINGTON IRVING.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What kind of school do you suppose these boys had been attending? Read *Tom Brown at Rugby* to get a fine account of such a school. 2. Compare the mode of transportation with that of to-day. 3. Have you ever ridden with a rural mail carrier as he traveled over his route? If you have, perhaps you can name some points of resemblance between him and the English coachman. 4. List the items mentioned in the selection which indicate that it is a few days before Christmas. 5. Draw a picture of the coachman. 6. How does the author summarize the last scene? 7. What other title might have well been given to this selection? 8. Did the boys receive the kind of welcome home that you expected?

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Tom Brown's School Days*, THOMAS HUGHES; 2. *David Copperfield*, CHARLES DICKENS; 3. *Pickwick Papers*.

A FRIEND OF THE BIRDS

Have you ever seen a copy of a petition sent by some society to the legislature of your state? Perhaps you can obtain a copy by writing to the representative of your district. As you read the petition of the song birds which follows, make up your mind how you would vote upon it, if you were a member of your state legislature.

The author of this selection made an appeal to the Massachusetts Legislature which resulted in a law prohibiting the wearing of the plumage of song birds on women's hats.

"To the Great and General Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts:

"We, the song birds of Massachusetts and their playfellows, make this petition.

"We know more about you than you think we do. We know how good you are. We have hopped about the roofs and looked in at the windows of the houses you have built for poor and sick and hungry people and little lame and deaf and blind children. We have built our nests in the trees and sung many a song as we flew about the gardens and parks you have made so beautiful for your own children, especially your poor children, to play in.

"Every year we fly a great way over the country, keeping all the time where the sun is bright and warm; and we know that when you do anything, other people all over the great land between the seas and the Great Lakes find it out, and pretty soon will try to do the same thing. We know; we know.

"We are Americans, just as you are. Some of us, like some of you, came from across the great sea, but most of us have lived here a long while; and birds like us welcomed your fathers when they came here many years

ago. Our fathers and mothers have always done their best to please your fathers and mothers.

"Now, we have a sad story to tell you. Thoughtless or bad people are trying to destroy us. They kill us because our feathers are beautiful. Even pretty and sweet girls, who we should think would be our best friends, kill our brothers and children so that they may wear their plumage on their hats.

"Sometimes people kill us from mere wantonness. Cruel boys destroy our nests and steal our eggs and our young ones. People with guns and snares lie in wait to kill us, as if the place for a bird were not in the sky, alive, but in the shop window or under a glass case. If this goes on much longer all your song birds will be gone. Already, we are told, in some other countries that used to be full of birds, they are almost gone.

"Now we humbly pray that you stop all this, and save us from this sad fate. You have already made a law that no one shall kill a harmless song bird or destroy our nests or our eggs. Will you please make another that no one shall wear our feathers, so that we shall not be killed to get them? We want them all ourselves. We are told that it is as easy for you to help us as for blackbirds to whistle.

"If you will, we know how to pay you a hundred times over. We will teach your children to keep themselves clean and neat. We will show them how to live together in peace and love and to agree as we do in our nests. We will build pretty houses which you will like to see. We will play about your gardens and flower beds—ourselves like flowers on wings—without any cost to you. We will destroy the insects and worms that spoil your cherries and currants and plums and apples and roses. We will give you our best songs and make the spring more beautiful and the summer sweeter to you.

"Every June morning when you go out into the field,

Oriole and Blackbird and Bobolink will fly after you and make the day more delightful to you; and when you go home tired at sundown, Vesper Sparrow will tell you how grateful we are. When you sit on your porch after dark, Fife Bird and Hermit Thrush and Wood Thrush will sing to you, and even Whippoorwill will cheer you up a little. We know where we are safe. In a little while all the birds will come to live in Massachusetts again, and everybody who loves music will like to make a summer home with you.

"The signers are: Brown Thrasher, Robert o'Lincoln, Hermit Thrush, Vesper Sparrow, Robin Red Breast, Song Sparrow, Scarlet Tanager, Summer Red Bird, Blue Heron, Humming Bird, Yellow Bird, Whippoorwill, Water Wag Tail, Woodpecker, Pigeon Woodpecker, Indigo Bird, Yellow Throat, Wilson's Thrush, Chickadee, King Bird, Swallow, Cedar Bird, Cow Bird, Martin, Veery, Vireo, Oriole, Blackbird, Fife Bird, Wren, Linnet, Pewee, Phoebe, Yoke, Lark, Sandpiper, Chewink."

—HON. GEORGE F. HOAR.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Imagine that you are a member of a law-making body which has before it a bill making it unlawful to kill song birds and to wear the plumage of birds on hats. You are in favor of the proposed law and are planning a speech in support of it. List the arguments presented in this petition of which you would make use. 2. Go to your school library and your public library for additional reference material on "The Protection of Birds." Make a bibliography of valuable references. 3. Prepare an outline on "The Protection of Birds," using the materials of this story and additional information obtained from your wider readings.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Gray Lady and the Birds*, MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT; 2. *Save the Song Birds*, J. H. DODSON; 3. *The Protection of Birds*, Speech of Hon. G. P. McLean of Connecticut, in the United States Senate; 4. *Farm Help from the Birds*, W. L. MCATEE, Bulletin United States Department of Agriculture.



THE MEANING

President Coolidge said to the Boy Scouts, "I trust that you may show . . . that you have a deep reverence for the truth and are determined to live by it; that you wish to protect and cherish your own country and contribute to the well-being, right-thinking and true-living of the whole world."

In the following poem Miss Lindsley has told what it is to be "A Camp Fire Girl." In what ways are these statements alike and in what ways are they dissimilar?

To be a Camp Fire Girl and see
Beauty in flower, bird and bee;
Beholding something like a mask
Which glorifies each common task.

To be a Camp Fire Girl and feel
The worthiness of all things real:
To hold to Truth and Right; and know
The emptiness of outward show.

To be a Camp Fire Girl and thrill,
When climbing, wind-blown, up the hill.

To think the Maker of all beauty
Has given folks a sense of duty.

To be a Camp Fire Girl and hear
The quiet call of suffering near:
Find happiness in giving aid
To those who're troubled and afraid.

To be a Camp Fire Girl and aim
Above the mark of wealth or fame,
To enter, strong and pure and good,
The noble state of womanhood.

—INA E. LINDSLEY.

In *Everygirl's Magazine*.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Read the lines which tell what the Camp Fire Girl should see in Nature. 2. What thought is brought out in the poem which is also brought out in President Coolidge's speech quoted elsewhere? 3. There is a saying that fine feathers do not make the bird. In what lines does the author of this poem express the same thought? 4. List the things mentioned in the poem that a Camp Fire Girl should do.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—The following list of books is recommended for girls interested in Scoutercraft: *Book of Symbols for Camp Fire Girls*, GULICK; *On the Trail*, BEARD; *How Girls Can Help Their Country*, BADEN-POWELL; *Joyful Star*, PARTIDGE; *Camp Brave Pine*, COMSTOCK; *The Torch Bearer*, THURSTON; *Girl Scouts Handbook*; *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, WIGGIN; *Birds and Bees*, BURROUGHS; *Old Indian Legends Retold*, ZITKALA-SA; *Just So Stories*, KIPLING; *Wilderness Ways*, LONG; *First Book of Birds*, MILLER; *Book of Signs, Signals and Symbols*, BEARD; *Story Book of Science*, FABRE; *The Year Out of Doors*, SHARP; *The Book of Wild Flowers for Young People*, MATHEWS; *Astronomy for Young Folks*, LEWIS.

IN SCHOOL DAYS

Read this poem through silently and rapidly in order to get the story it tells. Then read it more slowly, paying special attention to the beauty of the word pictures which the poet paints. Notice how rich a description the author gives in a few words, and the music in the well balanced phrases, such as, "the tangled golden curls," "the warping floor," etc.

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official,
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her,—because they love him.

—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Was this schoolhouse and its equipment in good condition? Read aloud the stanzas upon which you base your answer. 2. Which description of a schoolhouse do you like better—the one presented in this poem or Hawthorne's description of an old-fashioned school

found on page 104? State your reasons. 3. Find a line which tells you that the pupils were not eager to go to this school. 4. Did the pupils behave well in Whittier's school? Quote the lines which make you believe so. 5. Describe the little schoolgirl. 6. Read the poem orally several times in the quiet of your own study room.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Little Citizens*, MYRA KELLY; 2. *Tom Brown's School Days*, THOMAS HUGHES; 3. *Glengarry School Days*, RALPH CONNOR; 4. *Stover at Yale*, OWEN JOHNSON; 5. *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*, EDWARD EGGLESTON; 6. *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, WASHINGTON IRVING.

NURSE'S SONG

When the voices of children are heard on the green
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
And everything else is still.
“Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,
And the dews of night arise;
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away,
Till the morning appears in the skies.”

“No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,
And we cannot go to sleep;
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,
And the hills are covered with sheep.”
“Well, well, go and play till the light fades away,
And then go home to bed.”
The little ones leaped, and shouted, and laughed,
And all the hills echoèd.

WILLIAM BLAKE

THE DANISH FARMER

The importance of a country cannot always be measured by the number of square miles within its borders or the length of its coast line. Sometimes a very small country is of first importance in one or more particulars. A good illustration of this fact may be found in Denmark. Why is Denmark a country of importance?

The area of Denmark is somewhat larger than that of Maryland, but the population is more than twice as great; and, strange to say, most of the inhabitants live in the country or villages and are engaged in farming. Agriculture is the leading industry, and has been developed to such a high degree of productivity as to attract attention from all the world.

Like most Europeans, the Danish farmer is contented upon a very few acres. Farms of six to eight acres are the average size. Upon this small patch of land, the Danish farmer will keep a horse and two good cows, several pigs, a flock of chickens and perhaps a few sheep or goats. Live stock is never allowed at large, so that hedges and fences are unnecessary. Consequently, every foot of tillable soil is cultivated and made to yield its utmost. Nothing is wasted on a Danish farm.

The Danish homestead is built in the form of a hollow square. On one side, the quarters are occupied by the family, and the other three sides, by the farm animals. This is a very convenient arrangement, as the farmer can care for his live stock in bad weather without going out of doors. He takes very good care of his animals, for they are his chief source of livelihood.

The Danish farmer is very industrious and intelligent. In summer he is busy from morning till night with the

cultivation of his crops. In winter he finds time to attend lectures and conferences upon improved methods of growing and marketing his produce. As a result, the Danes are said to have the most perfect marketing methods in the world. England is the chief market for Danish farm exports and thither go every week shiploads of butter, eggs, bacon, and other farm produce to furnish the English tables.

Every Danish farmer is a member of a co-operative marketing association. While he is busy in the fields, the carts of the association pass his door and collect whatever he has to send to market. At the factory, belonging to his association, his milk is converted into butter, his pigs into bacon, and his eggs are candled and packed.

Butter-making in a Danish factory is an interesting sight. When the milk is delivered and weighed, a sample is taken of each can and tested to ascertain its richness. Then the milk is poured into a large tank, whence it goes into the separator; from there the cream goes into the scalding, thence through the cooler and into a wooden vat. When ready for churning, the cream is turned into a combined churn and buttermaker. When the butter is "done," the golden mass is ready to square and pack for the market.

It takes about twenty-five pounds of milk to make one pound of butter, or the average production of one good dairy cow. From this it may be calculated what the million and a half of dairy cows mean to the farmers of Denmark.

Two of the by-products of the factory—skimmed milk and whey—are returned to the farmer to feed to his pigs and calves and chickens. And in this matter of feeding stock, also, Denmark can teach the world some valuable lessons. If the farmer decides to fatten his calves for market, he feeds a certain mixture; if it's bone and muscle

he desires in his animals, he varies the feed accordingly. Likewise, in feeding his pigs and poultry, he brings his intelligence and experience to bear upon the problem before him. Hence it may be truly said of the Danish farmer, "He knows what to feed and how to feed it."

The Danish farmer is contented with his lot and is able to provide his family with many real comforts. He believes in education and is justly proud of the vocational schools which his country maintains. There are practically no illiterates in Denmark and very little poverty. Farming is an honored occupation and the Danish farmer is respected wherever he goes.

—Jen Jensen.

HELPS TO STUDY

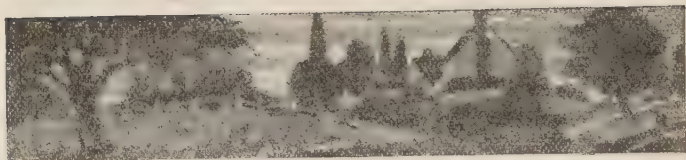
1. When you have read this selection, read also "An Alpine Village," page 68. Which of the points mentioned in (2) are discussed in these two selections?

2. Compare Denmark with Switzerland as to:

- (a) area
- (b) population
- (c) size of farms
- (d) occupations of inhabitants
- (e) grazing methods
- (f) arrangement of homestead
- (g) products

3. What reference books did you consult in order to answer question 2? 4. Compare Denmark and Maryland as to density of population. 5. If you were asked to present two outstanding reasons for the prosperity and contentment of the Danish farmer, which one mentioned in this account would you select? 6. What figures would you make use of in computing the annual income from butter in Denmark?

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, RICE; 2. *So Big*, EDNA FERBER; 3. *When They Were Children*, AMY STEADMAN; 4. *When I Was a Boy in China*, YAN PHON LEE; 5. *The Making of an American*, JACOB RIIS; 6. *Denmark*, M. P. THOMSON; 7. *Journeys to Holland, Belgium and Denmark*, MARIAN M. GEORGE and IDA DEAN; *Europe*, NELLIE B. ALLEN; *The New Europe*, *ibid.*



ELIZA LUCAS

It was the desire of each colony to become self-supporting as soon as possible. To that end the colonists made earnest effort to provide for their own needs first, and then to increase their material wealth through exports to the mother country. In South Carolina the two most profitable crops for export came to be rice and indigo. Credit for the development of rice culture goes to Landgrave Smith; but for the culture of the indigo plant, we must place the laurel upon the brow of a sixteen-year-old girl, Eliza Lucas. How she came to engage in this strange occupation, you are now to learn.

George Lucas was an Englishman who came to South Carolina in 1738 in quest of a climate better suited to the delicate health of his wife. He bought a plantation in the vicinity of Charleston and thither took his family. Soon after they were settled in the new home, Mr. Lucas was appointed governor of Antigua, one of the West India Islands, and left for his new post.

The management of the plantation and the chief care of the family now devolved upon Eliza. Her busy day is best told in her own words:

"In general I rise at five o'clock in the morning, read till seven -then take a walk in the garden or fields, see that the Servants are at their respective business, then to breakfast.

"The first hour after breakfast is spent in musick, the next is constantly employed in recollecting something I have learned, lest for want of practice it should be quite

lost, such as French and shorthand. After that I devote the rest of the time, till I dress for dinner, to our little Polly (her sister) and two black girls whom I am teaching to read; and, if I have my papa's approbation (I have mamma's) I intend them for school mistress's for the rest of the Negro children.

"The first hour after dinner, as the first after breakfast, at musick; the rest of the afternoon in needle work till candlelight, and from that time till bedtime read or write I have particular matters for particular days. Mondays my musick master is here."

A busy day! Yet she found time for daily study, and for carrying on an extensive correspondence with her father and friends. Copies of these letters were all entered in a book for safe-keeping and that book has fortunately been preserved all these years by a pious descendant.

In a letter to an aunt in England she thus describes her home and manner of life:

"We are seventeen miles from Charlestown by land and six by water. There are six agreeable families around us with whom we live in great harmony. I have a little library (for my Papa has left me most of his books) in which I spend part of my time. My musick and the garden, of which I am very fond, take up the spare time that is not given to business.

"I have the business of three plantations to transact, which requires more writing and causes more fatigue than you can imagine; but by rising early I find that I can get through with much business."

Knowing her fondness for Nature and love of experiment, her father often sent his daughter seeds from Antigua to try out in her garden. These she planted and studied carefully in order to determine which were best adapted to the soil and climate of the new colony. Under date of July 1739 we read the following:

"I wrote my father a very long letter on his plantation affairs—on the pains I had taken to bring the Indigo, Ginger, Cotton, Lucern, and Cassada to perfection. I have greater hopes of the Indigo—if I could have the seed earlier next year from the East Indies—than any of ye rest of ye things I had tryd."

At that time rice was the only crop grown for export; and inasmuch as this plant could be grown only upon marshy soil, there was a constant search for crops adapted to the highlands. When Eliza began her experiments, she little dreamed of the change her success would bring in the province.

"I hate to undertake anything and not carry it through," she writes to a friend. In these words we may read the index to her character.

The first year's experiment was a total failure, and she writes to her father:

"The Cotton, Guiney corn and most of the Ginger were cut off by a frost. . . . I am sorry we lost this season; we can do nothing towards it now but make the works ready for next year."

The next year was a repetition of the first—a loss of crops due to bollworms. Two failures, however, could not discourage this young planter, and she resolved to try again.

The third season was favorable, and Eliza's efforts were rewarded with an extraordinary crop of indigo. She wrote her father of her success, and he promptly sent out an expert indigo maker to render the crop.

Now the manner of making indigo in those days was after this fashion:

"There were three brick vats, in the first of which the leaves would be put to soak when they were cut. This must be done exactly at the right time. For several days the mixture would froth and ferment, and must be

watched day and night. At just the right moment the liquid would be drawn off into the second vat. Then after being beaten with paddles until it grew thick, it would be drawn into the third vat to settle. The sediment at the bottom, dried in the shade, and made into cakes for sale, was indigo."

Eliza Lucas knew nothing, heretofore, about the manufacture of indigo, but by natural instinct she knew a rascal when she saw one. She watched the indigo maker at work, not a detail escaping her sharp eyes, and when the workman pronounced the first attempt a failure, she knew that he had purposely spoiled the first lumps.

"Madam, you can never make indigo here," said the workman. "The climate is too moist."

"Very well, sir," promptly replied the young mistress, "then your services are no longer wanted. I shall get some one who can."

The vats were straightway cleaned and made ready once more. Eliza supervised the work herself, and this time the experiment was a complete success—seventeen pounds of good, salable indigo being her reward.

During the autumn news of the experiment spread throughout the colony. The following season more than a hundred planters added "a patch of blue" to their plantation crops. They knew little or nothing about its culture or manufacture, but they did know dyestuffs were costly, and that was sufficient incentive.

"If a girl can succeed at it," they said, "surely we ought not to fail; but if we do, we can engage Miss Lucas to teach us."

Soon the colonial government offered the indigo growers a bounty, and to this England added another of sixpence per pound. If England wanted their product badly enough to pay a bounty of sixpence a pound above the market price, why shouldn't the colonists meet the demand? They

did, and thenceforth there was never any doubt about the future of the new industry.

Eliza Lucas later married Colonel Pinckney, and her home and family were among the most noted in colonial history. Happily, she lived long enough to see the industry which she had founded assume first rank in the value of exports (more than 1,000,000 pounds a year) and to share in the greater comfort and prosperity which her enterprise had made possible.

—From *Letters of Eliza Lucas*.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. In learning how to study effectively, you must be prepared to challenge statements made by authors and to prove them true or false. In doing this the following plan is of value:

- (a) Read the statement in question.
- (b) Get its meaning.
- (c) Read the subject matter involved, checking the statement held in mind until it is verified or disproved by the authority you are consulting.
- (d) Be sure that you have made use of all of the evidence presented by the authority you are consulting.

2. Which of the following statements are true and which are false? In each case, justify your answer by citing evidence.

- (a) Eliza was the youngest daughter of Mr. Lucas.
- (b) She spent the greater portion of the day attending to the affairs of the plantation.
- (c) She was (1) kind, (2) systematic, (3) persistent, (4) a good housekeeper.
- (d) The inhabitants of Antigua did not want the indigo industry to flourish in South Carolina.
- (e) Indigo is extracted from the bark of the plant.
- (f) England was pleased to see indigo culture flourish in S. C.
- (g) Indigo is raised on low lands near the rivers and swamps.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Home Life in Colonial Days*, EARLE; 2. *Days of the Colonists*, LAMPREY; 3. *Yemassee Simms*, ELIZA LUCAS PINCKNEY; 4. "Colonial Stories Retold" from *St. Nicholas*; 5. *Colonial Days*, GORDY.



SIR GALAHAD

“Whether the series of exploits attributed to him be all true or not, one thing is certain: there *was* a real Arthur, one of the last Celtic chiefs in Great Britain. The historical facts are that Arthur was a leader of the Celtic tribe of the West of England against the Saxons in the fifth or sixth century; that he was largely responsible for the brave resistance of his people; and that he was slain in battle about the year 540, after which the Celts passed under the Saxon yoke. Beaten in arms, the Celts sought refuge in songs and legends, and with every new chant of the troubadour the figure of Arthur grew larger and the note more heroic.” One of these legends you are now to read.

It was the vigil of Pentecost, and all the fellowship of the Round Table had come into Camelot for to hear the service; and when the tables were set for meat, right so, there entered into the hall on horseback a full fair gentlewoman. She had ridden full fast, for her horse was all besweated. And then she alit and came before the King and saluted him. And the King said, “Damosel, God bless thee; say what brings thee hither.”

"Sir, and it please thee," said the maiden, "tell me where Sir Launcelot is. I would speak to him."

"Yonder ye may see him," replied the King.

Then she went unto Launcelot and said, "Sir Launcelot, I beg thee to come along with me unto an abbey in the forest."

"What will ye with me?" asked Sir Launcelot.

"Ye shall know," said the maiden, "when ye come thither."

"Then," said the Knight, "I will gladly go with thee."

So Sir Launcelot bade his squire saddle his horse and bring his arms.

Right so departed Sir Launcelot with the young gentlewoman and rode until he came into a forest, and into a great valley, where they saw an abbey of nuns; and there was a squire ready to open the gates, and so they entered and descended from their horses; and there came a fair fellowship about Sir Launcelot and welcomed him, and were passing glad of his coming.

They led him into the Abbess' chamber and unarmed him, and therein came twelve nuns that brought with them a flaxen haired boy named Galahad, the which was passing fair and well made, so that in all the world men might not find his match; and all those ladies wept tears of love and joy.

"Sir," said they all, "we bring you here this child the which we have nourished, and we pray you to make him a Knight, for of a worthier man's hand he may not receive the order of Knighthood.

Then said Sir Launcelot, "Cometh this desire of himself?"

He and they all said, "Yea."

"Then," answered Sir Launcelot, "shall he receive the high order of Knighthood to-morrow at the observance of the high feast."

That night had Sir Launcelot passing good cheer; and on the morn, at Galahad's desire, the noble Knight conferred the order of Knighthood in this manner: with uplifted sword Sir Launcelot bade the youth kneel before him; then, laying his broad sword first on the youth's right shoulder then on his left, he said: "With this sword I dub thee Knight. God make thee a good man, for of beauty there faileth thee not, not as any man that liveth."

Then departed Sir Launcelot from them and on the morrow came again to Camelot.

And when the King and all the Knights were come from chapel service, the barons espied in the sieges of the Round Table all about, written in letters of gold: "Here ought he to sit," and "He ought to sit here." Thus went they along till they came to the Siege Perilous where they found letters newly written in gold: "Four hundred winters and four and fifty after the passion of Our Lord ought this siege to be fulfilled."

Then all they said, "This is a marvelous thing and an adventure."

"In the name of God," said Sir Launcelot, counting the term of writing from the birth of Our Lord unto that day, "it seemeth to me this siege ought to be fulfilled this same day, for this is the feast of Pentecost, after the four hundred and four and fifty years; and if it would please all parties, I would that none of these letters be seen this day till he come who ought to achieve this adventure."

Then made they a cloth of silk for to cover these letters on the Siege Perilous, and the King then bade them haste unto dinner.

As they stood there, in came a squire and said unto the King, "Sir, I bring unto you marvelous tidings."

"What be they?" said the King.

"Sir, there is beneath here at the river a great stone which I saw afloat the water, and therein I saw sticking a sword."

The King said, "I will see that marvel. Yea, verily."

So all the Knights went with him, and when they came to the river, they found there a stone afloat, as it were of red marble, and therein stuck a fair rich sword, and in the pommel thereof were precious stones wrought with subtle letters of gold. Then the barons read the letters in this wise: "Never shall man take me hence, but only he by whose side I ought to hang, and he shall be the best Knight in the world."

When the King saw the letters he said unto Sir Launcelot: "Fair Sir, this sword ought to be yours, for I am sure ye be the best Knight in the world."

Then Sir Launcelot answered full soberly:

"Certes, Sir, it is not my sword; also, Sir, wit ye well I have no hardiness to set my hand to it. for it longed not to hang at my side."

Then spake the King to Sir Gawaine, "Now fair nephew, assay ye for my love."

"Sir," said Gawaine, "your commandment will I obey." And therewith he took the sword by the handle but could not stir it.

Then turned the King to Sir Percivale and said unto him that he should assay for his love.

And he said, "Gladly for to bear Sir Gawaine fellowship." And therewith he set his hand on the sword, but he could not move it. And others, also tried their strength, but to no avail.

So the King and all went unto the court, and every Knight knew his own place, and set himself therein and young men that were Knights served them.

So when they were served and all the sieges fulfilled, save only the Siege Perilous, anon there came in a good

old man, an ancient, clothed all in white, and there was no Knight knew from whence he came. With him he brought a young Knight, both being on foot, in red arms, without sword or shield, save each a scabbard hanging at his side.

And he spake these words. "Peace be with you, fair lords." Then the old man addressed King Arthur: "Sir, I bring here a young Knight, who is of the King's lineage and of the kindred of Joseph of Arimathea, whereby the marvels of this court, and of strange lands, shall be fully accomplished."

The King was well pleased at these words and said unto the good man: "Sir, ye be right welcome, and the young Knight with thee."

Then the old man made the young man unarm him, and he was in a coat of red sandal and bore a mantel upon his shoulder that was furred with ermine, and he put that upon him and said unto the young Knight: "Sir, follow me."

Anon he led the youth unto the Siege Perilous, beside which sat Sir Launcelot; and the good man lifted up the silken coverlet and found these letters that said thus: "This is the siege of Sir Galahad, the haughty prince."

"Sir," said the old Knight, "wit ye well that place is yours." And then he set him down surely in that siege.

Then spake the young Knight, "Sir, ye may now go your way, for well have ye done that ye were commanded to do."

So the good man departed. Then all the Knights of the Round Table marveled greatly at Sir Galahad, that he durst sit there in that Siege Perilous, and was so tender of age, and they wist not from whence he came; but all said, "This is he by whom the Sangreal shall be achieved, for there never sat other than he but he were mischieved."

Then came King Arthur unto Sir Galahad and said:

"Sir, ye be welcome, for you shall move many good Knights to the quest of the Sangreal, and ye shall achieve what never Knights might bring to an end.

Then the King took him by the hand and went down from the palace to show Galahad the adventures of the stone.

"Sir," said the King, "here is as great a marvel as ever I saw, and right good Knights have assayed the feat and failed."

"Sir," replied Sir Galahad, "that is no marvel, for this adventure is not theirs but mine; and for the surety of this sword I brought none with me, for here by my side hangeth the scabbard."

Anon he lay his hand on the sword and lightly drew it out of the stone and put it in the sheath and said unto the King, "Now it goeth better than it did aforehand."

"Sir," said the King, "and God will send thee a shield."

—After THOMAS MALLORY.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Read the tale a second time listing and making sure that you understand expressions not common in our language to-day. 2. How many parts has this story? Give a name to each part. 3. In what ways did Sir Galahad differ from the other Knights? 4. What evidence does the story give that Sir Galahad had been selected to lead and be successful in the quest of the Sangreal? 5. Select from the selection all the phrases and sentences which can aid you in forming a mental picture of Sir Galahad. Study a copy of Watts' painting of Sir Galahad, and compare it with the mental picture you have formed. 6. Read one of the King Arthur tales as told by Tennyson. Do you like it better than this one? Why?

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Stories of King Arthur and His Knights*, U. W. CUTLER; 2. *Stories of the King*, JAMES BALDWIN; 3. *Knights of the Round Table*, WM. H. FROST; 4. *The Boy's King Arthur*, SIDNEY LANIER; 5. *Idylls of the King*, TENNYSON; 6. *A Yankee at King Arthur's Court*, MARK TWAIN.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

What great lesson does this poem teach? Can you give any reasons why it is included in the group of selections on Community Life?

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold—

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
“What writest thou?”

The vision raised its head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answer'd, “The names of them who love the Lord.”

“And is mine one?” said Abou.

“Nay, not so,”

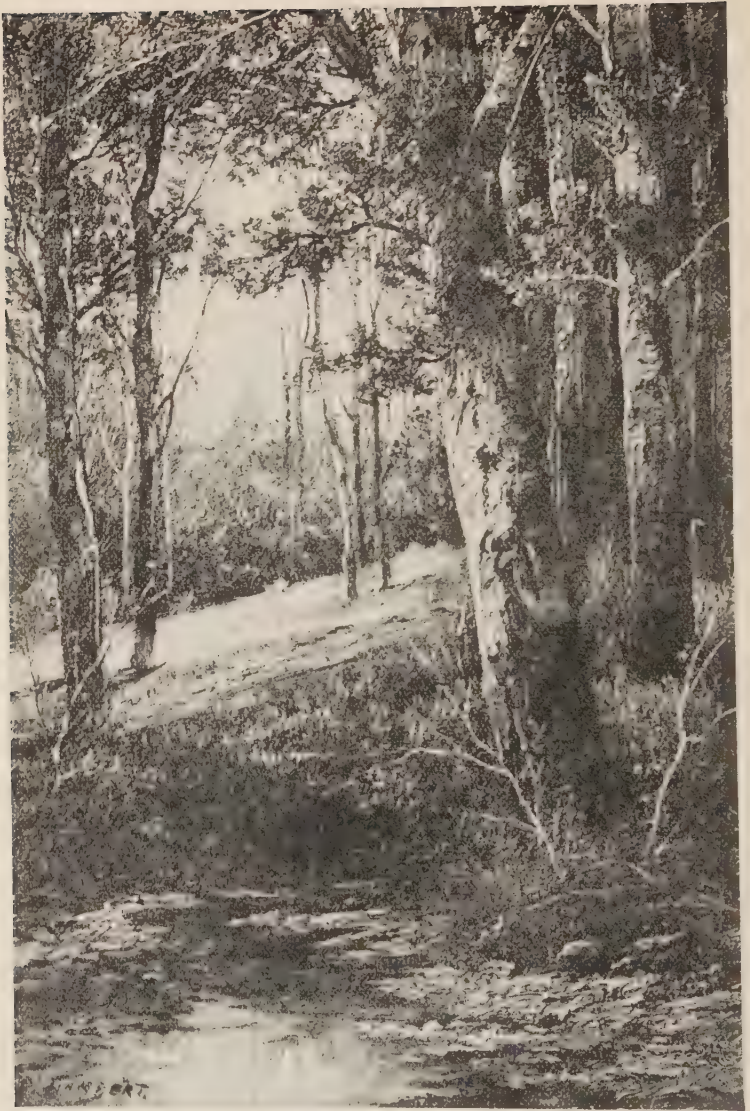
Replied the angel.

Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still and said, “I pray thee then,
Write me as one who loves his fellowmen.”

The angel wrote and vanish'd.

The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God has blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

—LEIGH HUNT.



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AUTUMN WOODLAND

MILD OCTOBER

It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal rain
Had left the summer harvest fields all green
with grass again;
The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the
woodlands gay
With the hues of summer's rainbow, or the
meadow flowers of May.

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning, the
sun rose broad and red,
At first a rayless disk of fire, he brightened as
he sped;
Yet, even his noontide glory fell chastened and
subdued
On the corn fields and the orchards, and softly
pictured wood.

* * * * *

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught
glimpses of that sky,
Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and laughed,
they knew not why;
And schoolgirls, gay with aster flowers, beside the
meadow brooks,
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine
of sweet looks.

—From *The Huskers*,
BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

MAN'S USE OF FIRE

Who built the first steamboat? Who built the first flying machine? The names of the inventors are household words. But who built the first fire and when, and what kind of fuel did the builder use?

Probably the first fire used by primitive man was started by lightning striking a dead tree and setting it



on fire. That may have been a million years ago. How long early man depended upon nature to kindle his fires of course can only be conjectured. After a time he learned that by adding more fuel he could keep nature's fire burning continuously and make it his servant.

Probably the cave man was the first to learn how to strike fire with two pieces of flint, or by rubbing two dry sticks together, and when he had learned this trick, he had made the most important discovery since creation. He could now have fire whenever and wherever he wished, and was no longer limited in his abode to the ancestral spot where, perhaps, the home fires had been kept burning for generations.

The significance of this discovery to early man can hardly be conceived: the blazing logs in front of his doorway lighted the interior of his cave, and in cold weather gave warmth and comfort to himself and family; with red-hot stones he learned to boil water for cooking, to bake vegetables in the hot coals, and to fry fish in the burning embers; and at night he could go to sleep on his bed of furs without fear of intrusion from prowling wild animals, for fire guarded his household.

For centuries no other method of obtaining fire was known. After steel was invented, a piece of steel was substituted for one of the rocks, and when firearms were first invented, this same method was used. Indeed, that is how the old "flintlock" gun got its name. It was so made that a pull on the trigger snapped the steel hammer against a piece of flint and caused a spark to ignite the powder in the gun.

Another landmark in man's progressive use of fire was the invention of friction matches. In 1680, a chemist, by the name of Robert Boyle discovered that by rubbing a wood splint, which had been previously dipped in *sulphur*, against a bit of *phosphorus* he could obtain fire; and, lo, the friction match was born. The reason *phosphorus* is used is because it ignites at a very low temperature, and the heat necessary to ignite the match is supplied by rubbing or scratching the match upon a rough surface. The rubbing of two rough surfaces together causes friction and friction gives heat.

Some things man has learned about fire: Whenever a substance unites rapidly with oxygen, which the air supplies freely, it produces both heat and light; we say the substance is *burning*, and call the phenomenon *fire*. If the substance in burning emits a flame, it will give off light. Light is caused by hydrogen, and possibly other gases in the substance, becoming ignited as they escape into the air. Suspended in these gases are minute solid particles of carbon which become heated to incandescence—white heat.

The kindling point: If you have ever tried burning various substances, you must have discovered that some ignite much more readily than others. Thus, paper ignites more quickly than wood; wood more quickly than coal, and soft coal more quickly than hard coal. The housewife makes use of this knowledge in starting a fire

in her cook stove. Over the grate she puts a roll or two of paper, upon the paper a handful of sticks and wood, and on top of the wood several pieces of coal. Then she applies the match to the paper, and almost instantly there is a blaze; in a second or two more the sticks take fire, and after a few moments the coal begins to burn.

If you could test these three substances with a thermometer, you would probably discover that the paper began burning at a certain temperature, the wood at a little higher temperature, and the coal at a point still higher. From this experiment you would conclude that different substances ignite at different temperatures. Hence we say that the *kindling point* is the *lowest temperature* at which a substance will ignite.

It is not necessary for a substance to come in contact with a flame in order to ignite; it is only necessary for the temperature of a given substance to reach the kindling point, and flames will break forth spontaneously. In a certain city a great building took fire, and the air became very hot. Across the street was a wooden warehouse. All of a sudden the warehouse broke into flames, and was a total loss. How do you explain such a phenomenon?

In order to make a fire burn rapidly, you must give it plenty of air. What we really mean, of course, is plenty of oxygen from the air, for without oxygen there could be no fire. Consequently the way to put out a fire is to reverse this process: you must shut off the supply of air; you must smother the fire with a blanket, or with water, or with a fire extinguisher. Even as a person may suffocate in a burning building for lack of air, just so the fire itself may be suffocated by shutting off its supply of air.

Some things man has learned about fuel. Fuels are of three kinds: *solids*, *liquids*, and *gases*.

For untold centuries wood furnished the only kind of fuel both for the industries and domestic use. Then came

the discovery of coal, and with it a phenomenal growth and expansion in the industries. Coal is of two kinds: anthracite (hard), preferred for domestic use; and bituminous (soft), the fuel of commerce and industry. Charcoal is a form of wood, made by heating wood in a retort without air until the water and gases are driven off and only the charred wood (carbon) is left. In a somewhat similar way coke is manufactured from coal. Various by-products, such as coal tar, are recovered during the process.

The leading forms of liquid fuel are petroleum and alcohol. Petroleum was first obtained in quantity by drilling oil wells at Oil Creek, Pennsylvania in 1859. Since that time deposits have been found widely distributed over the earth. From the by-products more than a thousand articles of commerce are made, chief of which are gasoline, benzine, and kerosene. Alcohol for fuel is distilled from grains, molasses, and sawdust. It is largely formed of hydrogen and gives a very hot blue flame. Perhaps you have seen at home an alcohol lamp used for making tea or chocolate.

Fuel gas is either natural or manufactured. Natural gas is found in pockets in the earth very much as petroleum is found, and is always under pressure. It is obtained by drilling, just as the oil is, and sometimes interferes with the oil wells—perhaps the prospector will get a gas gusher instead of an oil gusher. From the wells the gas is piped and stored for commercial use. Coal gas is manufactured in many cities for domestic and commercial uses by heating soft coal in closed retorts. The gas is collected in huge reservoirs and piped to all parts of the city. The residue is a fine quality of coke which is also used for heating.

It is a long cry from our day back to the invention of matches, and in that time thousands of important dis-

coveries and inventions in all lines of human endeavor have been made. Who shall say which was the most important—which has proved the greatest blessing to mankind? However valuable other discoveries may have been, it is certain that man's knowledge of fire and its uses has set forward by centuries our modern civilization. To understand how important a place fire occupies in the life of to-day, try to imagine the situation in one city for a day without fire. How many homes would be unheated and meals uncooked? How many stores closed up and factories shut down? How many steam boilers would grow cold and trains stand idle? Verily, a city without fire for any purpose would be a calamity second only to a fire beyond control and sweeping everything before it.

—From *Talks on Science*.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Divide this selection into two parts. Name each part. Indicate the main points of each paragraph under these names. 2. How did the discovery of a method of producing fire enable the cave man to venture further from his ancestral home? 3. Consult an encyclopedia for information concerning the modern method of manufacturing matches. 4. How does the safety match differ from the ordinary friction match? 5. Coal has sometimes been called preserved sunshine. In what sense is this true? 6. Why is paper used in starting a fire? 7. Why can a fire be put out by smothering it? 8. Why does soft coal burn more quickly than hard coal? 9. What conclusion do you reach from the last paragraph of this selection?

AN EXPERIMENT

Insert a piece of match stick in a small glass tube. Hold it in a horizontal position and heat it over an alcohol lamp. When whitish smoke comes from the open end of the tube, touch it with a lighted match? What is the result? Why?

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Story Book of Science*, FABRE; 2. *Wonders of Chemistry*, A. F. COLLINS; 3. *The Boy Electrician*, HOUSTON; 4. *Boys Handibook*, BAKER; 5. *Stories of Useful Inventions*, FORMAN.

A FITTING TRIBUTE

Many stories and selections need to be "boiled down" because a thought or two is clothed in so much illustration and explanation that it spreads over several pages. Rarely do we come upon a statement or selection which is already so "boiled down" that it is necessary to add to it a great deal of illustration and explanation in order to understand it clearly.

The Resolution which follows is a good one. Here we have the whole life of a man pictured in a few bold strokes. Our task is to illustrate and explain it. Read it carefully and thoughtfully. Make sure that you understand each statement. If you are acquainted with the life of Roosevelt you can recall incidents which illustrate the tribute.

He was found faithful over a few things, and he was made ruler over many; he cut his own trail clean and straight and millions followed him toward the light.

He was frail; he made himself a tower of strength. He was timid; he made himself a lion of courage. He was a dreamer; he became one of the greatest doers of all time.

Men put their trust in him; women found a champion in him; kings stood in awe of him, but children made him their playmate.

He broke a nation's slumber with his cry, and it rose up. He touched the eyes of blind men with a flame and gave them vision. Souls became swords through him; swords became servants of God.

He was loyal to his country, and he exacted loyalty; he loved many lands, but he loved his own land best.

He was terrible in battle, but tender to the weak; joyous and tireless, being free from self-pity; clean with a cleanness that cleansed the air like a gale.

His courtesy knew no wealth of class; his friendship, no creed or color or race. His courage stood every on-

slaught of savage beast and ruthless man, of loneliness, of victory, of defeat. His mind was eager, his heart was true, his body and spirit defiant of obstacles, ready to meet what might come.

He fought injustice and tyranny; bore sorrow gallantly; loved all nature, bleak spaces and hardy companions, hazardous adventure and the zest of battle. Wherever he went, he carried his own pack, and in the uttermost parts of the earth he kept his conscience for his guide.

*Resolution drafted by Herman Hagedorn and adopted by
the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. How was he made ruler over many things? 2. What is meant by "he cut his own trail straight"? 3. How did he make himself strong? 4. In what way was he a champion of women? 5. Can you prove that his friendship knew no color? 6. What does the author mean by saying that, "he carried his own pack"? 7. Would Roosevelt have been a good boy scout? Why?

HISTORICAL NOTE

Few men have attained distinction in so many different fields as did Theodore Roosevelt. He was regarded as an authority on natural history, and articles from his pen were in great demand. His *Winning of the West* has given his name a permanent place in historical literature; and his books of biography rank among our best. Likewise, in sportsmanship, politics, statecraft, oratory, or what not, Mr. Roosevelt was a recognized leader.

He early taught himself to "hit the line hard." Whatever he undertook was tackled with boyish enthusiasm. "My hat's in the ring," he announced, and then entered upon his campaign for the Presidency with a determination that foretold success. That was Mr. Roosevelt's way, and was called "Rooseveltian." No wonder the Boy Scouts admired him and acclaimed him Chief.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Letters to His Children*, ROOSEVELT; 2. *Boy's Life of Roosevelt*, HERMANN HAGENDORN; 3. *A Dutch Boy Fifty Years After*, EDWARD BOK; 4. *The Story of My Life*, HELEN KELLER; 5. *From Immigrant Boy to Inventor*, MICHAEL PUPIN.

THE BANANA UPON CLOSE ACQUAINTANCE

Through our modern system of transportation, the food markets of the world are placed at our very doors. We eat strange foods, often without knowing the conditions under which they are grown and prepared for us.

As you read the following selection, note down on a sheet of paper the facts which are new to you.

The first time I ever saw the banana growing in its native haunts was at Bahia, Brazil. The upper city of Bahia is divided from the lower city by a steep cliff, some two hundred feet in height. This cliff is covered with banana plants, and, as we approached it across the blue waters of the beautiful "bay of all the saints," the bright tropical sunlight, shining upon the gay-colored houses, and the green-and-gold leaves of the banana plants, made it a picture long to be remembered. When I expressed my delight at the scene to the friend who had come to escort us ashore, he remarked, "Don't be like a certain American I once knew who wrote a glowing description of the golden bunches of bananas shining in the sun. You will never see a golden bunch of bananas shining in the sun in Brazil. The bananas are always picked green, and ripened in the dark. The yellow leaves shine in the sun, but there are no yellow bananas there." Thus, even before I had landed in Brazil, my dream of eating bananas, ripened upon the plant, faded away.

During my three years' residence in Brazil I learned many things about the banana, which I had not known before. I learned to distinguish many of the forty or more varieties which grow there.

Among my favorites were the delicious "banana de Sao Thome," which was especially good when roasted;

the "apple banana," which, when cooked, had a decided flavor of the apple, of which we were deprived; and the big, coarse plantain, the "banana de terra," which, when boiled, becomes a prominent part of the Brazilian "co-sida," or boiled dinner. I learned that a plantain has to be cooked, while a banana may be eaten uncooked. The distinction between a banana and a plantain was something I had not known before going to Brazil.

I also learned that it is quite against the rules of Brazilian etiquette to eat a banana from one's fingers. A person who would be guilty of stripping back the peeling from a banana, and biting off pieces of it, is entirely beyond the pale of good breeding. The most approved method of eating a banana is to cut it open upon one's plate, with a knife, and divide it into small slices as it still lies in its case. Then the slices are conveyed to one's mouth with the knife. A friend of mine who refused the banana because it was served with nothing but a knife with which to eat it, was rewarded by a plate of sliced pineapple. It is much easier to eat a banana with one's knife than a pineapple. The banana is not so slippery; and it does seem such a pity to waste the pineapple juice!

The northern limits of the banana are Florida, the Canary Islands, Egypt and southern Japan. Within the last few years some very promising experiments in banana raising have been tried in Spain and Portugal. The southern limit is Natal and southern Brazil.

The banana growers of Central America, Hawaii, and the West Indies raise, principally, a dwarf variety of the plant, not only because of economy of space, but also because the dwarf variety is stronger to resist disease. In Cochin China and the Malay Archipelago, there is a variety which produces only one banana to the plant. This one banana, however, is large enough to furnish

a meal for three men. The plantains of East Africa measure two feet in length and are the size of a man's arm. The edible bananas are seedless, though some of the coarse fiber varieties have seeds.

Banana plants are set in rows from eight to twelve feet apart. They grow from ten to forty feet in height, and the plants may be transplanted when they are three feet high. They bloom when they are a year and one-half or two years old. There is a large, heart-shaped flower, dark reddish in color, and the true flower is underneath each of its seals. There are from fifty to one hundred fifty of these, which grow to form the bunch of bananas. A plant bears but once and then dies. It is replaced by sprouts, two or three of which may be allowed to bear. In Brazil, bananas are often grown between the rows of young coffee plants, to furnish shade.

The word "banana" is Spanish. Its botanical name, "*musasapientium*," means "the muse of the wise," and it is supposed that the banana originated in India. There has been much discussion as to whether it was found in the New World before America's discovery and colonization. It is possible that it was borne from Africa to South America by the ocean currents, though there is no strong evidence to prove it. For me, personally, it is difficult to think of a Brazil without its banana plants, when viewed by the early explorers.

The banana has many uses. In East Africa it forms the basis of an intoxicating drink. Banana leaves are plaited to make mats and bags. Several varieties yield a valuable fiber. Banana flour is made by peeling the fruit, cutting it in pieces, drying it, and pounding it in a mortar.

In America the oriole is called the banana bird. In Jamaica there is a small creeper known as the banana quit. There is, also, a black cuckoo-like bird in Africa, a plant cutter, which is known as the banana bird.

The monkey is the animal which is usually associated with the banana. I was interested to notice in Brazil, that when a child helped himself to a banana he invariably remarked, "I am a monkey." All the bananas once belonged to the monkey, and this is how it all came about, according to the Brazilian folk tale. The guardian of the Brazilian folk lore has been the African nurse, and this accounts for the resemblance between the story and our own "Tar Baby" tale. Here is the Brazilian story:

"Once upon a time, when there were very many varieties of monkeys, but only one variety of banana, there was a little, old woman, who had a fine plantation of bananas. She had great difficulty in gathering them, so she made a bargain with the biggest monkey that if he would climb the trees and pick them for her he might keep half of the bananas for himself. The monkey kept all of the best bananas, and gave the little old woman the small ones, which grew at the end of the bunch. To punish him the little old woman made an image of wax, and upon the head of the image she placed a basket full of the ripest bananas she could find. Along came the monkey and thought the image was a pedlar boy, just as the little old woman had hoped he would.

"'O pedlar boy, pedlar boy,' he called out, 'please give me one little, sweet little, ripe little banana. If you don't, I'll give you a hard, hard blow.'

"The image of wax answered never a word, and the monkey gave it a blow. His hand remained embedded in the wax. A blow from the other hand, a kick from each foot and a push from the monkey's body followed, and the monkey was firmly embedded in the wax. The sun came to his aid, and poured down his rays until the monkey was once more free from the wax. Then the little old woman gave up raising bananas, and moved away and raised cabbages instead. From that day to this the

monkeys have thought that all the bananas belonged to them."

In Brazil the *cooked* banana is considered one of the best of foods for invalids and young children. If the banana is to be eaten raw, it is rendered more digestible by carefully scraping it with a knife. The ability to digest the raw banana varies with the individual. The cooked banana is easily digested by the most delicate stomach. If the banana is to be cooked without the skin, the unripe ones, in which the starch is not yet changed to sugar, may be used, for the starch is changed to sugar in the cooking. If, however, the banana is to be cooked in the skin, it must be perfectly ripe, for the green banana has a disagreeable taste. Personally, I run no risks with green bananas, even when cooking them without the skin.

In our household the favorite method of cooking the banana is simply to roast it in its skin in a dish containing a little water. It should be kept in a very hot oven for fifteen minutes. It may be eaten plain, or served as a dessert, with a sprinkling of cinnamon, after it is removed from the skin. The red bananas are especially good, but, as they are rarely found in northern markets any more, the yellow ones are usually used instead.

Bananas cooked very slowly, strained through a colander, and sweetened with a half pound of sugar to a pound of bananas, are delicious. Sandwiches may be filled with the cooked banana alone; or if one wishes a real Brazilian combination, use a thin layer of banana, and a thin slice of cheese in the sandwich. Bananas cooked without sugar and stirred smooth may also be used as a sandwich filling with either white or brown bread. The flavor may be varied by a little cinnamon, or by adding chopped raisins, nuts or figs. A "surprise" sandwich may be made by placing a tiny piece of preserved ginger in the center.

—ELSIE SPICER EELLS.

In American Cookery.

HELPS TO STUDY

A. The following topics are discussed in this selection. Place them on a sheet of paper leaving some space after each topic for its supporting details. Under each topic head, write the facts which belong to it in brief form. Reread the selection adding any facts overlooked in the first reading.

1. The derivation of the word *banana*.
2. How bananas are raised.
3. How bananas are ripened.
4. Kinds of bananas.
5. Uses of the banana.
6. How bananas are prepared for food.
7. How the banana differs from the plantain.
8. The etiquette of eating the banana.
9. Banana zones of the world.

Would you arrange these topics in a different order? Why?

B. Visit a fruit store or a large grocery store in your community. Make a list of the fruits offered for sale there. Add to this list other fruits with which you are acquainted. Your list will have on it the following fruits together with many others:

apples	pears	apricots
bananas	plums	grapes
oranges	cherries	currants
peaches	grape fruit	strawberries

Prepare a sketch map of North and South America including the near by large islands. Locate your city or village on this map. Write on the map, in the proper countries or states, the names of the fruits grown there. Draw arrows from these countries to your city. This will help you to understand how the world helps to feed you.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *How We Are Fed*, pp. 146-154, JAMES F. CHAMBERLAIN; 2. *Central and South America With the West Indies*, F. D. and A. J. HERBERTSON; 3. *Australia and the Islands of the Sea*, EVA M. C. KELLOGG; 4. *Commercial and Industrial Geography*, A. G. KELLER; 5. *Brazil and the Brazilians*, G. J. BRUCE.

THE OLD-FASHIONED SCHOOL

Read this selection to find out how The Old-Fashioned School differed from your own.

Now imagine yourselves, my children, in Master Ezekiel Cheever's schoolroom. It is a large, dingy room, with a sanded floor, and is lighted by windows that turn on hinges and have little diamond-shaped panes of glass. The scholars sit on long benches with desks before them.

At one end of the room is a great fireplace, so very spacious that there is room for three or four boys to stand in each of the chimney corners. This was the good old fashion of fireplaces when there was wood enough in the forest to keep people warm without their digging into the bowels of the earth for coal.

It is a winter's day when we take our peep into the schoolroom. See what great logs of wood have been rolled into the fireplace, and what a broad, bright blaze goes



Courtesy Old Colony Trust Co., Boston

leaping up the chimney! And every few moments a vast cloud of smoke is puffed into the room which sails slowly over the heads of the scholars until it gradually settles upon the walls and ceiling. They are blackened with the smoke of many years already.

Next look at our old historic chair! It is placed, you perceive, in the most comfortable part of the room, where the generous glow of the fire is sufficiently felt without being too intensely hot. How stately the old chair looks, as if it remembered its many famous occupants, but yet were conscious that a greater man is sitting in it now! Do you see the venerable schoolmaster, severe in aspect, with a black skullcap on his head, like an ancient Puritan, and the snow of his white beard drifting down to his very girdle? What boy would dare to play, or whisper, or even glance aside from his book, while Master Cheever is on the lookout behind his spectacles? For such offenders, if any such there be, a rod of birch is hanging over the fireplace, and a heavy ferule lies on the master's desk.

And now school is begun! What a murmur of multitudinous tongues, like the whispering leaves of a wind-stirred oak, as the scholars con over their various tasks! Buzz! buzz! buzz! Amid just such a murmur has Master Cheever spent above sixty years; and long habit has made it as pleasant to him as the hum of a beehive when the insects are busy in the sunshine.

Now a class in Latin is called to recite. Forth steps a row of queer-looking little fellows, wearing square-skirted coats and smallclothes, with buttons at the knee. They look like so many grandfathers in their second childhood. These lads are to be sent to Cambridge and educated for the learned professions.

Old Master Cheever has lived so long, and seen so many generations of schoolboys grow up to be men, that now he can almost prophesy what sort of man each boy will be.

One urchin shall hereafter be a doctor, and administer pills and potions, and stalk gravely through life, perfumed with asafetida. Another shall wrangle at the bar, and fight his way to wealth and honors, and, in his declining age, shall be a worshipful member of his Majesty's council. A third—and he is the master's favorite—shall be worthy successor to the old Puritan ministers now in their graves; he shall preach with great unction and effect, and leave volumes of sermons, in print and manuscript, for the benefit of future generations.

Next comes a class in Arithmetic. These boys are to be the merchants, shopkeepers, and mechanics of a future period. Hitherto, they have traded only in apples and marbles. Hereafter, some will send vessels to England for broadcloths and all sorts of manufactured wares, and to the West Indies for sugar, and rum, and coffee. Others will stand behind counters, and measure tape, and ribbon, and cambric by the yard. Others will upheave the blacksmith's hammer, or drive the plane over the carpenter's bench, or take the lapstone and the awl and learn the trade of shoemaking. Many will follow the sea and become bold, rough sea captains.

This class of boys, in short, must supply the world with those active, skillful hands, and clear sagacious heads, without which the affairs of life would be thrown into confusion by the theories of studious and visionary men. Wherefore, teach them their multiplication table, good Master Cheever, and whip them well when they deserve it; for much of the country's welfare depends on these boys.

But, alas! While we have been thinking of other matters, Master Cheever's watchful eye has caught two boys at play. Now we shall see awful times. The two malefactors are summoned before the master's chair, wherein he sits with the terror of a judge upon his brow. Our old chair is now a judgment seat. Ah, Master Cheever has taken down that terrible birch rod! Short is the trial—

the sentence quickly passed—and now the judge prepares to execute it in person. Thwack! thwack! thwack! In these good old times, a schoolmaster's blows were well laid on. See, the birch rod has lost several of its twigs, and will hardly serve for another execution. Mercy on us, what a bellowing the urchins make! My ears are almost deafened, though the clamor comes through the far length of a hundred and fifty years. There, go to your seats, poor boys; and do not cry, sweet little Alice, for they have ceased to feel the pain a long time since.

And thus the forenoon passes away. Now it is twelve o'clock. The master looks at his great silver watch, and thus, with tiresome deliberation puts the ferule into his desk. The little multitude await the word of dismissal with almost irrepressible impatience.

"You are dismissed," says Master Cheever.

The boys retire, treading softly until they have passed the threshold; but, fairly out of the schoolroom, lo, what a joyous shout! What a scampering and trampling of feet! What a sense of recovered freedom expressed in the merry uproar of all their voices! What care they for the ferule and birch rod now? Were boys created merely to study Latin and Arithmetic? No, the better purposes of their being are to sport, to leap, to run, to shout, to slide upon the ice, to snowball.

Happy boys! Enjoy your playtime now, and come again to study and to feel the birch rod and the ferule to-morrow, not till to-morrow; for to-day is Thursday lecture; and ever since the settlement of Massachusetts there has been no school on Thursday afternoons. Therefore, sport, boys, while you may, for the morrow cometh, with the birch rod and the ferule; and after that another morrow, with troubles of its own.

Now the master has set everything to rights, and is ready to go home to dinner. Yet he goes reluctantly. The

old man has spent so much of his life in the smoky, noisy, buzzing schoolroom that, when he has a holiday, he feels as if his place were lost and himself a stranger in the world. But forth he goes; and there stands our old chair, vacant and solitary, till good Master Cheever resumes his seat in it to-morrow morning.

If it could speak, what would it say now, in the absence of its master? Would it wish to support and hold in its arms some younger, more lenient master? No doubt the old chair in its silent way talks to the birch rod, the ferule and the empty benches, when Master Cheever is gone. And it calls to their attention the fact that the old school master loves his boys not less but learning more.

From *Grandfather's Chair*,

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Contrast a day in Ezekiel Cheever's schoolroom with one in your own. 2. Why did not all of the pupils study the same subjects? 3. Compare the girl of this school with the one described in Whittier's school on page 34. 4. Compare the schoolmaster with the one described in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, page 103. Which one would you prefer for your teacher? Why? 5. Was the schoolhouse well lighted? Read the evidence upon which you base your answer. 6. Why do you suppose the author inserted the whipping incident? 7. What words in this selection are new to you? Can you get their meanings from the story? Try to do so. Then compare your meanings with those given in the dictionary. 8. Find a phrase which fixes the approximate time of the story. 9. Why are the future doctors, lawyers and preachers of this school required to study Latin? 10. Divide this selection into two parts and give a name to each.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Story of a Bad Boy*, THOMAS B. ALDRICH; 2. *Nicholas Nickleby*, CHARLES DICKENS; 3. *The Tennessee Shad*, OWEN JOHNSON; 4. *Enemy Lou, Her Book and Heart*, GEORGE M. MARTIN; 5. *The Hoosier Schoolboy*, EDWARD EGGLESTON; 6. *Just Patty*, JEAN WEBSTER; 7. *Ruth of Boston*, JAMES OTIS; 8. *Mary of Plymouth*, JAMES OTIS; 9. *Where Our History Was Made*, J. T. FARIS; 10. *Old Colony Days*, MARY H. WADE.

AN ALPINE VILLAGE

Read the following selection to see whether you can determine what industry the Swiss immigrant enters when he settles in this country.

The mode of life of the peasants in the higher and more remote regions of the Alps has remained unchanged for centuries. Far away from cities, railroads and modern travelers, the mountain peasant lives as his ancestors did many generations ago, and one is likely to find him living in the same house where his great-grandfather was born.

The house is a large, unpainted, two-story structure, built of square pine logs, with the ends projecting at the corners and sometimes carved into pretty shapes. The building is full of little, long windows filled with flowers, and the roof is made of large clapboards fastened in place with poles and stones.

I recall such a house, one of a hundred, forming the little village of Obstaiden on a high bench of a mountain slope above the Walen See—the most enchanting little lake, I think, in Switzerland. This body of water is seventeen miles long and two or three miles wide. It is as clear as crystal, five hundred feet deep, and closed in by a perpendicular wall of rocks two thousand feet high.

Back of the lake a little distance are ridges and peaks nine thousand feet above sea level with white glaciers and beautiful waterfalls.

The first and pleasantest recollection one has of the village, after the wonderful scenery, is the perfect simplicity of the people and their familiar greeting to the stranger. Everyone seems to know him; everyone speaks to him as a friend. One seems to have been there a long time and to have known the people well.

perfect sundial

It seems hard to call the hundred houses scattered about on the green slope a town. The grass grows everywhere, quite up to the doorsteps. There is no other street in the place except the well-paved postroad that goes by, not through, the village. Little stony goat paths lead up to the houses, and there is hardly a fence to be seen in the place.

But it is a town. There is the little stone church with the white steeple and the big-faced clock outside, and the stone floors and the plain wooden benches within. There on the end of the church is painted in great letters and figures, the big sundial used long before the village had a clock.

Behind the church is the village burial ground, and near by, the old, old schoolhouse, and the happy children, and the village pastor, also their teacher.

How old and thin the pastor looks! It is little to him that he is very poor; most village pastors are. But he is rich in love and great of heart; great enough to contain the joys and woes of every man, woman, and child in the village. Where lives the millionaire so great or so rich as this good shepherd?

I have said that the big, brown houses were scattered over the green slope. Yes, and each is large enough for two or three families; and owing to the absolute want of dust and dirt every house is as fresh and clean as fancy could wish.

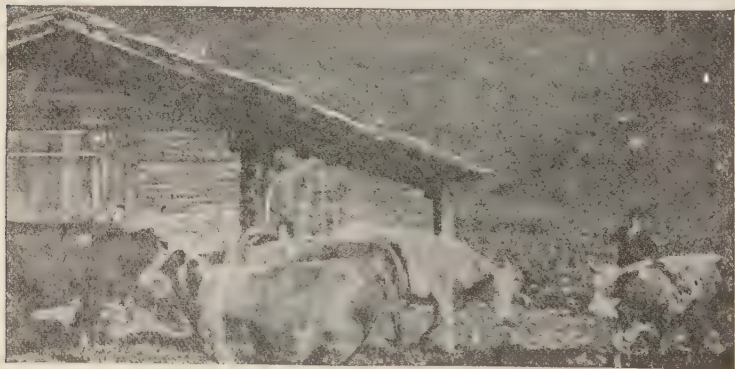
They are, in a sense, comfortable enough, but they are sparsely furnished. Rude benches often take the place of chairs. There are no carpets on the floor, few pictures on the wall, and little of the luxury known to the homes of many American farmers.

In almost every peasant's house stands an old-fashioned, wooden silk loom. It occupies the best corner of the best room. It is of more importance than the

piano or organ of the American home, for with it is earned a great part of the living of the family. Silk cloth is woven for the great exporters at Zurich, and the women are glad to earn thirty or forty cents a day at the loom.

While the women are weaving, the men cut grass and wood, cultivate a few potatoes, look after their little dairies and prepare for the winter. Those of the women not engaged at the loom, help the men out-of-doors.

Goat cheese is made here in abundance and many goats are kept for that purpose. It is an interesting sight to see the village goat herd start off every morning, driving all the goats of the village to graze on the higher mountain slopes.



An Alpine Dairy

His is a strange existence; he is alone all the long summer day with his goats, the mountains, and the sunshine. Evening twilight sees him at the head of his flock, winding his way back to the village. A great wreath of Alpine roses is twined about his hat; sometimes another rosewreath is slung across his shoulders; and he sings the Alpine "Kuhreihen" (yodel) a hundred times more melodious for being echoed by its native Alps.

Sometimes with a rude flute he leads the flock, and like another Orpheus, seems almost to charm the rocks and trees with his music. The long line of goats follows him gladly down to the group of stalls called "the village of the goats."

The goat village consists of scores of little, low, covered pens, lined with forest leaves and as snug as can be. It is noticeable how every goat knows its own stall among the hundreds, and promptly enters it. "It's a poor, foolish goat," says the herdsman, "that doesn't know its own milking-place."

The cheese, like the woven silk, is all sent to the cities; and a large part of both are exported to the United States.

It is interesting to know that a large part of the raw silk used by these Alpine peasants comes from far-off China, across the Pacific Ocean, the United States, the Atlantic Ocean, and so to London or Havre. At last it finds its way up into the Alps to be woven into silk, made into gowns in Paris, and eventually sold in American shops.

It is little wonder that silk is too dear for these weavers in the Alps to wear. Probably not one of them ever owned a silk dress in her life; but they are content without it, and prefer, a hundred times over, the picturesque village costume they wear on all festal occasions. Aside from the flowers in the window, the beautiful silk on the weaver's loom is likely to be the only attractive thing in her room. But one thing sure to be found there is the great cylinder-shaped column of white porcelain. It is seven feet high—the family stove.

In the Alps the shape and color of the porcelain stove varies. It may be cube-shaped, painted green, and mounted on feet. Sometimes tiny steps lead to the top of this peculiar stove, where a curtain is hung so as to

form a little warm room, perhaps six feet square. In this the children go to dress on very cold mornings.

It has been said the people of these Alpine villages are very poor—too poor to love and enjoy the grand scenes about them. It is a mistake. Poor in a sense they are; but if with their little herds, their green meadows, and their simple lives they are content, then are they also rich. The Alpine peasant loves his mountain home, and more than one lone wanderer from the Alps to foreign lands has been known to die of heartache, longing for the scenes of his childhood.

—S. H. M. BYERS,
In *The Youth's Companion*.

HELPS TO STUDY

Outline this selection on paper in the following manner:

Paragraph	Topic	Sentence containing main thought	Sentences making clear main thought	Sentences not contributing to main thought
E	The simplicity of the people	I	II, III,	IV, V, VI, VII

2. Letter the paragraphs A, B, C, etc.
3. Number the sentences of each paragraph, I, II, III, etc.
4. Fill in the prepared outline as shown above. This is explained as follows: the paragraph chosen is E, the fifth paragraph. The topic of the paragraph is, "The perfect simplicity of the people." This is expressed in sentence I. Sentences II and III enlarge this main thought. Sentences IV, V, VI, VII do not add to or explain the main thought.
5. After you have analyzed the entire selection in this manner, determine by discussion whether the selection is well organized or not.
6. Consult a United States census report, if available, to verify the conclusion which, in the introduction, you were asked to make.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *A Summer on an Alp*, JOHN FENNIMORE; 2. *The Bluebird*, MAETERLINK; 3. *Friendship Village*, GALE.

THE TICKING TEPEE

Before the modern factory began to turn out products in vast quantities, manufactured articles were made in shops by master workmen. To-day hundreds of men in a factory work on the various parts of a single article. In the olden days one man made a complete suit, or pair of shoes, or an entire wagon.

Boys learned their trade by becoming apprenticed to these master workmen. They worked for the masters several years, and in time themselves became masters of the trade. Men took pride in their work, and there was real joy and dignity in the title of master.

Read for four minutes as rapidly as you can, with understanding of what you read. Mark the last word read when the teacher says, "stop." Then continue reading to the end of the selection.

Chauncey Jerome, a boy of old Plymouth in Connecticut, stopped in front of the fascinating shop of Master Eli Terry on the main street of the village. Here he listened to mysterious whirrings, buzzings, ringing of soft toned bells, and an occasional bit of tinkling music which came from Master Eli's shop. An advertisement in the Boston news sheets told of Master Eli Terry's fame.

"Spring, Musical, and Plain Clocks, Church Clocks and regulators. Engraved and finished Clock Faces for the trade."

Bent over his bench, Master Eli Terry could be seen through the halfdoor of his shop surrounded by wheels and wires, swinging pendulums, and moon faces of his timekeepers. He was making the first grandfather clocks for the Colonies, placing them in cases six feet tall. He also made the odd wag-on-the-wall clock, which had the pendulum in plain sight as it swung its length to and fro without ceasing.

Chauncey was a very hard-working boy, the son of a

Plymouth blacksmith. He had been doing farm work from the time that he was big enough to carry a large brass lantern out to the barn in the early morning and attend to the stock. Then he had gone to work at nine years of age in the blacksmith shop. Although he had had only three months of schooling in a year, he could read very well. He often remembered a saying of the great Roger Williams which had been set him for a copy:

“Unless we have Clocks and Watches and Quarter Glasses, as in some Ships, it will be impossible to be exactly punctual.”

Roger Williams had known that hard work was largely responsible for the greatness of our country, and that there must be timekeeping for work. So now, in the year of 1807, Master Eli Terry's trade of making clocks was beginning to be an important one. It was laughed at by the older residents of New England, who preferred to tell time by means of their garden sundials, or the moon marks on the threshold of the front door or the window sill.

Master Eli Terry had put his whole heart and all his means into his business, and he had a plan which appealed to a boy's spirit of adventure. He wanted to make good clockworks of hard wood, strong enough to last almost as long as brass works, and to send these clocks, without his ornamental cases, by covered wagon all through the near by country to be sold. The cases could be made by local cabinet makers; and so the town halls, the schools, the shops, the busy kitchens, could have timekeepers. Chauncey had heard of this big scheme.

As the boy turned away from the fascinating shop of the clock maker, his head dropped in discouragement. He plunged his hands deep into his empty homespun pockets, and his tired feet shuffled along over the paving stones in a pair of old moccasins. He had never in all his fourteen years had a pair of shoes.

Chauncey was an orphan and apprenticed until he should be twenty-one years old to a carpenter of Plymouth. While he had been ploughing, or working his father's bellows, or busy at the carpenter's bench, this boy had wished that he could make a clock. He knew that clocks were needed in the Colonies. He had a dream of putting together the wheels, spring, screws, pendulum, and finely carved case of a village clock that would keep on ticking and striking forever.

Chauncey, again that day, put his wish into words as he begged his master to let him change his apprenticeship to that of Master Eli Terry.

The carpenter shook his head. "Terry is a visionary fellow!" he exclaimed. "Stick to your carpentry, lad. It's the better trade."

"Suppose I buy all my clothes," begged Chauncey, "then could I have a few months each year to work at the clock-making trade?" He repeated the request, telling his master how Eli Terry and the other Connecticut clock makers would soon need good wood workers for the building of the cases for their grandfather clocks, and for setting clocks in the village steeples.

At last Chauncey had his wish. The carpenter released him. He did not know how he would get enough money to buy a pair of shoes. All of his life he had been looking forward to wearing leather shoes some winter, but what did they matter now that his chance had come to be a clock maker's apprentice?

Eli Terry was the master clock maker of that time, but he had no place for Chauncey in his shop. He scarcely looked up from his wires and wheels as he gave the boy a disappointing reply.

"Try Master Stebbins in Waterbury," he advised. "He will teach you the art of making clock dials."

So Chauncey walked to Waterbury in his ragged

moccasins. During the winter he learned to make dials that would fit into Master Terry's new "pillar and scroll top" clock cases. The dial was about eleven inches across, with a glass panel below painted in gay colors. The case itself had small feet and a top cut in a scroll design, with small round pillars at the sides. Spandrels were painted at the corners of the face.

The next winter Chauncey hoped that he might go home to Master Terry's shop, but something happened to prevent. The Waterbury clock maker fitted out a wagon for making the long trip down to New Jersey with clockworks, ready to sell and fit into handmade cases in the towns where they were left. Chauncey Jerome, then eighteen years of age, was selected to make this perilous trip. Two peddlers went with him.

The wagon was a stout affair of thick lumber, with a swaying canvas top to serve as a protection from the storms that it would meet. It held bacon, flour, coffee and sugar in addition to some bolts of calico, candles, tinware, and the precious skeletons of clocks for selling on the way. Chauncey also took with him rawhide for repairing the oxen's harness, if need be, and a gun.

Chauncey went south by way of the coast trails. The Indians along the way, while they had lost a great deal of their savagery, were outlaws, particularly the Narragansets, and they often preyed on peddlers for what loot they could get from the wagons.

There could scarcely have been an odder caravan than this one of the boy clock maker. Chauncey sat in front and shouted to the slow-moving oxen. The sides of the wagon swayed in the late winter wind like a mammoth balloon. Inside, all the available space was hung with clocks: wag-on-the-wall clocks, grandfather clocks, steeple clocks, some with moons painted on the dials, some with brass works, and others with wooden works. There were

excellent potters, furniture makers, weavers, and merchants in New Jersey, but almost no clock makers. Chauncey Jerome's clock caravan was going to work a revolution in timekeeping in the districts through which he traveled.

The streams to be forded were deep with melting ice. Chauncey met storms along the Sound when he had to draw up in the shelter of a forest, lest the wagon be overturned or the cover ripped to shreds. It was so important that the clock wheels and springs be kept dry that the boy forgot any other possible hazard. When he was only part way to his journey's end, an arrow pierced the covered wagon! It was the early dawn of a gray, chill day when one is farthest from courage.

"The white man's heart will be like water," said the cruel Narragansets to one another as a marauding band approached the woods where the wagon was resting until dawn. "The tepee on wheels is alone, save for a boy and cowardly peddlers, and it smells of bacon, and has shining tinware for plunder." So they crept along the fringe of the woods, ten times as many in number as Chauncey's guard.

A boy of those days was quick to find his courage. Chauncey aimed and fired at the approaching Narragansets, but they returned his fire with a shower of arrows. Peering out at them from the front of the wagon, he could see that they carried shields and wore war bonnets. Chauncey knew that these Indians were ready to fight. His peddlers were hiding in the bottom of the wagon. What could he do against such odds?

He had heard many stories about the cruelty of the Indians. His father had told him about Indian warfare in the days when Plymouth was being settled and the surrounding farms cleared of timber; how the Indians had crept up in the night, set fire to the barns and houses, and had massacred the inhabitants. He knew also of boys

being taken into captivity by the Indians and kept prisoners for many years. The shower of arrows indicated a numerous band, and the peddlers who were with him were too frightened to be of any assistance.

Chauncey was a boy who had learned never to give up; and he believed in the clocks of New England. Softly, stealthily, he began to wind his clocks. They were without cases, but were warranted to go. In a few moments, as the arrows whistled through the air, pierced the canvas, and fell about him, the clocks began to set up such a loud and confused ticking as never was heard even in Master Terry's shop at Plymouth. As the clocks ticked, the arrows stopped.

"The ticking tepee!" the Narragansets gasped, slipping away to the water and their waiting canoes. They had no clocks. Such clocks as they had seen, but rarely, in the New England settlements where they traded in fish, had inspired them with a great awe.

"Without water, their wheels move, and their hands take the place of the sun in the heavens," the Indians said of a clock. Now they had attacked a ticking tepee, and it seemed a better part of valor to run.

So Chauncey went on in safety after mending his canvas, and he sold all his clockworks at a good profit. They were to tick in peaceful places: white churches, shining kitchens where they would stand bravely in a corner to time the bread-making, behind the school-master's desk, and wherever boys of the new country were learning useful trades at their master's benches in the printing, joinery, silversmith, weaving, and pottery shops. "A time for everything!" was the motto of the hard-working colonists, and Chauncey Jerome helped to make that saying come true.

He returned to Plymouth, and Master Eli Terry took him into his shop. Master Terry was developing his new

plan for making shelf clocks, and with these, Chauncey helped him. When he was twenty-one years old, Chauncey bought himself his first pair of shoes. What meant more to him than that, however, was his opportunity to make clocks with a good master, to feel that he had been a part in the making of swinging pendulum and painted dial—a part in the timekeeping of his country.

—From *Normal Instructor and Primary Plans*.

BY CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY.

HELPS TO STUDY

Count the number of words read and divide by four. This will give you your reading rate for narrative material.

Check the correct answer:

1. Chauncey Jerome lived in Plymouth, Massachusetts; Waterbury, New Jersey; Plymouth, Connecticut; Waterbury, Massachusetts.
2. Eli Terry was a maker of clock dials, clockworks, clock cabinets.
3. The older residents of New England told time by watches, sundials, stars.
4. Chauncey wanted to learn to plough, to make clock dials, to make clockworks.
5. In his wagon he carried for sale rawhide, bacon, clock cases, clockworks.
6. The Indians wanted Chauncey, the bacon, the clockworks, the clock cases.
7. The Indians retreated because of the gun shots, the painted dials, the ticking clocks.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Time Telling Through the Ages*, H. C. BREARLEY; 2. *Old Clocks and Their Makers*, F. J. BRITTEN; 3. *Chats on Old Clocks*, A. HAYDEN; 4. *Grandfather Clocks*, P. F. MAGEE, Lancaster Co. History Association, Lancaster, Pa.; 5. *Century Book of American Colonies*, BROOKS; 6. *Story of the Thirteen Colonies*, GUERBER; 7. *Old Times in the Colonies*, COFFIN; 8. *Letters from Colonial Children*, TAPPAN.

THE GOLDEN ARROW

Just as King Arthur was the champion of the Celts in their struggle against the invading Saxons at an earlier time, so Robin Hood became the champion of the common people in their opposition to the invading Normans who conquered England in 1265. He was their hero, their idol, their hope. And just as in that earlier time, a great body of literature—songs and stories—grew up around the name of King Arthur, so again another collection of heroic deeds are attributed to this national hero—Robin Hood—whose retreat was in Sherwood Forest; whose companions were a band of jolly, rollicking outlaws; and whose life was one round of adventure with friend and foe.

Tradition says Robin Hood was born near the end of the twelfth century and lived to be a very old man. Be that as it may, whether real or legendary, Robin Hood is one of the immortal characters of literature, whose counterpart is found in the folklore of all countries and whose deeds of valor and daring have furnished the themes for thousands of songs, dramas, and story books.

Now the Sheriff of Nottingham proclaimed a grand sport to be held—that all the best archers of the north country should come one day and shoot at the butts, and that a prize should be given to the best archer. The butts were to be set in a glade in the forest, and he who shot the best of all should receive an arrow, the like of which had never been seen in England, for the shaft was to be of silver, and the head and feathers of red gold.

Now all this was a device of the Sheriff's to try to enthrall the outlaws, for he imagined in his mind that when such matches took place Robin Hood's men without any doubt would be the bowmen there.

Tidings of this came to Robin Hood in the forest, and he said: "Come, make ready, my lads, we will go and see that sport. Ye shall go with me, and I will test the Sheriff's faith, and see if he be true."

With that a brave young man, called David of Doncaster, stepped forward.

"Master," he said, "be ruled by me, and do not stir from the greenwood. To tell the truth I am well informed yonder match is a wile. The Sheriff has devised it to entrap us."

"That sounds like a coward," said Robin; "thy words do not please me. Come what will of it, I'll try my skill at yonder brave archery."

Then up spoke brave Little John.

"Let us go thither; but come, listen to me, and I will tell you how we can manage it without being known. We will leave behind us our mantles of Lincoln green, and we will all dress differently so that they will never notice us. One shall wear white, another red, a third one yellow, another blue. Thus in disguise we will go to the sport, whatever may come of it."

When they came to Nottingham they saw the butts set out fair and long, and many were the bold archers who came to shoot. The outlaws mixed with the rest to prevent all suspicion, for they thought it more discreet not to keep together.

"Only six of you shall shoot with me," said Robin to his men. "The rest must stand on guard with bows bent so that I be not betrayed."

The Sheriff looked all round, but amidst eight hundred men he could not see what he suspected.

The outlaws shot in turn, and they all did so well that the people said that if Robin Hood had been there, and all his men to boot, none of them could have surpassed these men.

"Ay," quoth the Sheriff ruefully, rubbing his head, "I thought he would have been here; I certainly thought he would, but though he is bold, he doesn't dare to appear."

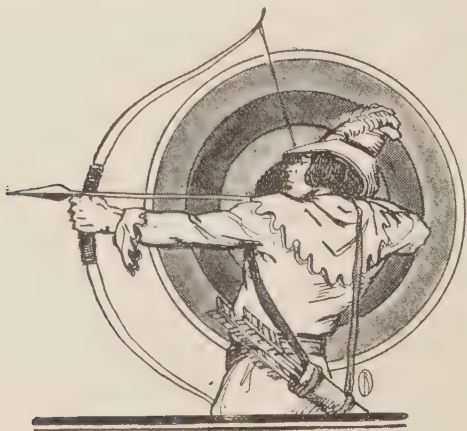
His speech vexed Robin Hood to the heart. "Very soon," he thought angrily, "thou shalt well see that Robin Hood *is* here."

Some cried blue jacket, another cried brown, and a third cried brave yellow, but a fourth man said: "Yonder man in red hath no match in the place."

Now that was Robin Hood himself, for he was clothed in red. Then stepped brave Robin forth and measured the distance with his eye. Three times he shot, and each time he split the wand. Then all the people cried aloud and proclaimed him victor that had cleaved the wand three times in three shots, nor wot they any other bowman so worthy of the prize.

Then spoke the Sheriff: "Fair sir, we have remarked thy skill, nor worthier bowman resideth in Nottinghamshire. I therefore proclaim thee victor and place in thy hands the prize of the golden arrow."

Robin Hood took the gift courteously, and would have departed back to the greenwood; but the Sheriff of Nottingham had by this time marked him, and had no mind to let him go so easily. The alarm was raised; they



cried out on Robin Hood, and great horns were blown to summon help to capture him.

"Treachery! treason!" cried Robin. "Full evil art thou to know! And woe to thee, proud Sheriff, thus to entertain thy guest! It was otherwise thou promised me yonder in the forest. But had I thee in the greenwood again, under my trysting-tree, thou shouldest leave me a better pledge than thy loyalty and truth."

Then on all sides bows were bent, and arrows flew like hail; kirtles were rent, and many a stout knave pricked in the side. The outlaws shot so strong that none could drive them back, and the Sheriff's men fled in haste.

Robin saw the ambush was broken, and would fain have been back in the greenwood, but many an arrow still rained on his company. Little John was hurt full sorely, with an arrow in his knee, and could neither ride nor walk.

"Master," he cried, "if ever thou loved me, and for the meed of my service that I have served thee, let never that proud Sheriff find me alive! But take thy sword and smite off my head, and give me deep and deadly wounds, so that no life be left in me."

"I would not that, John—I would not thou wert slain for all the gold in merry England!" cried Robin.

"God forbid that thou shouldst part our company, Little John," said Much.

At these words, he took Little John upon his back, and carried him a good mile, and more. Often he laid him down on the ground, and turned to shoot those who came after, and then he took him up and carried him on again. So the outlaws fought their way, step by step, back to the forest.

A little within the wood there was a fair castle, with a double moat, and surrounded by stout walls. Here dwelt that noble knight, Sir Richard at the Lee, to whom Robin Hood had lent the four hundred pounds to redeem his land.

He saw the little company of outlaws fighting their way along, so he hastened to call them to come and take shelter in his castle.

"Welcome art thou, Robin Hood! Welcome!" he cried, as he led them in. "Much I thank thee for thy comfort and courtesy and great kindness to me in the forest. There is no man in the world I love so much as thee. For all the proud Sheriff of Nottingham, here thou shalt be safe! Shut the gates, and draw the bridge, and let no man come in!" he shouted to his retainers. "Arm you well; make ready; guard the walls! One thing, Robin, I promise thee: here shalt thou stay for twelve days as my guest, to sup, and eat, and dine."

Swiftly and readily tables were laid and cloths spread, and Robin Hood and his merry men sat down to a good meal. Neither did Robin fail to regale Sir Richard with the events of the day nor to show the noble Knight the golden arrow and how he came by it.

From *A Book of Ballad Stories*,

—BY MARY MACLEOD.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Instead of using a dictionary to find the meanings of words and phrases you do not understand, reread the sentences in which they occur. See whether the general meaning of the sentence will not help you to understand these difficult words.
2. Dramatize the story—problems to solve:
 - (a) What parts of the story will you use?
 - (b) How many and what scenes will you have?
 - (c) What "scenery" will you use?
 - (d) What characters will you use?
 - (e) How should they be dressed?
 - (f) Can you use the dialogue of the story?
 - (g) Will it be necessary to present an introduction or prologue?
3. What is the most important point in the story?

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Robin Hood*, GEORGE C. HARVEY; 2. *Robin Hood and His Merry Outlaws*, J. N. McSPADDEN; 3. *Robin Hood and His Merry Men*, PYLE.

I AM AN AMERICAN

I am an American.

My father was an atom of dust,

My mother a straw in the wind.

For his serene majesty,

One of my ancestors died in the mines of Siberia:

Another was crippled for life by twenty blows of the knot.

Another was killed defending his home during the massacres.

The history of my ancestors is a trail of blood

To the palace gate of the Great White Czar.

But then the dream came,

The dream of America.

In the light of the Liberty torch

The atom of dust became a man,

And the straw in the wind a woman,

For the first time.

"See," said my father, pointing to the flag that fluttered near,

"That flag of stars and stripes is yours;

"It is the emblem of the promised land.

"It means, my son, the hope of humanity.

"Live for it—die for it!"

Under the open sky of my new country I swore to do so;

And every drop of blood in me will keep that vow.

I am proud of my future,

I am an American.

—LIBERMAN.



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THE HUSH OF WINTER

DOWN TO SLEEP

November woods are bare and still;
November days are clear and bright;
Each noon burns up the morning's chill;
The morning's snow is gone by night;
Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,
As through the woods I reverent creep,
Watching all things lie "down to sleep."

I never knew before what beds,
Fragrant to smell, and soft to touch,
The forest sifts and shapes and spreads;
I never knew before how much
Of human sound there is in such
Low tones as through the forest sweep
When all wild things lie "down to sleep."

* * * * *

November woods are bare and still;
November days are bright and good;
Life's noon burns up life's morning chill;
Life's night rests feet which long have stood;
Some warm, soft bed, in field or wood
The mother will not fail to keep,
Where we can lay us "down to sleep."

—HELEN HUNT JACKSON

THROUGH THE PANAMA CANAL

One of the oldest methods of shortening transportation routes has been by the construction of canals. Canals are in use as mediums of transportation in many countries. Probably the greatest undertaking of all times was the building of the Panama Canal.

A boy who has made a trip through this canal writes concerning it to his friend at home. The letter follows:

Panama Canal Zone,
December 16, 1924.

Dear John:

I promised to write you about my trip to San Diego, so here goes.

As you know, Father is bound for California on a business trip and asked me to go along as his "bodyguard." Up to the present, I've seen no need for guards of any kind. People are as civil and peaceable in Panama as in New York, so I am inclined to think Father had other reasons for taking me along; he wanted company, I suspect. Anyway, I'm here, John, and wouldn't have missed this trip for the world! But let me begin at the beginning.

Our steamer left New York a little after noon. Everybody remained on deck, shouting and waving farewells until the boat was out of sight and we could not hear the voices of friends on the dock. Then we went below, Father and I, because my stomach was already giving the warning signal. Father laughed and joked about my feelings, but it was no laughing matter with me. I had to roll in pretty quick, and he was obliged to go without my company at dinner.

Some folks like to sit on deck and speculate about the mighty ocean and a life on the rolling deep. I've no objections to their doing so, but as for me, give me *Treasure*

Island, or some other equally good book, and I'll content myself upon my little berth until land is sighted once more. And that's exactly what I did. In fact, I read several books through, including one on the Panama Canal. I'm so glad the latter book was included, for, otherwise, many of the wonders of the Panama would have escaped my notice. Let me give you a word of advice, John. If ever you travel to a foreign country, learn all you can about the land and its people in advance. You will enjoy your visit so much more.

It was our good fortune to cross the Isthmus of Panama in broad daylight. By this time I had gotten my "sea legs" and was able to stand on deck like an "old salt" and see and hear all that was going on, from end to end of the Canal.

Right at the start I had to disabuse my mind of one false notion. I had always held the idea that in crossing the Isthmus, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, one sailed from east to west. Well, he does no such thing. From the time the boat leaves Colon until it reaches Panama, he is journeying southeastward; and when he emerges from the Canal into the Pacific, he is at a point twenty-seven miles east of his starting point. Doesn't that seem strange?

Here are some items from my diary which I hope may interest you.

Columbus. It is believed that Columbus was the first white explorer to visit this part of the American Continent. On his fourth and last voyage, in 1502, Columbus visited Panama, seeking "the secret of the strait," as he called it—a short passage to India. He turned into a beautiful harbor which he named Porto Bello and later explored Limon Bay, now the Atlantic entrance to the Canal. **Balboa.** In 1513 came Balboa in search of the secret strait. He and his companions crossed the Isthmus in a course about one hundred miles south of the Canal and came into

sight of the Pacific Ocean at a place called St. Michael's Bay. So Balboa gets credit for *discovering* the Pacific Ocean.

Projects. From that day until the twentieth century, first one nation and then another made surveys and drew plans for a canal across the Isthmus, so strongly did the project appeal to popular imagination. Finally, in 1882, the French began excavations at Panama; but the undertaking proved disastrous. After twenty years of effort, after the death from malaria and yellow fever of thousands of laborers, and after the loss of millions and millions of dollars, the canal was only half completed and the work was at a standstill. In the end, the French company offered to sell its rights in Panama to the United States and to abandon the project.

American Occupation. The United States acquired all the rights and property of the French construction company for \$40,000,000. The next step was to acquire by treaty with the Republic of Panama the right to build the Canal and a right to the strip of land known as the Canal Zone. This Zone extends five miles back on either side of the Canal. The purchase price agreed upon was a cash payment of \$10,000,000 and a yearly rental of \$250,000. In 1904 work began, and in August, 1914, the Canal was opened to commerce. The job was finished, and another monument was erected to American genius and enterprise!

Perhaps that's *facts* and *figures* enough for one time, eh, John? Now put on your "fancy" cap and take an imaginary trip through the Canal with me.

We enter the mouth of the Chagres River to begin our thirty-four mile trip across the Isthmus. Near the entrance are government buoys and lights which clearly mark the course both day and night. We proceed up the river five miles and, all at once, come abruptly against

a great stone wall. It is the lower side of Gatun Dam which forms Gatun Lake. I know we must surmount that wall and traverse the lake beyond, but how are we to do it? How are we to get from sea level to lake level, eighty-five feet above us and on the other side of that great wall?

This is the way it is done—the way a great ocean steamer goes upstairs. It takes three “steps,” as they say, that is, it makes the elevation in three flights of locks. We enter the first “step” and the gates are closed behind us. We look about and find ourselves locked inside a huge, concrete chamber 1,000 feet long, 110 feet wide, and about 70 feet deep. Suddenly, there is a roar, and we look down and see the water boiling and surging all about the boat. It gives a fellow a queer sensation, John, for a few minutes—a feeling that something dreadful is about to happen. Of course, nothing unexpected happens, and up, up, we go. Then, almost before we realize it, we are lifted to the level of the water in the second chamber.

The gates at our bow now open; electric motors pull us forward into the second chamber, and then the gates close behind us. Again there is a roar beneath us and we begin to rise as before. Presently, we reach the level of the third chamber, the gates are opened, and we are pulled into the third chamber.

Again the gates are closed behind us, the water turned in, and we rise to the level of Gatun Lake. Once more the gates are opened and we emerge into the lake. How’s that, John—eighty-five feet in three steps? That beats the adventures of that old fellow with the seven league boots, doesn’t it?

To our great surprise, while we were rising in our third “step,” we discovered a boat flying the flag of France, descending in the opposite chamber. Father explained that the Canal is open to the commerce of the entire

world, and that locks in the Panama Canal are "double-barreled" so that ships may pass in opposite directions at the same time: but that the order of opening and shutting the gates is reversed in opposite chambers.

Having reached the high level of the Canal, we proceeded across Gatun Lake without difficulty. The distance is twenty miles to Gamboa. Here the real canal begins, and for the next seven miles we proceed slowly and carefully through Culebra Cut to Pedro Miguel.

Excuse me, John, if I refer to my diary again, but I think you will want to know these facts: The Canal varies in width from one thousand feet through Gatun Lake to only three hundred feet in Culebra Cut. That's the place, as you may have read, where an incision had to be made in the "Backbone of the Continent" to a depth of two hundred fifty feet. Passengers on ship seemed to take more interest in the big cut than they did in any other portion of the Canal, but I didn't share their interest. The minimum depth of the Canal is forty-one feet, but that is sufficient to accommodate the largest vessels afloat. Its capacity is forty-eight ships a day, or seventeen thousand a year.

As I explained before, the high level of the Canal is Gatun Lake, and just as three steps were necessary to rise from sea level on the Atlantic side to the level of Gatun Lake, so three steps are required to descend to sea level on the Pacific side. The first of these steps is at Pedro Miguel. Again we enter a great concrete chamber. The gates close behind us and we soon discover that our boat is being lowered. When we have reached the level of the water in Lake Merafleres, the gates before us are opened and we are pulled out into the lake. Its level is thirty feet below that of Gatun Lake.

At the south end of Lake Merafleres are two more steps. We take them in turn and at last find ourselves

at sea level on the Pacific side. Proceeding seven miles further in the channel, we arrive at Balboa, the port of entry on the Pacific side, and our canal trip is ended.

Of course, I haven't told you a great deal about the Panama Canal, John, in this one letter and perhaps not the most interesting things, but I have written about some of the things on the trip that interested me most. Father says I should "anticipate" your interests and questions. Very well, John, I *anticipate* your asking, "How about the weather down there?"

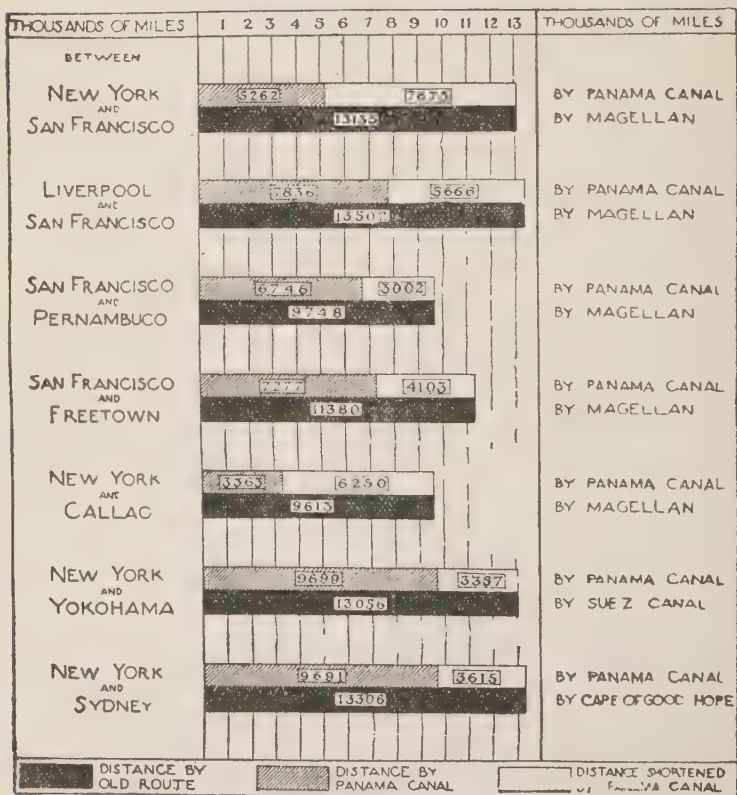
Weather. Here is perpetual summer. The highest shade temperature recorded is 98°, and the lowest 59°. From January to April there is very little rainfall. During the rest of the year there is rain nearly every day—the average being forty minutes of the daylight time per day.

Health. It was not the stupendous size of the undertaking at Panama that baffled the French, but, rather, the eternal vigilance and persistence of the humble mosquito that drove the French away and defeated their efforts. Under French occupation, Panama was a hotbed for malaria, typhoid and yellow fevers. Unless conditions could be improved, there was little hope that the American undertaking would prove any more successful than the French. The American engineers and surgeons fully understood this fact, and therefore bent their first efforts toward ridding Panama of the billions of death-dealing insects. That they were successful is attested by the fact that to-day the Canal Zone is quite as healthy as any similar area in the United States. The story of this modern miracle—the conquest of yellow fever—may be read in the Life of Surgeon General William Crawford Gorgas.

In conversation with a fellow passenger, we learned that the building of the Panama Canal was one of the greatest engineering feats of all time; that it took an average working crew of 39,000 men ten years to finish

the undertaking, and that the cost was \$375,000,000.

Captain Donaldson was a good natured "old tar" and frequently engaged in conversation with the passengers. From him we learned that the United States owns the railway which crosses the Isthmus on the east side of the Canal; that a force of 2,600 Americans, known as "gold" employees, and 8,500 aliens, called "silver" employees, is required to operate the Canal and the railway; and that both ports of entry are strongly fortified and guarded by United States Marines. The number of vessels passing



through the Canal in 1922, said the captain, was 2,736, of which number 1,095 were of American registry and the others foreign. The tolls collected for 1923 amounted to \$22,966,838.18, and the expenses of operation, about \$8,000,000. From these figures one may conclude that the Canal is proving a good investment.

Valuable as the Canal may be to commerce, it is still more valuable to our Army and Navy. At the time of the Spanish-American War, you may remember, some of our battleships on the Pacific coast required about three weeks to reach the West Indies. If the Canal had been in operation, the same trip could have been made in almost three days.

It is said that the Panama Canal has annihilated time and space. You can get an idea of what those words mean by studying the enclosed chart. It isn't complete, but must do for this time. Good-bye. Your friend,

WILLIAM H.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Note the date of the letter. Contrast the weather conditions in New York and the Panama Canal Zone on that date.
2. Why did not William enjoy the trip to Panama?
3. Using the figures given in the letter, what was the total cost of the Canal to the United States?
4. What rate of interest does the net annual profit pay on the total cost?
5. If it were not a paying investment, why would it still be valuable to the United States?
6. Can you demonstrate with some water and a pan how these great steamships are raised and lowered?
7. How has the Panama Canal "annihilated time?"
8. Did the steamship move through the canal under its own power?
9. Read in your history book the account given about the building of the Panama Canal.

Additional Readings: *The Panama Gateway*, J. B. BISHOP; *Zone Policeman 88*, H. A. FRANCK; *Panama and the Canal*, A. B. AND C. C. L. HALL; *Canal Zone Official Handbook*, U. S. Bureau of Publications.

THE SILVER BIRCH

Read this poem silently for the picture; then read it orally for the music.

Back from the highway, my lady of dreams
Murmurs a roundelay tender;
Silence and fragrance, and flowers and streams,
These do you sing of, my lady of dreams,
Standing so stately and slender.

Silvery white where the lone shadows brood,
White where the starlight is streaming,
Silvery white through your virginal snood,
Silvery white through your veil and your blood—
You, with your singing and dreaming!

You, with a cloak of the loveliest green
Draping your warm whiteness over!
You, with the breath of the forest, I ween,
Mosses and briars with lilies between—
Haunts of the poet and lover!

Back from the highway, my lady of dreams
Murmurs a roundelay tender;
Silence and fragrance, and flowers and streams
These do you sing of, my lady of dreams,
Standing so white and so slender!

—JEAN BLEWETT.
In American Forestry.

HELPS TO STUDY

Have you ever seen a silver birch tree? If you have not, try to find one in your neighborhood. Perhaps there is one in the public park. Notice the long, slender white limbs, the leaves dark green on one face and lighter on the other, reflecting gleams of silver light as the wind rustles softly through them. If you cannot find a living silver birch, a good picture of one will help you to visualize this poem.

1. What landscape background does the poet give to The Silver Birch? 2. What causes her to "murmur a roundelay tender"? An encyclopedia gives the following description of the birch: "It has acute, double serrated leaves. Its flowers are in catkins which come forth in April and May. It grows best in heavy soils and in Alpine districts. The wood of the birch is tough and white. It is used in making brooms and is often burned into charcoal. The oil obtained from the white rind is used in tanning Russian leather. Its leaves are fragrant, and have been used as a substitute for tea."

Contrast this description with the one given by the author of this poem. Which do you like better? Why? Which one appeals to your feelings? Which has more meaning to it? Which is easier to understand.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. "The Story of Trees," *World Book*; 2. *The Planting of the Apple Tree*, W. C. BRYANT; 3. *Trees*, JOYCE KILMER; 4. *Story of a Thousand Year Pine*, ENOS MILLS; 5. *Outdoor Book for Boys*, HARPER'S.

FROM A WRINKLED SEED

But the glory of trees is more than their gifts;
 'Tis a beautiful wonder of life that lifts
 From a wrinkled seed in an earth-bound clod,
 A column, an arch, in the temple of God,
 A pillar of power, a dome of delight,
 A shrine of song, and a joy of sight.
 Their roots are the nurses of rivers in birth;
 Their leaves are alive with the breath of the earth;
 They shelter the dwellings of man, and they bend
 O'er his grave with the look of a loving friend.

—VAN DYKE.

THE STATE OF MIND

If you think you are beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't;
If you like to win, but think that you can't
It's almost a "cinch" that you won't.
If you think that you'll lose, you've lost;
For out in the world you'll find
Success begins with a fellow's will—
It's all in the state of mind.

Full many a race is lost
Ere even a step is run;
And many a coward fails
Ere even his work's begun.
Think big, and your deeds will grow;
Think small, and you'll fall behind;
Think that you can and you will—
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are:
You've got to think high to rise;
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man,
But soon or late the man who wins
Is the fellow who thinks he can.

—ANONYMOUS.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Do you like this poem? Why? 2. Is the name of the poem a suitable one? 3. How may a race be lost before ever a step is run? 4. What makes the coward fail "ere even his work's begun"? 5. Is this poem condensed in thought or does it need condensing? 6. Can you express the thought of the whole poem in a single statement? Try it. 7. Is this a well written poem? Do you like it as well as "The Birch Tree," found on page 96. 8. Is its vocabulary well chosen?

THE PRICE OF SUCCESS

Has it ever occurred to you that many of the common household articles have an interesting history? And has the fact ever been impressed upon your mind that many of the common comforts of our homes have cost some one perhaps years of toil, of misery, and despair before success was achieved?

One of the oldest arts and one very widely distributed is pottery. Its origin is lost in antiquity. All of the ancient civilizations possessed the secret of its manufacture, and to some of the lesser civilized races the art of making rude vessels of clay was not unknown.

In the Middle Ages the finest pottery came from the Orient. This was the glazed, or enameled ware, similar to the china on your mother's table. When the Moors entered Spain, they introduced the art of making enameled ware to Europe. The Italian potters first learned the secret and some of their wares were carried into France.

In the early part of the sixteenth century, there lived in Saintes, in southern France, a poor glass painter. In the pursuit of his calling he traveled from town to town, and one day happened to see a beautiful Italian cup of fine enameled ware. Then and there the poor painter resolved to turn potter and to supply the homes of France with white enameled ware.

Bernard Palissy had no money with which to visit Italy and learn the potter's art, so he determined to discover it for himself. He purchased a number of plain earthen vessels and a quantity of drugs, built a brick kiln back of his house, and began his experiments. When the earthen pots were heated to the right temperature, he poured over one a certain mixture of drugs, over another a different mixture, and so on to the end. This he kept

up day after day and week after week, but the mixtures would not fuse; the experiment was a failure, and he was obliged to throw away all of his materials. What could he do now? His wood was all gone, his wife's patience exhausted, and his children were crying for bread. But none of these things swerved Palissy from his fixed purpose.

Thereupon he persuaded a friend living three miles away to assist him, and thither the experimental potter carried his next batch of materials. Day after day he mixed and ground and pounded drugs until he had more than three hundred samples. Then the furnace was started and the various mixtures applied to the earthen vessels. Day and night for weeks and months the vigil was kept up, but to no avail; the ingredients failed to fuse. He had not yet discovered the right proportions.

Three years had now passed since this ambitious painter had turned potter. He had borrowed wood, chemicals, and money until he could borrow no longer. His children were in rags, his wife destitute, and he himself held in scorn by his friends. "I have only shame and loss for my efforts," he writes, "and must return to my trade for the means of livelihood."

As soon as Palissy had again placed his family in decent circumstances, the old pottery fever returned. This time he purchased twenty-four earthen pots and carried them with new drug compounds to a glass factory for firing. When at last the furnace doors were opened, behold, some of the chemicals had fused and some of the pots were covered with a white glaze! Palissy was in ecstasy and hurried home to show the results to his wife. He could not stop now! he must go on until he should possess himself of the whole secret.

When specimens of Palissy's enamel were shown in the village, faith in the experimenter partially returned. He borrowed more money and continued his experiments two

years longer. Five years had now elapsed since he began his chase of the will-o-the-wisp of white enamel. The home and riches which he had promised his wife were nowhere in evidence, and she had lost all faith in his visions. The goal was still beyond his grasp. Finally, yielding to his wife's earnest entreaties, he promised to make one more effort—his last. He, therefore, purchased the necessary chemicals and prepared to make one final, superhuman effort to unlock the secret of the Italian potters.

An improved furnace must be built. Very well, he would pack the necessary bricks home on his back and lay the walls with his own hands. To insure himself against faulty earthenware, he spent seven months making hundreds of earthen pots. His method may be described briefly as follows: The clay was selected with great care, worked up to just the right consistency, and then thrown upon the potter's wheel. This was a horizontal disk, fixed upon a perpendicular shaft and made to revolve by foot power. As the mass revolved he depressed the center with his thumb; a hollow was thus formed and the clay shaped with the hand into the forms desired. When finished, the pot was cut away from the wheel by a fine wire and placed upon a board until ready for the furnace.

Another month was spent in pounding up preparations of tin, lead, iron, copper, etc. and mixing them, as he hoped, in the right proportions for enamel. When all was ready, he put in the clay pots and sat down before the furnace door.

All day and all night he fed the furnace, but the enamel would not melt. His little children fed him soup, and he worked on. For six days and nights he continued, almost without a moment's sleep, adding fuel to the fire. Still the enamel would not melt. Alas, his fuel was giving out!

To allow the fire to slacken meant utter ruin. He grew desperate from want of food and sleep and failure to make his mixtures fuse. "Fire! more fire!" he cried, "It is not yet hot enough." Then he tore down the garden fence and thrust the boards into the furnace door; but the enamel refused to melt. In desperation he ran into the house and began breaking up the chairs and tables. His wife and children were horrified and ran into the street declaring that Palissy had gone crazy and was tearing the house down. The neighbors came and begged him to desist, but all to no purpose. Palissy would listen to no advice and would brook no interference. The experiment must go on, and straightway the floors of his house went into the furnace to make the fire still hotter. At last, at last, the temperature rose to the required heat; the mixtures melted and certain of them formed a beautiful white glaze over the earthenware base. The experiment was over, and Palissy had won.

Writing of his long struggle, he says: "I was so wasted that there was no form or prominence of muscle upon my arms or legs; also the said legs were throughout of one size, so that the garters with which I tied my stockings were at once, when I walked, down upon my heels, with the stockings too. I was despised and mocked by all."

Palissy kept on experimenting and improving upon his newly discovered art until his work became exquisite. His products were characterized by elegance of form and beauty of decoration. His fame spread abroad, and kings and lords became his patrons. He designed tiles and vases for their palaces, and his art brought him great riches. The Queen invited him to Paris and thenceforward he was known as "Bernard of the Tuileries." He wrote several books and founded a museum of Natural History; and if ever you visit the Louvre in Paris, you may see

preserved there specimens of Palissy's art, regarded as the most beautiful ceramic ware in all the world.

"And yet, but for his blind devotion to a single object, he would have remained a poor unknown glass painter all of his life.' "

—C. J. ANDERSON.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. The making of what household articles is described? 2. Outline the steps in Palissy's experiment. 3. What was the chief difficulty Palissy had to overcome in enameling his pottery? 4. Who suffered most during the period of experimentation? 5. Was Palissy justified in continuing his experiments? Should he have given them up and taken better care of his family? 6. How would this story have ended, if he had failed in his experiments? 7. Look up the subject of Pottery in your reference books. What can you add to the information given in this story? Find, if you can, reference material on Rookwood pottery.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *How It Is Made*, pp. 96-116, ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS; 2. *Aunt Martha's Corner Cupboard*, MARY and ELIZABETH KIRBY; 3. *Stories of Industry*, A. CHASE and E. CLOW; 4. *Poor Boys Who Became Famous*, SARAH BOLTON.

MOTHER'S PRIDE

I am so proud, dear son of mine,
Of you and your success.
My every thought and every prayer
Are for your happiness.
No matter what your life may hold,
I know you'll meet it true
And justify the love and faith
And pride I have in you.

YE OLDE SCHOOLMASTERS

Here you have pen pictures of three schoolmasters of the olden days. Read each of them through carefully. Select the statements which make them appear alike and those which make them dissimilar. Which master do you like best? Why? Which one do you like least? Why?

I

THE DISTRICT SCHOOLMASTER

Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,
The master of the district school
Held at the fire his favored place;
Its warm glow lit a laughing face
Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce appeared
The uncertain prophecy of a beard.
He teased the mitten-blinded cat,
Played cross pins on my uncle's hat,
Sang songs, and told us what befalls
In classic Dartmouth's college halls.
A careless boy that night he seemed;
But at his desk he had the look
And air of one who wisely schemed,
And hostage from the future took
In trained thought and lore of book.
Large-brained, clear-eyed—of such as he
Shall Freedom's young apostles be.

From *Snowbound*,
BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

II

THE SCHOOLMASTER OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

Washington Irving gives us many pictures of Colonial life in New York. The following selection is one of his best known. As you read it, see the word pictures that the writer paints. Write down the name you would select for each word picture.

In this by-place of nature there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane, who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, a State which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodsmen and country schoolmasters.

The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large, green, glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

His schoolhouse was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs, the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of old copybooks. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours by a withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the

window shutters, so that, though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out: an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eel-pot.

The schoolhouse stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard on a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a beehive, interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master in the tone of menace or command, or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, and ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child."—Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school who joy in the smart of their subjects; on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than severity, taking the burden off the backs of the weak, and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere, puny stripling, that winced at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence; but the claims of justice were satisfied by inflicting a double portion on some little, tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted urchin, who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called "doing his duty" by their parents; and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that "he would remember it, and thank him for it the longest day he had to live."

When school hours were over, he was even the com-

panion and playmate of the larger boys; and on holiday afternoons would convoy some of the smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed it behooved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and though lank, had the dilating powers of an anaconda; but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time, thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a grievous burden and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labors of their farms; helped to make hay and mended the fences; took the horses to water; drove the cows from pasture, and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. He found favor in the eyes of the mother by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and like the lion bold, which whilom so magnanimously the lamb did hold, he would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him, on Sundays, to

take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers, where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation; and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little makeshifts in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of head-work, to have a wonderfully easy life of it.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighborhood, being considered a kind of idle, gentleman-like personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains, and, indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea table of a farmhouse, and the addition of an extra dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or, peradventure, the parade of a silver teapot.

Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the churchyard between services on Sundays!—gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overrun the surrounding trees; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones; or sauntering, with a whole bevy of them, along the banks of the adjacent mill pond, while the more bashful country humpkins hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address.

From his half itinerant life, also, he was a kind of traveling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip

from house to house, so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's "History of New England Witchcraft," in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvelous, and his powers of digesting it, were equally extraordinary, and both had been increased by his residence in this spell-bound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover bordering the little brook that whimpered by his schoolhouse, and there con over old Mather's direful tales, until the gathering dusk of the evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes.

Then, as he wended his way by swamp and stream and awful woodland to the farmhouse where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature, at that bewitching hour, fluttered his excited imagination; the moan of the whippoorwill from the hillside; the boding cry of the tree toad, that harbinger of storm; the dreary hooting of the screech owl, or the sudden rustling in the thicket of birds frightened from their roost. The fireflies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if, by chance, a huge blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token. His only resource on such occasions, either to drown thought or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm-tunes; and the good

people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled with awe at hearing his nasal melody, "in linked sweetness long drawn out," floating from the distant hill, or along the dusky road.

Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was to pass long winter evenings with the old wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and spluttering along the hearth, and listen to their marvelous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields, and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges, and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or Galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft, and of the direful omens and portentous sights and sounds in the air, which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut; and would frighten them woefully with speculations upon comets and shooting stars, and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round, and that they were half the time topsy-turvy!

On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferule, that scepter of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails behind the throne, a constant terror to evil-doers, while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband articles and prohibited weapons, detected upon the persons of idle urchins, such as half-munched apples, popguns, whirligigs, fly-cages and whole legions of rampant little paper gamecocks. Apparently there had been some appalling act of justice recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master, and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the schoolroom.

It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a Negro, in tow-cloth jacket and trousers, a round-crowned fragment of a hat, like the cap of Mercury, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to the school door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merry-making or "quilting frolic," to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's, and, having delivered his message with that air of importance and effort at fine language which a Negro is apt to display on petty embassies of the kind, he dashed over the brook, and was seen scampering away up the Hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet school-room. The scholars were hurried through their lessons without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy had a smart application now and then in the rear, to quicken their speed, or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves, ink-stands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time, bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green, in joy at their early emancipation.

From *The Sketch Book*,
BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

III

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER

There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace

The day's disasters in his morning face;
 Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
 Full well the busy whisper circling round
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
 Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault;
 The village all declared how much he knew;
 'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And even the story ran that he could gauge;
 In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
 For, e'en though vanquished, he could argue still,
 While words of learned length and thundering
 sound
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged round;
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
 That one small head could carry all he knew.

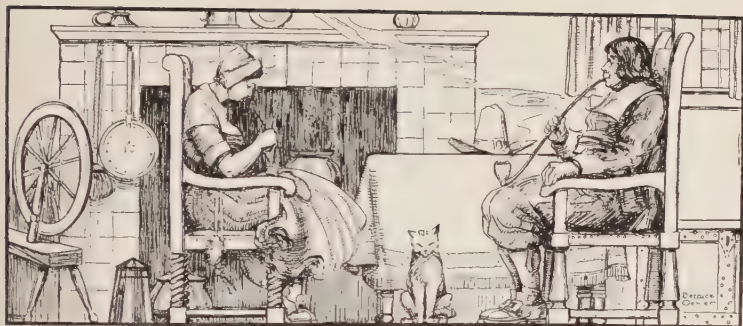
From *The Deserted Village*.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Which of the selections is the more difficult to understand? Why? 2. Rewrite Whittier's description from *Snowbound* and that of Goldsmith in your own words without altering the picture. Do your descriptions require more words than Whittier or Goldsmith uses? Why? 3. Find other descriptions of schoolmasters in your library books. 4. Read the selections from the above poems aloud. Do you get more meaning from them? 5. Read aloud the lines you like best in each. 6. Were these schoolmasters well educated? Read the lines upon which you base your answer. 7. Which of them was the older? Prove this. 8. Could the author have stopped before reaching the end and still have left with you a complete picture of the schoolmaster?

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Children's Stories in American History*, HENRIETTA C. MIGHT; 2. *Colonial Stories*, ST. NICHOLAS; 3. *Colonial Children*, BLANCHE HAZARD and A. B. HART; 4. *How Our Grandfathers Lived*, ANNIE B. CHAPMAN and A. B. HART; 5. *Tom Brown's School Days*, THOMAS HUGHES; 6. "The Story of Schools," *World Book*.



NEW AMSTERDAM

It is interesting to learn how our colonial fathers lived in the days before modern invention, dress, and customs made life a complicated affair. Washington Irving in his "Knickerbocker History of New York" gives us an interesting and humorous account of Dutch colonial life.

As you read this account, select the sentences and phrases which give it a humorous point of view.

I will not grieve your patience, however, by describing minutely the increase and improvement of New Amsterdam. Your own imaginations will doubtless present to you the good burghers, like so many painstaking and persevering beavers, slowly and surely pursuing their labors: you will behold the prosperous transformation from the rude log hut to the stately Dutch mansion, with brick front, glazed windows, and tiled roof; from the tangled thicket to the luxuriant cabbage garden; and from the skulking Indian to the ponderous burgomaster. In a word, you will picture to yourselves the steady, silent march of prosperity, incident to a city destitute of

pride or ambition, cherished by a fat government, and whose citizens do nothing in a hurry.

The sage (village) council, not being able to determine upon any plan for the building of their city, the cows took it under their peculiar charge, and, as they went to and from pasture, established paths through the bushes, on each side of which the good folks built their houses—which is one cause of the rambling and picturesque turns which distinguish certain streets of New York at this very day.

The houses of the higher class were generally constructed of wood, excepting the gable end which was of small, black and yellow Dutch bricks, and always faced on the street, as our ancestors, like their descendants, were very much given to outward show, and were noted for putting the best foot foremost.

The house was always furnished with abundance of large doors and small windows on every floor, the date of its erection was curiously designated by iron figures on the front, and on the top of the roof was perched a fierce little weathercock, to let the family into the important secret of which way the wind blew.

These, like the weathercocks on the tops of our steeples, pointed so many different ways, that every man could have a wind to his mind; the most stanch and loyal citizens however, always went according to the weathercock on the top of the governor's house, which was certainly the most correct, as he had a trusty servant employed every morning to climb up and set it to the right quarter.

In those good days of simplicity and sunshine, a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife. The front door was never opened, except on marriages, funerals, New Year's days, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, curiously wrought, sometimes

in the device of a dog, and sometimes of a lion's head, and was daily burnished with such religious zeal, that it was oft times worn out by the very precautions taken for its preservation.

The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation, under the discipline of mops and brooms and scrubbing-brushes; and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water,—insomuch that an historian of the day gravely tells us, that many of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers like unto a duck; and some of them, he had little doubt, could the matter be examined into, would be found to have the tails of mermaids,—but this I look upon to be a mere sport of fancy, or, what is worse, a wilful misrepresentation.

The grand parlor was the particular room, where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control. In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter, excepting the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it, once a week, for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning, and putting things to rights,—always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly on their stocking-feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles and curves and rhomboids with a broom,—after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fireplace,—the window-shutters were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning-day.

As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and most generally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assembled round the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported back to those

happy days of primeval simplicity, which float before our imaginations like golden visions.

The fireplaces were of a truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white, nay, even the very cat and dog, had each a right to a corner. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking in the fire with half-shut eyes, and thinking of nothing for hours together; the *goede vrouw*, on the opposite side, would employ herself diligently in spinning yarn, or knitting stockings. The young folks would crowd around the hearth, listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a Negro, who was the oracle of the family, and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak forth for a long winter afternoon a string of incredible stories about New England witches,—grisly ghosts, horses without heads,—and hair-breadth escapes, and bloody encounters among the Indians.

In those happy days a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sunset. Dinner was invariably a private meal; the fat old burghers showed unmistakable signs of disapproval and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbor on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus unaccustomed to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bands of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea parties.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or noblesse, that is to say, such as kept their own cows, and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark.

The tea table was crowned with a huge earthen dish,

well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company being seated round the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish,—in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called doughnuts, or olykoecks,—a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, except in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic Delft teapot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs, with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper teakettle.

To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup, and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea table, by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth—an ingenious expedient, which is still kept up by some families in Albany, but which prevails without exception in Communipaw, Bergen, Flatbush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting—no gambling of old ladies, nor silly chattering and romping of young ones,—no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets,

nor amusing conceits of smart young gentlemen, with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottom chairs, and knit their own woolen stockings; nor ever opened their lips excepting to say *yah Mynheer*, or, *yah ya Vrouw*, to any question that was asked them; behaving in all things like decent, well-educated damsels.

As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fireplaces were decorated; wherein sundry passages of Scripture were piously portrayed: Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage; Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet; and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of the whale, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. Guests were carried home by their own carriages, that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door: which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present;—if our great-grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of deference in their descendants to say a word against it.

In this delightful period of my history, there was a happy ignorance, an honest simplicity prevalent among its inhabitants, which, were I even able to depict, would be but little understood by the degenerate age for which I am doomed to write. Even the female sex, those arch innovators upon the tranquillity, the honesty, and gray-beard customs of society, seemed for a while to conduct themselves with incredible sobriety and comeliness.

Their hair, untortured by the abominations of art, was scrupulously slicked back from their foreheads with a candle, and covered with a little cap of quilted calico, which fitted exactly to their heads. Their petticoats of linsey-woolsey were striped with a variety of gorgeous dyes,—though I must confess these gallant garments were rather short, scarce reaching below the knee, but then they made up in the number, which generally equalled that of the gentleman's smallclothes; and what is still more praiseworthy, they were all of their own manufacture,—of which circumstance, as may well be supposed, they were not a little vain.

These were the honest days in which every woman stayed at home, read the Bible, and wore pockets,—ay, and that too of a goodly size, fashioned with patchwork into many curious devices, and worn on the outside. These, in fact, were convenient receptacles, where all good housewives carefully stored away such things as they wished to have at hand; by which means they often came to be incredibly crammed; and I remember there was a story current, when I was a boy, that the lady of Wouter Van Twiller once had occasion to empty her right pocket in search of a wooden ladle, when the contents filled a couple of corn baskets, and the utensil was discovered lying among some rubbish in one corner;—but we must not give too much faith to all these stories, the anecdotes of those remote periods being very subject to exaggeration.

Besides these notable pockets, they likewise wore scissors and pincushions suspended from their girdles by red ribands, or, among the more wealthy and showy classes, suspended by brass, and even silver chains,—evidence of thrifty housewives and industrious spinsters.

I cannot say much in defense of the shortness of their petticoats; the fashion doubtless was introduced for the

purpose of giving the stockings a chance to be seen, which were generally of blue worsted, with magnificent red clocks; or, perhaps, to display a well-turned ankle, and a neat, though serviceable foot, set off by a high-heeled, leathern shoe, with a large and splendid silver buckle. Thus we find that the gentle sex in all ages have shown the same disposition to infringe a little upon the laws of decorum, in order to betray a lurking beauty, or gratify an innocent love of finery.

From the sketch here given, it will be seen that our good grandmothers differed considerably in their ideas of a fine figure from their scantily dressed descendants of the present day. A fine lady, in those times, waddled under more clothes, even on a fine summer's day, than would have clad the whole bevy of a modern ball room. Nor were they the less admired by the gentlemen in consequence thereof. On the contrary, the greatness of a lover's passion seemed to increase in proportion to the magnitude of its object,—and a voluminous damsel, arrayed in a dozen petticoats, was declared by a Low-Dutch sonneteer of the province to be radiant as a sunflower, and luxuriant as a full-blown cabbage.

But there was a secret charm in these petticoats, which, no doubt, entered into the consideration of the prudent gallants. The wardrobe of a lady was in those days her only fortune; and she who had a good stock of petticoats and stockings was as absolutely an heiress as is a Kamchatka damsel with a store of bearskins, or a Lapland belle with a plenty of reindeer. The ladies, therefore, were very anxious to display these powerful attractions to the greatest advantage; and the best rooms in the house, instead of being adorned with caricatures of Dame Nature, in watercolors and needlework, were always hung round with abundance of homespun garments, the manufacture and the property of the females,—a custom that still prevails among the heiresses of our Dutch villages.

The gentlemen, in fact, who figured in the circles of the gay world in these ancient times, corresponded, in most particulars, with the beauteous damsels. True it is, their merits would make but a very small impression upon the heart of a modern fair: they neither drove their carriages nor sported their tandems, for as yet those gaudy vehicles were not even dreamt of; neither did they distinguish themselves by their brilliancy at the table, and their consequent encounters with watchmen; for our forefathers were too peaceable to need those guardians of the night, every soul throughout the town being sound asleep before nine o'clock. Neither did they establish their claims to gentility at the expense of their tailors, for as yet those offenders against the pockets of society were unknown in New Amsterdam; every good housewife made the clothes of her husband and family, and even the *goede vrouw* of Van Twiller himself thought it no disgrace to cut out her husband's linsey-woolsey breeches.

Not but what there were some two or three youngsters who manifested the first dawning of what is called fire and spirit; who held all labor in contempt; skulked about docks and market places; loitered in the sunshine; squandered what little money they could procure; swore, boxed, fought cocks, and raced their neighbors' horses; in short, who promised to be the wonder, the talk, and abomination of the town, had not their stylish career been unfortunately cut short by an affair of honor with a whipping post.

Far other, however, was the truly fashionable gentleman of those days: his dress, which served for both morning and evening, street and drawing-room, was a linsey-woolsey coat, made, perhaps, by the fair hands of the mistress of his affections, and gallantly bedecked with abundance of large brass buttons; half a score of breeches heightened the proportions of his figure; his shoes were

decorated by enormous copper buckles; a low-crowned broad-rimmed hat overshadowed his burly visage; and his hair dangled down his back in a prodigious queue of eel skin.

Such was the happy reign of Wouter Van Twiller, celebrated in many a long-forgotten song as the real golden age, the rest being nothing but counterfeit copper-washed coin. In that delightful period, a sweet and holy calm reigned over the whole province. The burgomaster smoked his pipe in peace; while his wife, after her daily toils were done, sat soberly at the door, with her arms crossed over her apron of snowy white, at peace with all the world. Ah, blissful and never to be forgotten age!

—From *A History of New York*,
BY DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

HELPS TO STUDY

In this selection Irving presents a series of pictures. The first one is that of the village of New Amsterdam with its crooked streets, its stately brick-fronted houses and its cabbage gardens.

1. Select and name the other pictures presented.
2. List under each name the chief items of description.
3. List the words and phrases which add interest to those pictures.
4. What is Irving's opinion of:
 - (a) The citizens.
 - (b) The housewives.
 - (c) The young ladies.
 - (d) The young men.
5. What makes this selection difficult to read and understand?
6. Does the author "poke fun" at the inhabitants of New Amsterdam? Quote sentences which lead you to believe this.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Knickerbocker History of New York*; 2. *The Sketch Book*, WASHINGTON IRVING; 3. *Barnabee Lee*, BENNETT; 4. *Historic Adventures of Colonial Days*, HOLLAND; 5. *The Young Patroon*, MEYERS; 6. *For Freedom's Sake*, BARR; 7. *Dutchman's Fireside*, PAULDING; 8. *Peter of New Amsterdam*, JAMES OTIS.



STORY OF ALI BABA

Like all Oriental peoples, the Arabs possess an immense number of fairy tales, fables, and anecdotes. The earliest collection of these, known as *The Thousand and One Nights*, bears date of 1548. In English we know them as *The Arabian Nights Entertainments*. The story of Ali Baba belongs to this group. The *Nights* were probably reduced to their present form in Cairo, Egypt. The tales, however, are of much earlier origin; they are directly traceable to the Persian, and, in turn, must have come down from early antiquity.

In a town in Persia there lived two brothers, one named Cassim, the other Ali Baba. Their father left them no great property; but as he had divided it equally between them, it should seem their fortune would have been equal; but chance directed otherwise.

Cassim married a wife, who, soon after their marriage, became heiress to a plentiful estate, and a good shop and warehouse full of rich merchandises; so that he all at once became one of the richest and most considerable merchants, and lived at his ease.

Ali Baba, on the other hand, who married a woman as poor as himself, lived in a very mean habitation, and had no other means to maintain his wife and children but his daily labour, by cutting of wood in a forest near the town,

and bringing it upon three asses, which were his whole substance, to town to sell.

One day, when Ali Baba was in the forest, and had just cut wood enough to load his asses, he saw at a distance a great cloud of dust which seemed to approach towards him. He observed it very attentively, and distinguished a large body of horse coming briskly on, and, though they did not talk of robbers in that country, Ali Baba began to think that they might prove such; so, without considering what might become of his asses, he was resolved to save himself. He climbed up a large thick tree whose branches, at a little distance from the ground, divided in a circular form so close to one another that there was but little space between them. He placed himself in the middle, from whence he could see all that passed without being seen; and this tree stood at the bottom of a single rock, which was very high above it, and so steep and craggy that nobody could climb up it.

This troop, who were all well mounted and well armed, came to the foot of this rock, and there dismounted. Ali Baba counted forty of them, and by their looks and equipage, never doubted they were thieves. Nor was he mistaken in his opinion, for they were a troop of banditti, who, without doing any hurt to the neighbourhood, robbed at a distance, and made that place their rendezvous. One, who was most personable among them, and whom he took to be their captain, came with his portmanteau on his back under the tree in which Ali Baba was hid, and making his way through some shrubs, pronounced these words, "*Open, Sesame,*" so distinctly that Ali Baba heard him. As soon as the captain of the robbers had uttered these words, a door opened, and after he had made all his troop go in before him, he followed them, and the door shut again of itself.

The robbers stayed some time within the rock, and

Ali Baba, who feared that some one, or all of them together, should come out and catch him if he should endeavour to make his escape, was obliged to sit patiently in the tree. He was, nevertheless, tempted once or twice to get down and mount one of their horses, and lead another, driving his asses before him with all the haste he could to town; but the uncertainty of the event made him choose the safer way.

At last the door opened again, and the forty robbers came out. As the captain went in last, he came out first, and stood to see them all pass him; and then Ali Baba heard him make the door close, by pronouncing these words: "*Shut, Sesame.*" Every man went and bridled his horse, fastening his portmanteau and mounting again, and when the captain saw them all ready, he put himself at their head, and they returned the same way they came.

Ali Baba did not immediately quit his tree, for, said he to himself, they may have forgotten something and come back again, and then I shall be taken. He followed them with his eyes as far as he could see them, and stayed a considerable time after that before he came down. Remembering the words the captain of the robbers made use of to cause the door to open and shut, he had the curiosity to try if his pronouncing them would have the same effect. Accordingly he went among the shrubs, and perceiving the door concealed behind them, he stood before it, and said, "*Open, Sesame.*" The door instantly flew wide open.

Ali Baba, who expected a dark, dismal place, was very much surprised to see it well-lighted and spacious, cut out by men's hands in the form of a vault, which received the light from an opening at the top of the rock, cut in like manner. He saw all sorts of provisions, and rich bales of merchandises, of silk stuff, brocade, and valuable carpeting, piled upon one another, and, above all, gold

and silver in great heaps, and money in great leather purses. The sight of all these riches made him believe that this cave had been occupied for ages by robbers, who succeeded one another.

Ali Baba did not stand long to consider what he should do, but went immediately into the cave, and as soon as he was in, the door shut again. But this did not disturb him, because he knew the secret to open it again. He never regarded the silver, but made the best use of his time in carrying out at several times as much of the gold coin, which was in bags, as he thought his three asses could carry. When he had done, he collected his asses, which were dispersed, and when he had loaded them with the bags, laid the wood on them in such a manner that the bags could not be seen. When he had done, he stood before the door, and pronouncing the words, "*Shut, Sesame,*" the door closed after him, for it had shut of itself while he was within, and remained open while he was out. He then made the best of his way to town.

When Ali Baba got home, he drove his asses into a little yard, and shut the gates very carefully, threw off the wood that covered the bags, carried them into his house, and ranged them in order before his wife, who sat on a sofa.

His wife handled the bags, and finding them full of money, suspected that her husband had been robbing insomuch that when he brought them all in, she could not help saying, "Ali Baba, have you been so unhappy as to —"

"Be quiet, wife," interrupted Ali Baba. "Do not frighten yourself; I am no robber, unless he can be one who steals from robbers. You will no longer entertain an ill opinion of me when I shall tell you my good fortune."

Then he emptied the bags, which raised such a great heap of gold as dazzled his wife's eyes; and when he had

done, he told her the whole adventure from the beginning to the end, and, recommended it to her to keep it secret.

The wife, recovered and cured of her fears, rejoiced with her husband at their good luck, and would count the money piece by piece. "Wife," replied Ali Baba, "you do not know what you undertake, when you pretend to count the money; you will never have done. I will go and dig a hole and bury it; there is no time to be lost."

"You are in the right of it, husband," replied the wife, "but let us know, as nigh as possible, how much we have. I will go and borrow a small measure in the neighbourhood, and measure it, while you dig the hole."

"What you are going to do is to no purpose, wife," said Ali Baba. "If you would take my advice, you had better let it alone; but be sure to keep the secret, and do what you please."

Away the wife ran to her brother-in-law, Cassim, who lived just by, but was not then at home, and, addressing herself to his wife, desired her to lend her a measure for a little while. Her sister-in-law asked her whether she would have a great or a small one. The other asked for a small one. She bid her stay a little, and she would readily fetch one.

The sister-in-law did so, but as she knew very well Ali Baba's poverty, she was curious to know what sort of grain his wife wanted to measure, and bethought herself of artfully putting some suet at the bottom of the measure, and brought it to her with an excuse, that she was sorry that she had made her stay so long, but that she could not find it sooner.

Ali Baba's wife went home, set the measure upon the heap of gold, and filled it and emptied it often, at a small distance upon the sofa, till she had done; and she was very well satisfied to find the number of measures amounted to as many as they did, and went to tell her husband,

who had almost finished digging the hole. While Ali Baba was burying the gold, his wife, to show her exactness and diligence to her sister-in-law, carried the measure back again, but without taking notice that a piece of gold stuck at the bottom. "Sister," said she, giving it to her again, "you see that I have not kept your measure long; I am obliged to you for it, and return it with thanks."

As soon as Ali Baba's wife's back was turned, Cassim's wife looked at the bottom of the measure, and was in an inexpressible surprise to find a piece of gold stuck to it. Envy immediately possessed her breast. "What!" said she, "Has Ali Baba gold so plentiful as to measure it? Where has that poor wretch got all this gold?" Cassim, her husband, was not at home, as I said before, but at his shop, which he left always in the evening. His wife waited for him, and thought the time an age, so great was her impatience to tell him the news, at which he would be as much surprised.

When Cassim came home, his wife said to him: "Cassim, I warrant you, you think yourself rich, but you are much mistaken; Ali Baba is infinitely richer than you; he does not count his money, but measures it." Cassim desired her to explain the riddle, which she did, by telling him the stratagem she had made use of to make the discovery, and showed him the piece of money, which was so old a coin that they could not tell in what prince's reign it was coined.

Cassim, instead of being pleased at his brother's prosperity, conceived a mortal jealousy, and could not sleep all that night for it, but went to him in the morning before sunrise. Now, Cassim, after he had married the rich widow, never treated Ali Baba as a brother, but forgot him. "Ali Baba," said he, accosting him, "you are very reserved in your affairs; you pretend to be miserably poor, and yet you measure gold."

"How, brother!" replied Ali Baba. "I do not know what you mean; explain yourself.

"Do you pretend ignorance?" replied Cassim, showing him the piece of gold his wife had given him. "How many of these pieces," added he, "have you? My wife found this at the bottom of the measure you borrowed yesterday."

By this discourse Ali Baba perceived that Cassim and his wife, through his own wife's folly, knew what they had so much reason to keep secret; but what was done could not be recalled; therefore, without showing the least surprise or trouble, he confessed all, and told his brother by what chance he had discovered this retreat of the thieves, and in what place it was, and offered him part of his treasure to keep the secret.

"I expect as much," replied Cassim haughtily. "But I will know exactly where this treasure is, and the signs and tokens how I may go to it myself when I have a mind; otherwise I will go and inform against you, and then you will not only get no more, but will lose all you have got, and I shall have my share for my information."

Ali Baba, more out of his natural good temper than frightened by the insulting menaces of a barbarous brother, told him all he desired, and even the very words he was to make use of to go into the cave and to come out again.

Cassim, who wanted no more of Ali Baba, left him, resolving to be beforehand with him, and hoping to get all the treasure to himself. He rose early the next morning a long time before the sun, and set out with ten mules laden with great chests, which he designed to fill, proposing to carry many more the next time, according to the riches he found, and followed the road which Ali Baba had told him. He was not long before he came to the rock, and found out the place by the tree, and other marks

his brother had given him. When he came to the door he pronounced these words, "*Open, Sesame,*" and it opened, and when he was in, shut again.

Examining the cave, he was surprised to find much more riches than he apprehended by Ali Baba's relation. He was so covetous and fond of riches, that he could have spent the whole day in feasting his eyes with so much treasure, if the thought that he came to carry some away with him, and loading his mules had not hindered him. He laid at the door as many bags of gold as he could carry away and coming at last to open the door, his thoughts were so full of the great riches he should possess, that he could not think of the necessary word; but instead of "*Sesame,*" said, "*Open, Barley,*" and was much amazed to find that the door did not open, but remained fast shut. He named several sorts of grain, all but the right kind, and the door would not open.

Cassim never expected such an accident, and was so frightened at the danger he was in that the more he endeavoured to remember the word "*Sesame,*" the more his memory was confounded, and he had as much forgotten it as if he had never heard it in his life before. He threw down the bags he had loaded himself with, and walked hastily up and down the cave, without having the least regard for all the riches that were round him. In this miserable condition we will leave him, bewailing his fate and undeserving of pity.

From *The Arabian Nights*.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Divide this story into two parts. Give a title to each part.
2. Secure the book, entitled "*The Arabian Nights Entertainments*" and read the balance of the story if you like the part presented above.
3. Which character in the story do you like best? Give your reasons.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *The Arabian Nights*, ORTON LOWE; 2. *Arabian Nights*, SAMUEL ELIOT; 3. *Arabian Nights Entertainment*, F. G. OLCOTT; 4. *Adventures of Pirates and Sea Rovers*, PYLE.



WHERE DREAMS COME TRUE

America has been populated by races persecuted in other lands:—Puritans from England, Huguenots from France, Germans from the Rhine, Czecho-Slovaks from Austria Hungary, Armenians from Turkey, peasants from Russia. These are but a few of those who fled to America for freedom from religious, economic, racial or military oppression at home. They are a chosen people, these immigrants, chosen to make their homes in a land of opportunity where dreams come true.

What were the dreams which led them from their ancestral homes and urged them on to undertake the unknown dangers of a voyage to a strange country? The following selection pictures the dreams and longings of a newly naturalized American. It will help you understand why they come to our land and what they expect of us.

The President of the United States was speaking. His audience comprised two thousand foreign-born men who had just been admitted to citizenship. They listened

intently, their faces aglow with the light of a new-born patriotism, upturned to the calm, intellectual face of the first citizen of the country they now claimed as their own.

Here and there among the newly made citizens were wives and children. The women were proud of their men. They looked at them from time to time, their faces showing pride and awe.

One little woman, sitting immediately in front of the President, held the hand of a big, muscular man and stroked it softly. The big man was looking at the speaker with great blue eyes that were the eyes of a dreamer.

The President's words came clear and distinct:

"You were drawn across the ocean by some beckoning finger of hope, by some belief, by some vision of a new kind of justice, by some expectation of a new kind of life. You dreamed dreams of this country, and I hope you brought the dreams with you. A man enriches the country to which he brings dreams, and you who have brought them have enriched America."

The big man made a curious choking noise and his wife breathed a soft "Hush!" The giant was strangely affected.

The President continued:

"No doubt you have been disappointed in some of us, but remember this; if we have grown at all poor in the ideal, you brought some of it with you. A man does not go out to seek the thing that is not in him. A man does not hope for the thing that he does not believe in; and if some of us have forgotten what America believed in, you at any rate imported in your own hearts a renewal of the belief. Each of you, I am sure, brought a dream, a glorious, shining dream, a dream worth more than gold or silver, and that is the reason that I, for one, make you welcome."

The big man's eyes were fixed. His wife shook him gently, but he did not heed her. He was looking past the speaker's platform, through the big buildings behind it,

looking out over leagues of space to a snow-swept village on an island in the Beresina, the swift-flowing tributary of the mighty Dnieper, an island that looked like a black bone stuck tight in the maw of the stream.

It was in the little village on the Berisina that the Dream came to Ivan Berloff.

The Dream came in the spring. All great dreams come in the spring, and the Spring Maiden who brought Big Ivan's Dream was more than ordinarily beautiful. She swept up the Beresina, trailing wondrous draperies of vivid green. Her feet touched the snow-hardened ground, and armies of little white and blue flowers sprang up in her footsteps.

And that day the Dream came to Big Ivan as he ploughed. He reached down and plucked one of a bunch of white flowers that had sprung up over night. The Dream was born of the breezes and the sunshine and the spring flowers.

That evening Big Ivan spoke to his wife, Anna, a little woman, who had a sweet face and a wealth of fair hair.

"Wife, we are going away from here," he said.

"Where are we going, Ivan?" she asked.

"Where do you think, Anna?" he said, looking down at her as she stood by his side.

"To Bobruisk," she murmured.

"No."

"Farther?"

"Ay, a long way farther."

Fear sprang into her soft eyes. Bobruisk was eighty-nine versts away, yet Ivan said they were going farther.

"We, we are not going to Minsk?" she cried.

"Ay, and beyond Minsk!"

"Ivan, tell me!" she gasped. "Tell me where we are going."

"We are going to America."

"To America?"

"Yes, to America!"

Big Ivan lifted up his voice when he cried out the words, "To America!" and then a sudden fear sprang upon him as those words flew out of the window into the darkness of the village street. Was he mad? America was eight thousand versts away! It was far across the ocean—a place where he knew no one.

Anna remained staring at her big husband for a few minutes, then she sat down quietly at his side. There was a strange look in his big blue eyes—the look of a man to whom has come a vision, the look which came into the eyes of those shepherds of Judea long, long ago.

"What is it, Ivan?" she murmured softly pulling his big hand. "Tell me."

And Big Ivan, slow of tongue, told of the Dream. To no one else would he have told it. Anna understood. She had a way of patting his hands and saying soft things when his tongue could not find words to express his thoughts.

Ivan told how the Dream had come to him as he ploughed. He told her how it had sprung upon him, a dream born of the soft breezes, of the sunshine, of the sweet smell of the upturned sod, and of his own strength. "It wouldn't come to weak men," he said, baring an arm that showed great muscles rippling beneath the clear skin. "It is a dream that comes only to those who are strong and those who want—who want something they haven't got." Then in a lower voice he said, "What is it that we want, Anna?"

The little wife looked out into the darkness with tear-filled eyes. There were spies in that little village of the Beresina, and it was dangerous to say words that might be regarded as a reflection on the government. But she answered Ivan. She stopped and whispered one word into his ear, and he slapped his thigh with his big hand.

"Ay," he cried, "that is what we want! You and I and millions like us want it, and over there, over there, Anna, we shall get it."

Anna stood up, took a small jar from a shelf, dusted it carefully, and placed it upon the mantel. From a knotted cloth about her neck, she took a ruble and dropped the coin into the jar. Big Ivan looked at her curiously.

"It is to make legs for your Dream," she whispered. "It is many versts to America, and one rides on rubles."

"You are a good wife," he said. "I was afraid you might laugh at me."

"It is a great Dream," she murmured.

The Dream maddened Ivan during the days that followed. He wanted to be moving, but Anna had said that one traveled on rubles, and rubles were hard to find.

In some mysterious way the village became aware of the secret. Donkov, the tailor, discovered it. Donkov lived in one-half of the cottage occupied by Ivan and Anna, and he had long ears. The tailor spread the news; and Paborino, the smith, and Yanansk, the baker, would jeer at Ivan as he passed.

"When are you going to America?" they would ask.

"Soon," Ivan would answer.

"Take us with you!" they would cry in chorus.

"It is no place for cowards," Ivan would answer. "It is a long way, and only brave men can make the journey."

"Are you brave?" the baker screamed one day as Ivan went by.

"I am brave enough to want liberty!" cried Ivan, angrily. "I am brave enough to want —"

"Be careful! be careful!" interrupted the smith. "A long tongue has given many a man a train journey that he never expected."

That night Ivan and Anna counted the rubles in the

earthenware pot. The giant looked down at his wife with a gloomy face, but she smiled and patted his hand.

"It is slow work," he said.

"We must be patient," she answered. "You have the Dream."

"Ay," he said, "I have the Dream."

* * * * *

It was strange how the spring came to the Beresina that next year. It swept up the river, escorted by a million little breezes, and housewives opened their windows and peered out with surprise on their faces.

Big Ivan was fixing a fence in the meadow on the morning the Spring Maiden reached the village. His mind was upon his work, but suddenly he discovered that he was hot, and he took off his coat. He turned to hang the coat upon a bush; then he sniffed the air. It brought life to the Dream. It rose up within him, ten times more lusty than on the day it was born. He clinched his coat and ran to the little cottage. He burst through the door, startling Anna, who was busy with her housework.

"The Spring!" he cried. "The Spring!"

He took her arm and dragged her to the door. In silence they listened to the song of the river. Anna pointed to a green bud on a bush beside the door.

"It came this minute," she murmured.

"Yes," said Ivan; "the little fairies brought it there to show us that spring has come to stay."

Together they turned and walked to the mantel. Big Ivan took up the earthenware pot, carried it to the table, and spilled its contents upon the well-scrubbed boards. He counted while Anna stood beside him, her fingers clutching his coarse blouse. It was slow business, because Ivan's big, blunt fingers were not used to such work; but it was over at last.

"It is enough," he said quietly. "We will go at once. If it was not enough, we would have to go because the Dream is upon me, and I hate this place."

"As you say," murmured Anna. "The wife of the butcher will buy our chairs and bed. I spoke to her yesterday."

Paborino, the smith, Yanansk, the baker, Donkov, the tailor, and a score of others were out upon the village street on the morning that Big Ivan and Anna set out. They were inclined to jeer at Ivan, but something upon the face of the giant made them afraid. Hand in hand the big man and his wife walked down the street, Ivan balancing upon his head a heavy trunk that no other man in the village could have lifted.

* * * * *

Big Ivan and Anna faced the long versts to Bobruisk, but they were not afraid of the dust devils. They had the Dream. America was a long, long journey, but they had started, and every verst they covered lessened the number that lay between them and the Promised Land.

They came to Bobruisk. Holding hands, they walked into the town late one afternoon. They were eighty-nine versts from the little village on the Beresina, but they were not afraid. The railway ran through Bobruisk, and that evening they stood and looked at the shining rails that went out in the moonlight like silver tongs reaching out for a low-hanging star.

And that evening they came face to face with the Terror, the Terror that helped the spring breezes and the sunshine to plant the Dream in the brain of Big Ivan.

They were walking down a dark side street when they saw a score of men and women creep from the door of an unpainted building. The little group remained on the

sidewalk for a minute as if uncertain about the way they should go; then came a cry of "Police!"

It was no false alarm. Mounted police charged down the dark thoroughfare swinging their swords at the scurrying men and women who raced for shelter. Big Ivan dragged Anna into a doorway, and toward their hiding place ran a young boy, who, like themselves, had no connection with the group and who merely desired to get out of harm's way.

The boy was not quick enough to escape the charge. A trooper pursued him, overtook him before he reached the sidewalk, and knocked him down with the flat of his blade. His horse struck the boy with one of his hoofs as the lad stumbled and fell.

Big Ivan growled like an angry bear and sprang from his hiding place. The trooper's horse had carried him onto the sidewalk, and Ivan seized the bridle and flung the animal on its haunches. The policeman leaned forward to strike at the giant, but Ivan gripped the left leg of the horseman and tore him from the saddle.

The horse galloped off, leaving its rider lying beside the moaning boy who was unlucky enough to be in a street where a score of students were holding a meeting.

Anna dragged Ivan back into the passageway. More police were charging down the street, and their position was dangerous.

"Ivan!" she cried. "Ivan! Remember the Dream! America, Ivan! *America!* Come this way, quick!"

With strong hands she dragged him down the passage. They hurried toward the place where they had taken lodging. From far off came screams and hoarse orders, curses, and the sound of galloping hoofs. The Terror was abroad!

They left Bobruisk next morning. They rode away on a great puffing train that terrified Anna. The real

journey had begun. They began to love the powerful engine. It was eating up the versts at a tremendous rate.

They came to Minsk, the biggest town they had ever seen. They looked out of the car windows at the miles of wooden buildings, at the big church, and the woolen mills.

On and on went the train, the wheels singing the song of the road. Fellow travelers asked them where they were going. "To America," Ivan answered.

"To America?" they would cry. "May the little saints guide you. It is a long way, and you will be lonely."

"No, we shall not be lonely," Ivan would say.

"Ha! you are going with friends?"

"No, we have no friends, but we have something that keeps us from being lonely." And when Ivan would make that reply, Anna would pat his hand and the questioner would wonder if it was a charm or a holy relic that the bright-eyed couple possessed.

They ran through Vilna, on through the flat stretches of Courland to Libau, where they first saw the sea. They sat and stared at it for a whole day, talking little, but watching it with wide, wondering eyes.

The harbor master spoke to Ivan and Anna as they watched the restless waters.

"Where are you going, children?"

"To America," answered Ivan.

"A long way. Three ships bound for America went down last month."

"Ours will not sink," said Ivan.

"Why?"

"Because I know it will not."

The harbor master looked at the strange blue eyes of the giant and spoke softly, "You have the eyes of a man who sees things," he said. "There was once a Norwegian sailor who had eyes like yours, and he could see death."

"I see life!" said Ivan, boldly. "A free life."

"Hush!" said the harbor master. "Do not speak so loud." He walked swiftly away, but dropped a ruble into Anna's hand as he passed her by. "For luck," he murmured. "May the little saints look after you on the big waters."

They boarded the ship, and the Dream gave them added courage. There were others going aboard, and Ivan and Anna felt that the others possessed dreams, too. Anna saw the dreams in their eyes. There were Slavs, Poles, Letts, Jews, and Livonians, all bound for the land where dreams come true.

The emigrant ship was dragged from her pier by a grunting tug and went floundering down the Baltic Sea. Night came down, and the devils who, according to the fisherman, live in the bottom of the Baltic, got their shoulders under the stern of the ship and tried to stand her on her head. Anna lay sick in the stuffy women's quarters, and Ivan could not get near her. But he sent her messages. He told her not to mind the sea devils, to think of the Dream.

* * * * *

The emigrant ship pounded through the Cattegat, swung southward through the Skagerrack and the bleak North Sea where the waves snarled and pitched the ship about frightfully.

The Atlantic was more kind. Through sunny days Ivan and Anna sat up on deck and watched the horizon. They wanted to be among those who would get the first glimpse of the wonderland.

They saw it on a morning with sunshine and soft winds. Standing together in the bow, they looked at the streak on the horizon, and their eyes filled with tears. They forgot the long road to Bobruisk, the rocking journey to

Libau, and the sea devils of the Baltic. Everything unpleasant was forgotten because the Dream filled them with great happiness.

The inspectors at Ellis Island were interested in Ivan. They walked around him and prodded his muscles, and he smiled down upon them good-naturedly.

"A fine animal," one said. "He's a new white hope! Ask him if he can fight."

An interpreter put the question and Ivan nodded. "I have fought," he said.

"Ask him was it for purses or what," cried the inspector.

"For freedom," answered Ivan.

Ivan and Anna left the government ferryboat at the Battery, lower New York. They started to walk up town, Ivan carrying the big trunk that no other could lift.

It was a wonderful morning. The city was bathed in warm sunshine, and the well-dressed men and women who crowded the sidewalks made the two immigrants think that the day was some holiday. They stared at each other in amazement.

"It is a feast day for certain," said Anna.

"They are dressed like princes and princesses," murmured Ivan. "There are no poor here, Anna. Not one."

Like two simple children they walked along the streets of the City of Wonder. What a contrast it was to the gray towns where the Terror waited to spring upon the people. They lost their way, but they walked on, looking at the shop windows, the elevated trains, and the huge skyscrapers.

Ivan and Anna attempted to cross the street, but they became confused. Anna screamed, and in response to her scream a traffic policeman, resplendent in a new uniform, rushed to her side. He took the arm of Anna and flung up a commanding hand. The charging autos halted. For five blocks north and south they jammed on the

brakes when the interruption occurred, and Big Ivan gasped.

"Don't be flurried, little woman," said the policeman. "Sure I can tame 'em by liftin' me hand."

Anna didn't understand what the policeman said, but she knew it was something nice by the manner in which his Irish eyes smiled down upon her. And in front of the waiting automobiles he led her with the same care he would give to a duchess, while Ivan, carrying the big trunk, followed them and wondered much; his mind went back to Bobruisk on the night the Terror was abroad.

The policeman led Anna to the sidewalk, patted Ivan upon the shoulder, and then with a sharp whistle unloosed the waiting stream of cars that had been held up so that two Russian immigrants could cross the avenue.

Big Ivan took the trunk from his head and put it on the ground. He reached out his arms and folded Anna in a great embrace. His eyes were wet.

"The Dream is true!" he cried. "Did you see, Anna? This is the land where a peasant is as good as a prince of the blood!"

* * * * *

The President was nearing the close of his address. Anna shook Ivan, and Ivan came out of the trance which the President's words had brought upon him. He sat up and listened intently.

"We grow great by dreams. All big men are dreamers. They see things in the soft haze of a spring day or in the red fire of a long winter's evening. Some of us let those great dreams die, but others nourish and protect them, nurse them through bad days till they bring them to the sunshine and light which come always to those who sincerely hope that their dreams come true."

The President finished. For a moment he stood looking down upon the faces turned up to him, and Big Ivan thought that the President smiled at him; Ivan took Anna's hand and held it tight.

"He knew of my Dream!" he cried. "He knew of it. Did you hear what he said about the dreams of a spring day?"

"Of course he knew," said Anna. "He is the wisest man in America where there are many wise men. Ivan, you are a citizen now."

"And you are a citizen, Anna."

The band started to play the National Anthem, and Ivan and Anna got to their feet. Standing side by side, holding hands, they joined in with the others who had found after long days of journeying the blessed land where dreams come true.

—FROM *The Citizen*,
BY JAMES F. DWYER.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Notice the change of scene in this story. Would it have been as interesting, if the author had made the story begin at its beginning in Russia? 2. Why does the author make Ivan a large man? 3. What preparations did Ivan and his wife have to make before embarking for America? 4. Using a map of Europe, trace their journey to the seaport. 5. What must one do to make dreams like this one come true? 6. What kind of people can make such a journey successfully? 7. Contrast Ivan's reception by our police in America with the behavior of the police in Russia. 8. What did Ivan and Anna have which kept them from being lonely? 9. What does it mean to be a citizen of our country? 10. Do you believe Ivan and Anna became good citizens?

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Our Slavic Fellow Citizens*, EMILY G. BALCH; 2. *The Trail of the Immigrants*, E. A. STEINER; 3. *From Alien to Citizen*, *ibid.*; 4. *The Making of An American*, JACOB RIIS; 5. *When I was A Boy In Russia*, VLADIMIR MAKSEVITCH; 6. *The American Miracle*, pp. 145-152, MARY ANTIN.



NIGHT ON LAKE MENDOTA

NIGHT

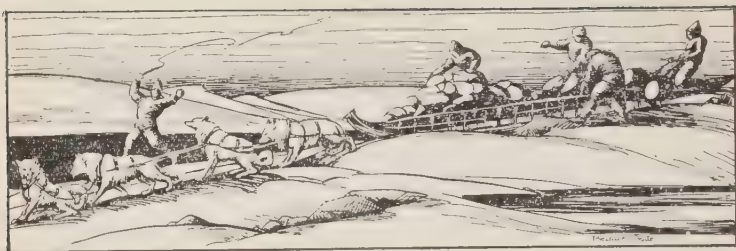
How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orb'd glory yonder Moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!

—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE STARS

What though nor real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found,—
In reason's ear they all rejoin,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine
“The Hand that made us is divine!”

—JOSEPH ADDISON.



A JOURNEY BY DOG TEAM

The following story is taken from the author's *A Winter On Hudson Bay*. The author and party had made a geological expedition to the Hudson Bay Country, and, failing to accomplish their work in the allotted time, were obliged to spend part of the winter at Great Whale Post on the Bay. From this wild country, without railways, motor cars, or horses, they returned to Moose Factory, on the southern end of the Bay, by the only means possible—dog team. See whether you can learn from this story how to hitch and drive a dog team.

When it fell to the lot of Adams and myself to remain at Great Whale Post to wait for the freeze-up, it seemed like a sentence to Siberia. There was but little to interest us and many things to worry about; so many, in fact, that we concluded to be optimistic and to enjoy our enforced stay if possible.

The first thing done was to secure the use of good guns and plenty of ammunition. Then the books and old magazines on hand were carefully arranged to be read at leisure.

The prevailing wind was our first concern every morning; its force and direction largely determining our plans for the day.

Our first hunting was for geese, and we had the honor of killing the first young wavey of the season. Partridge shooting began shortly afterward and afforded us increasing sport till we left at Christmas time.

It was necessary to obtain clothing suitable for cold weather, and the Eskimo women were busy for some time making us winter seal boots with hairy legs, moccasins, duffel socks, mittens, moleskin trousers, and leggings of strand cloth.

A characteristic name for this country would be Fox Land. Everything commercial or social centers around the fox. All the conversations begin or end with foxes. Foxes' tracks are of the greatest importance and they are pointed out on the beaches in summer, and one can see them everywhere in the snow in winter. A native will distinguish the variety, whether white, cross, red, or silver, from the footprints. Whether the signs point to a good season or a bad one is the topic of conversation all summer and in winter there is the heralding of the catching of silver foxes.

The seasons vary, but every sixth year is supposed to be a great hunt year. Three-fourths of the furs obtained are fox skins, and in this country they are at their best for size and quality. The whole north country is a natural game preserve for foxes, and it is not likely that a supply will ever be wanting.

On December twenty-fourth there was a cold snap and the river opposite the Post froze over. We decided to start for home the next morning. The animal packet is a great event at the Post and every one is out to see the start and to say good-bye.

The party consisted of Maver, the factor, going to Fort George for a visit, Adams and myself, with John Meluktuk, Eskimo dog driver, and William Mathews, Indian guide.

We had a twenty-foot sled, having a width of two feet. The runners were eighteen inches apart which is a standard gauge on Hudson Bay. Our load weighed one thousand pounds, including six hundred pounds of seal blubber and oatmeal for dog food. The provision box was placed at the front end and the kettle for boiling dog food at the rear end. The load was wrapped in canvas and tied firmly with seal line.

The Eskimo is a good harness maker. His dog's harness consists of three parts and is made entirely of leather. The collar is stuffed with hair or moss and is made large enough to slip easily over the animal's head. To the collar is attached a pair of long traces which are suspended by two straps, called the saddle, across the dog's back.

Our train consisted of eleven Eskimo dogs, hitched tandem,* and led by Chulumluk, (chum) a noble leader for nine years past. He was leader because it was his place by right. No other dog ever disputed it for a minute. He is an intelligent leader and friendly to every one.

The trip to Fort George is usually made by dog team in five days. We expected to be longer, so took along provisions for seven days. To avoid baking on the trip, currant biscuits were baked up to the amount of four hundred. Maver calculated on an allowance of five each at a meal, which did not prove enough.

The first day was a hard one for both men and dogs. We climbed over the rocks at South Point, and night found us only five miles from Great Whale. The days at this time of year allow about five or six hours of travel from earliest daylight till dark, including the stopping

* Note. Many "mushers"—that is the common name in the north country for dog drivers—prefer double teams of dogs hitched tandem. In this manner they often hitch ten, or even twelve dogs, to a long freight sled and travel hundreds of miles over the snow.

for a snack at noon; and this took some time, as we had to melt snow for water for our tea.

The next day we made thirteen miles, but it was a trail of exhausting, hard work. We had to haul the sled over rocks all day. At one place we tried the ice, but found it unsafe and were forced back to land. All day long it was push and heave the sled up one side of a rock ridge and then let it slide with a rush down the other, we four men hanging on, two on a side, to keep the sled from going over. It required constant watchfulness to do this and at the same time avoid getting hurt. We soon learned how to start the dogs by lifting the lines and shouting "iti." It requires strength to lift the lines of an eleven-dog team, and it becomes very exhausting work when continued steadily.

It is a cold task to untangle dog lines. Very often it is necessary to stop for that purpose, and how John manages it without freezing his fingers is a problem. Occasionally the dogs fight. All of them jump on the one that is down. John applies the whip instantly and unsparingly. I wonder at times he does not kill some of them. I notice, too, he always puts on heavy mittens before going among them when fighting.

During the day we passed the line of fox traps of the guide and took out three white foxes.

The next day was calm and cold. We found a dead seal on the bank and John cut it up for dog food. The fox tracks were so numerous that for several rods around the snow was packed down. Just as we started on, a beautiful silver fox suddenly came over a hill towards us to feed on the dead seal. Maver shot at it several times but missed. It was aggravating the way that fox acted. He tantalized us by stopping several times to look us over, and kept in sight for a mile or more. How our fingers did itch to get hold of that five hundred dollar piece of fur.

We awoke on the fourth day with the temperature ten degrees below zero. Ten miles were all we could cover and we were very tired when we pitched camp. To keep the dogs quiet, they were tied separately, a few boughs being laid down for a bed.

Two days more of hard plodding brought us to the camp of Ben Snowboy. There we found a large tepee and twenty-two Indians at home. We shook hands all around and were given a fine supply of bread and partridges and some sugar for our tea.

January 1. Very cold to-day. Shortly after leaving, a "drifter" came up and we were obliged to head into Fatboy's Camp. I could not face the wind at all, and the sharp, hard snow blinded me every time I tried it. How the dogs found the way is a marvel to me. The feet of some of the dogs were sore, blood stains being left at every step.

Fatboy's tepee was made of split logs and covered with brush. It was large, clean, and comfortable. The floor was of newly laid pine boughs, and the fire made the room very cheerful. For supper the Eskimo women of the tepee cooked and served us with delicious fresh fish. They put up a tent for their sleeping quarters and left our party to occupy the tepee.

The blizzard continued all night, making it impossible to travel. The next day I lay on a caribou skin, watching the women keep house, and played with Sampson and Mary the two older children. I gave them prunes to eat, which they relished, pits and all.

The way in which the native children amused themselves was entertaining. We noticed a group of five playing "old folks." They made up a camp of their own in the shelter of some rocks, the older girl keeping house, while the older boy took the part of hunter; then they made believe that visitors had come and shook hands all around, imitating their elders. At Great Whale it was

amusing to see the Eskimo children with a small sled with puppy dogs harnessed to it. They whipped the dogs occasionally just as they had seen their father do, and, strange to say, the pups didn't seem to mind. From morn till night these children were out playing in the snow, and were pictures of health. The girls make themselves dolls. An Eskimo doll, with its fur dress and sealskin boots, is a neat imitation of its owner.

Upon entering the tepee, one's first act is to brush off all the snow. A pile of boughs is placed beside the opening for that purpose. Wraps of all kinds are then taken off and hung up to dry. Great pots of snow are kept melting on the fire to furnish water. The women keep them filled by carrying in snow in their shawls. Each woman brings in firewood for her share of the fire. There is never any display of temper, but all are uniformly good-natured and keen for a joke. Each family has its own corner of the tepee, and, when anything is required, knows exactly where to locate it.

The women baked us some very good bread, and we, in return, presented them with rice and prunes. I shaved, to pass away the time, and this wonderful operation was of great interest to the children.

The next morning the temperature being only eighteen degrees below, we set out for Fort George. About one o'clock we reached the Fort, all of the Indians and dogs being lined on the bank to welcome us. Amidst a scene of great excitement of Indians, Eskimos, and dogs this one hundred eighty mile stage of our journey was at an end and everybody happy.

On the thirteenth of January we started for East Main, Fort Dodge giving us a great send-off. We shook hands with about forty Indians and Eskimos. We now had two teams of eleven dogs each. The second day out another blizzard came up with the thermometer down to twenty-

nine degrees below. We couldn't see and had to trust to the dogs to lead the way to Smallboy's Camp. Every one of us was frost nipped on nose, cheek, or chin by the time we reached Smallboy's tepee. We nicknamed this place "Rabbit Skin Post" on account of the many rabbit skin blankets and personal costumes in evidence.

News of our arrival caused a commotion. The children ran in calling out "Oochomow" (strangers). Clothes were pulled down and put on hurriedly and fresh boughs were brought in for the floor. Two young boys about eight years of age, in new rabbit skin capots with pointed hoods, looked like frost imps. Twenty-five Indians were in this tepee, one-half being children.

The hunters came straggling home after our arrival and each as he came in handed his bag of game to his squaw who emptied it at once and disposed of its contents. Over thirty persons slept in the twenty-five by twenty-five tepee that night.

January 17. Temperature twenty degrees. Warm and snowing. We camped after traveling about five miles, as the snow was so soft the dogs could hardly pull the sleds. Chulumluk and another dog ate their harness last night, got loose, and filled up on seal meat. They are sick to-day and cannot pull a pound. Fed the others oatmeal so as to save the seal meat. We also found a cache of fish for dog food.

For seven days more we trudged on with nothing unusual happening. We now fear deep snow and rough ice all the way to Moose Factory. It is the hardest traveling we have yet experienced. Traveling by dog sled does not mean sitting on a comfortable sled, well wrapped in furs, and cracking a whip over a team of dogs that are pulling you along at race-horse speed. It means running alongside of a sled for miles, getting here and there a short lift where the way is smooth or the snow not too deep.

It means lifting the heavily loaded sled over all obstacles, or helping the dogs pull in the deep drifts and up the steep hills. It is most strenuous on the rough ice of the wide, shallow bays. Here strength and patience are at a premium.

It is one month to-day since we left Whale River. Our rations are short and everything has to be divided evenly. The bag of fifty partridges was fed to the dogs. It seemed too bad, but the men have to keep the dogs in shape to carry them back home, and dog food was surely needed.

January 28. Temperature, two degrees below. Started on our last day's trip at daybreak. Found good tide-water ice for ten miles. One mile from Moose the teams were halted and everything made as presentable as possible for our grand entry into the metropolis of Hudson Bay. We pulled into Moose at one o'clock, and our five-hundred-mile trip with dog sleds was ended.

—PROFESSOR C. K. LEITH.
Courtesy of the author.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. From what you have read so far on Transportation, as described in various selections, what do you conclude determines the kind of transportation which a country provides? 2. The author of this account says, "It is not likely that a supply (of fox skins) will ever be wanting." Does our experience in the United States with regard to the supply bear out this statement? 3. Make a rough sketch of the sled and team showing how the dogs were hitched. 4. What dangers and difficulties made this trip a trying one. 5. Was the temperature lower than we are accustomed to in winter? Prove this. 6. Compare the games and toys of the Eskimo children with your own. 7. What preparations did these men make for their journey?

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Adrift on An Ice Pan*, WILFRED T. GRENFELL; 2. *The World's Discoverers*, W. H. JOHNSON; 3. *The Land of the Long Night*, PAUL DUCHAILLU; 4. *Hunters of the Great North*, STEFANSSON; 5. *Cruise of the Snark*, LONDON; 6. *The North Pole*, PEARY; 7. *African Game Trails*, ROOSEVELT; 8. *The Long Labrador Trail*, WALLACE; 9. *Life on the Mississippi*, CLEMENS.

AROUND THE CHEMIST'S TABLE

Many of the world's greatest battles are fought, not in trenches with gun and bomb, but in the laboratory around the chemist's table. Such battles have resulted, not in death and suffering, but in comfort, health, and most of our modern conveniences. The men and women who win these industrial and chemical battles have learned to follow directions as carefully and accurately as has the soldier. They learn from Nature her secrets. The following selection tells how the chemist uncovers the secrets of the air which we breathe. You can perform the experiments mentioned, if you follow with care the directions given.

Two of the most important naval battles of the recent war were fought off the coast of South America. "Why so far from Germany?" one is likely to ask. "Because in that region was the world's greatest natural supply of nitrates," is the chemist's reply. Germany was defeated in the second of those two battles. "Where, then, did she get her required nitrates?" The answer is, "From the air."

When the fire chief is asked how the chemical fire extinguisher's gas puts out the fire, he replies, "It keeps the air away from the flame." If we ask a botanist where the plant gets the carbon which is found in its starch, he answers, "From the air." Thus our atmosphere seems to be a great reservoir which is drawn upon by many natural and artificial processes. This frequent resort to its resources justifies our curiosity to know more of it; to know what it is like and what it contains, and especially how the chemist goes about uncovering its secrets.

I. What Is the Air Like?

(1) Does It Require Room?

Our demonstrator fills a wide-mouthed bottle with water. He allows none of the bottle's water to escape

as he inverts it into a pan of water. He makes sure that the water in the pan is as deep as the bottle is tall and that the bottle's mouth rests upon the bottom of the pan. The free end of the rubber tubing attached to a bicycle pump is slipped under the mouth of the inverted bottle and the pump is slowly worked. What is going into the bottle? (*Air.*) How do you know? (*We can see the bubbles coming up through the water.*) What is coming out of the bottle? (*Water.*) Does air require room for itself? (*Yes.*) What reason can you give for thinking it may or may not? (*The water goes out as the air goes in; the air seems to crowd the water out.*) There is a saying that "two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time." Is it proper to speak of a "body" of air? (*Yes, for it and a body of water cannot occupy the same bottle at the same time.*) How is the bottle, in the experiment just performed, like a diving bell? (*In the diving bell there is no bottom; it is open, and the water is kept from entering by pumping air into it to keep the water crowded out.*)

(2) Does Air Have Weight?

If it has weight, how can we show it? First balance an old, burned-out electric light bulb (make certain it is not a nitrogen-filled one) upon the balances by using sand. When there is perfect balance throw the flame of the lamp upon the glass of the bulb, at about its middle, by use of a blowpipe. What is heard after the glass has softened? (*An explosive noise.*) Which side of the balances is now heavier? (*The side where the bulb is.*) Examine the opening in the side of the bulb. (*The glass at the opening extends inward. It looks as if something had pushed inward upon the glass as it softened.*) How account for the noise? (*Air rushing inward could make such a noise.*) How explain the increase in weight? (*The increase might be due to the weight of the air that went into the bulb when the opening*

was made.) How could demonstration of the air as having weight explain the floating of the balloon in air? (*The weight of air might crowd the balloon up just as the weight of water crowds a cork up.*)

(3) Does Air Exert Pressure?

The chemist says that, since air has weight, it must exert pressure. He takes a glass vessel open at both ends, one end having rather a wide mouth. He stretches a rubber membrane, like that used by a dentist, over the wide mouth of the glass vessel and binds it tight. Then he places the vessel on the flat table of an air pump. As the air is exhausted from beneath the rubber membrane, the latter becomes more and more depressed until finally it bursts under the pressure of the air above.

A simple way to show the pressure of the air is to take a tin can with a small opening at the top. Partially fill the can with water and boil it. The air will be driven out by the escaping steam. While the boiling is going on, let the can be tightly corked, then placed in a sink or tray and cold water poured over it. The steam will be condensed and the pressure of the air outside will crush the can.

(4) Does Air Dissolve in Water?

Recalling the first experiment, one would answer "No" to the question. Our chemist, however, says, "not so fast! Look just a bit more closely." Taking a large test tube he fills it half full of water and heats it slowly over the flame. "Watch the sides of the test tube very closely," he cautions. As soon as anything appears upon the inside of the test tube he inserts a thermometer in its water. How warm is the water? (*Less than 80°.*) From this reading, would you say that the water had started to boil? (*No, for it is not hot enough.*) What are the bubbles upon the sides of the test tube? (*They must be air, since the water*

is not hot enough for them to be vapor.) Where did they come from? (*They must have come from inside the water—were dissolved in it. The heat has caused them to expand and push their way out of the interior of the water.*) How can fish breathe under water away from the air? (*They take the dissolved air out of the water.*) Why does the water in a fish bowl or tank need changing from time to time? (*The fish breathe in all the air dissolved in a given amount of water, and require fresh water from which the air has not been taken.*)

II. What Does Air Contain?

Previous experiments have shown that air occupies space to the exclusion of other bodies, that it has weight just as have visible things, and that it dissolves, slightly, in water. We now may ask, What are some of the constituents of air? What did the Germans take out of it in making their nitrates? What does the plant get from the air with which to make starch? What is in the air which the fireman wishes to keep away from the blaze?

(1) What Does the Plant Get from the Air?

Into a tumbler pour some clear limewater and set it aside until the next day. After twenty-four hours our chemist suggests, "Push your pencil end down below the surface of the limewater. Has any change occurred?" (*There seems to be a scum over the water.*) "What color is it?" (*White.*) "What gas produces such an effect upon limewater?" (*Carbon dioxide.*) "Where is nearly all of the white material?" (*At the limewater's surface.*) "Where, then, must this gas have come from?" (*From the air above the water.*) "The botanist has experiments that prove that this is the gas that the plants use in making starch. Where does the air get this gas?" (*From burning, animal respiration, etc.*)

(2) What in the Air Helped the Germans to make Nitrates during the War?

Moisten the inside of a test tube and then shake some fine iron filings about in it until they stick to the sides of the tube. Invert the tube in a tumbler of water. Before putting it aside until the next day notice the water level inside the tube. (*Down very near its mouth.*) Also the color of the iron powder. (*Dark, almost black.*) The following day attention is called to the water level. (*It is now about one-fifth of the way up the inside of the test tube.*) Is there any change in the iron? (*Its color has changed to a reddish tinge.*) Judging from the water level, what seems to have happened to some of the air in the tube? (*Some of it is gone. Its place is occupied by water.*) Turn the test tube right side up and try the effect of the air left in the tube upon a glowing splinter. (*It puts it out.*) Is this the same air that is in the room about us? (*No, for the air about us would make the splinter continue to glow.*) It seems then that the part of the air that makes fires burn has been taken out of this air. What connection may there be between the loss of that air and the change in the color of the iron? (*Possibly the gas removed from the air may have united with the iron and so changed the color.*) Would the gas left by the iron need to be kept away from the fire by the fireman? (*No, because it put out the glowing splinter in the experiment.*) The gas left by the iron is called *nitrogen*. It is the gas in the air that the Germans used in preparing nitrates during the war. From the experiment, what part of our atmosphere is nitrogen? (*About four-fifths.*) Is the United States trying to make any use of this gas of our air? (*Find articles upon Muscle Shoals, nitrogen-filled electric lamps, etc.*)

(3) What in our Air is Kept Away from the Fire by the Gas of the Fire Extinguisher?

Since nitrogen and carbon dioxide both put out fires, they, at least, are not the gases in our air in which the fireman is interested. The experiment with the air and the iron showed that the air contains another gas, about one-fifth of its volume. This gas, which seemed to cause the iron to rust, is called oxygen. What other things does oxygen do? (*It helps fires to burn, paints to dry, and animals to breathe.*) The chemist uses various ways of getting oxygen which he wishes to use out of air. Thus, to illustrate one of these methods: he bubbles the air through a big bottle, A, which contains a solution of ammonium compounds and some pieces of metallic copper. The air has to pass, not only through this solution but through a tube, B, which contains copper strips over which the solution in A must flow as the gas goes on through. The copper, like the iron, takes oxygen out of the air. The solution keeps the "copper rust" washed away from the copper strips so that the process may be continuous.

(4) What Makes a Pitcher of Ice Water "Sweat"?

Inside a tumbler place a mixture of ice and salt. Wipe the outside of the tumbler with a cloth to make sure it is clean and dry. From time to time rub your finger over the surface of the tumbler. What is noticed after a time? (*The surface becomes clouded so that your finger leaves a streak.*) To answer, wipe the tumbler with a single thickness of tissue paper. (*The paper becomes wet. The film is water.*) Where did it come from? (*Since there are no openings through the glass it must have come from the air.*) Judging by this experiment, what other ingredient does our air have? (*Water vapor.*) From what sources does the water vapor in our air come? (*Our breath, drying clothes, boiling teakettles, steam engines, surfaces of lakes, ponds, rivers, etc.*) What relation is there between this experiment and dew? (*Just as the ice made the pitcher*

cool by taking heat from it, so a plant or an object may lose its heat to the cool air and become cold enough to condense vapor of the air into water upon its surface.)

The "weather man" tells us that we live at the bottom of a great ocean of air; that we and most of the animals move at its bottom as we go about our work; that *through* it the butterflies, birds and airplanes fly, and *in* it the clouds and balloons float. Astronomers tell us that not every heavenly body has such an atmosphere as our earth's. The chemists not only tell us what gases our atmosphere has but assure us that those other stellar bodies have atmospheres that are often quite different from our own air with its oxygen, nitrogen, carbon dioxide, water vapor and other less important gases. In fact one gas, helium, was first discovered, not here on earth but in the sun's atmosphere.

—From *Normal Instructor and Primary Plans*.

—BY B. CLIFFORD HENDRICKS.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. How does the chemist prove that air requires room? 2. How could you prove to your classmates that air has weight? 3. How can fish live under water? 4. How do plants use air? 5. How is nitrogen obtained from the air? 6. How does the chemist extract oxygen from the air?

OTHER PROJECTS

1. Preparation of oxygen.
2. Burning steel wool.
3. Blowing soap bubbles with hydrogen.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *The Wreck-Hunters*, FRANCIS R. WHEELER; 2. *Creative Chemistry*, EDWIN SLOSSON; 3. *The Boy's Own Book of Science*, FLOYD L. DARROW; 4. *On the Battle Front of Engineering*, A. RUSSELL BOND; 5. *Experimental Science*, G. M. HOPKINS; 6. *The Romance of Modern Chemistry*, J. C. PHILIP; 7. *The Story Book of Science*, J. H. FABRE; 8. *I Wonder Why and How and When*, MILTON GOLDSMITH; 9. *Chemistry of Common Things*, R. B. BROWNLEE and Others.

A JUNIOR LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Men and women in every day life read newspapers more regularly than any other kind of reading material. An important part of every newspaper is its editorial page. Here the people who are responsible for the paper express their opinions on subjects about which every one is thinking. These opinions are called editorials. The following account of a Junior League of Nations is an editorial taken from a boys' magazine. Is it well named? Do the editors favor the Boy Scout Movement? Do they believe good will come from such meetings as the International Boy Scouts' Congress at Copenhagen?

The fact that America was represented in the gathering of youth from all the nations of the world at Copenhagen, Denmark, [1924], should be a matter of vital interest not only to all who are connected with the Boy Scouts of America, but to all boys, as well as to our leaders in education. Some men still disagree as to whether America should enter the League of Nations, and as to what place we should have, as a nation, in the affairs of the world, but here is a meeting offering great promise for the future and acceptable to all.

For the second time in history, under the leadership of the Boy Scout Movement, the youth of the world have come together under conditions which make for world brotherhood and hence, world peace. At the first great gathering of the boyhood of the world at London in 1920, Sir Robert Baden-Powell, the founder of the British Boy Scout Movement, in addressing sixteen thousand boys, representing thirty-four nations, assembled at Olympia, called it a "Junior League of Nations,"—and the gathering at Copenhagen can well be given the same title.

At the farewell dinner on board the *Leviathan*, President Coolidge, as Honorary President of the Boy Scouts of

America, addressed the boys by radio from the White House; and referring to *Reverence for Nature, for Law, and for God*, as fundamentals of the Boy Scout Movement and of American institutions, said to the group chosen to represent America in this gathering of the youth of the world:

"If you will take these teachings of your movement with you, if you will be living examples of them abroad, you will help towards a better understanding of your own Country, and receive in return a better understanding of other countries; for you will find in foreign lands to a very large extent, exactly what you carry there yourself. I trust that you may show to your foreign associates in the great Scout Movement that you have a deep reverence for the truth, and are determined to live by it; that you wish to protect and cherish your own country and contribute to the well-being, right-thinking and true-living of the whole world."

Undoubtedly, because of the very nature of the Scouting Program and the spirit back of its leadership the world over, the same high ideals as so splendidly set forth by President Coolidge, were in the hearts and souls of the scouts of practically the whole civilized world, gathered at Copenhagen. The Scout Oath and the Scout Law, especially our twelfth, teaching reverence to God as well as tolerance, and the ideals and practical values set forth in the Scouting Program, afford great promise that in the future both men and nations will understand each other better.

It is in every way worth while to encourage—yes, and even to promote, the coming together of the youth of the world, under conditions which bring about a better understanding between individuals, as well as nations.

So, while we think of the part the representatives of the Boy Scouts of America have had in the program of the great International Jamboree, may we also think of them as our representatives in a gathering of the boy-

hood of the world, having for its purpose the promotion of those principles and ideals which will "contribute to the well-being, the right-thinking and the true-living of the whole world." On such a basis, why should we not think of the boyhood of the whole world thus brought together as a Junior League of Nations?

—EDITORIAL.
In Boys' Life.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Is the editor of this magazine for or against the Boy Scout Movement? 2. How does he use President Coolidge's speech? 3. Do you believe that the boys who listened to President Coolidge's speech understood it? 4. How does he show that he understands the Boy Scout Movement? 5. What reasons does the editor give for supporting the Boy Scout Movement? 6. Judging from this editorial, what attitude will this magazine take toward Boy Scout news, Boy Scout activities, and the Boy Scout program of its own city?

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Victors of Peace*, F. J. GOULD; 2. *Heroes of Peace*, *ibid.*; 3. *The Friendship of Nations*, LUCILE GULLIVER.

MY COUNTRY

Your country is all that surrounds you, all that has reared and nourished you—everything that you have loved. That land you see, those houses, those trees, those smiling girls that pass, that is your country. The laws that protect you, the bread that rewards your toil, the words you exchange, the joy and sadness which come to you from men and the things amid which you live, that is your country! The little chamber where you once saw your Mother, the recollections she has left you, the earth where she reposes, that is your country!

You see it, you breathe it everywhere! Imagine, my son, your rights and your duties, your affections and your needs, your recollections and your gratitude, united under one name only—that name will be, "*My Country.*"

EMIL SOUVESTRE.

SPINNING AND DYEING LINEN IN COLONIAL TIMES

Is this a suitable title for this selection? Did the colonial child know more about his own world than you do about yours?

Most of us do not know how the things that we use every day are made. The reason is that we do not have to make them ourselves. We can buy them at stores where they are kept in their finished form. We do not see the factory in which they are made because it is often hundreds of miles away.

There was a time in the history of this country when all this was very different; people had to make almost everything that they used. In those days everybody, even the youngest member of the family, saw how cloth was made from wool or flax or other kinds of fibers, how shoes were made from the hides of animals, and where the food came from before it was brought to the table.

WHAT COLONIAL CHILDREN MADE

Not only did the children of this earlier period see these things made, but they had a share in the work. The result was that our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers knew, even when they were twelve or fourteen years old, how to do a great many things that it would seem very strange to ask a modern boy or girl to do. In the earliest days of the country's history, in what we call the colonial period, a boy of twelve to fourteen had a share in making the crude plows, harrows, sleds, wagons, and carts of that day. He made shovels, flails, swingling knives; he made handles for spades, for axes, hoes, and pitchforks. He could make brooms, baskets, wooden bowls, and had helped in making maple sirup and cider.

The girls of the same age could spin, weave, sew, embroider, knit, and darn; they could prepare a meal and make butter, cheese, and candles.

To be sure, the children of that day did not know about many of the things which are very common to-day, and the result is that the world in which they lived was much narrower than our world. For example, they did not have the morning paper to tell them what was happening all over the world. There was no telephone or telegraph; there were no railroads or automobiles. The food which they ate came from the fields and woods and rivers near home; they did not have markets where one could buy vegetables and meats and fruits from distant parts of this country or from other parts of the world.

HOME MANUFACTURING NOT COMMON TO-DAY

To-day, we are much better supplied with all kinds of things because we have learned to work together, each one doing his special part. We have learned, too, through trade to pass around the things which we make; but the Nation is so large and the work of manufacturing things so much divided that few of us are likely to know about the making of most of the things we use. We should understand our own world much better if we could go back and live with our great-grandfathers and our great-grandmothers and see them make cloth and shoes and tools, and could then gradually grow up with the new ways of doing things and with the new inventions that have come since their time.

If we cannot really take this journey from colonial times to the present, we can at least find out by reading how people of that day lived and did their work. We shall then be able to understand better our own modern ways. We might take almost any one of the things around the house. Perhaps the most common one is cloth. A very

large part of the Nation's time and labor goes into the making of cloth. Let us take one of the hardest kinds to make, namely linen, which is made from flax.

RAISING FLAX AND GETTING THE FIBER

In colonial times the family began at the very beginning. They could not get flax from any other country, so each family planted a little patch of flax, large enough to supply its own needs. The planting was in April or May. When the plants were three or four inches high they were weeded, usually by the children. In July or August the flax was grown and ready to use. It was pulled by the farmer and his boys, not cut, because cutting would injure the fibers.

The next task was to get the fibers from the plant. First, the heads containing the seeds had to be pulled off. Sometimes this was done by pulling the plants through a kind of rake. Then came the real work of getting the fibers. The fibers, which are from twelve to thirty inches long, grow in the stalk just inside the bark. They had to be separated from the woody parts of the straw. This was done by wetting the plants or by leaving them out in the dew until the woody part had rotted. After this "retting," as it was called, had taken place it was possible for the family, by further work, to separate from the woody part the fine tough fiber. During the retting the flax had to be carefully watched to make sure that the fibers did not suffer.

After the woody parts of the fiber had been broken up by retting, the stalks were dried and put away until winter, when, during the days suitable only for work indoors and during the long evenings, the family could work on the fibers.

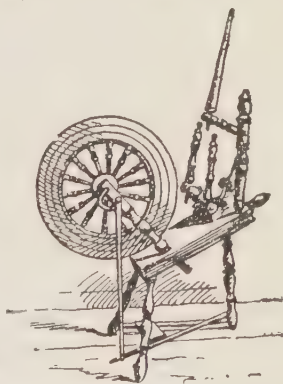
During the winter the dry stalks were brought down from the loft where they had been stored and were beaten in several different ways to free the fibers from the rest

of the stalk. The first step was to "break" the straws with a heavy homemade beater. This broke up the woody part of the stalk. Then the broken stalks were beaten again by a two-edged paddle called a "swingling knife." A strong man could swingle about forty pounds of flax in a day.

It was customary to swingle the flax more than once. After the last swingling the rolls of fibers were sometimes pounded in a wooden trough with a great wooden pestle-shaped mallet over and over again until they were soft. The flax was then ready to be turned over to the women and girls. Up to that point the work was heavy and had been done by the men and boys.

MAKING FIBER INTO THREAD

When the flax came into the hands of the mother and her daughters, the first process was to "hatchel" it. This was done with a device which may be described as a number of combs put together. The teeth were made of small pointed iron rods about six inches in length. There were seven rows of such teeth, one row back of the other, with twelve teeth in each row. The mother fastened the hatchel to a chair by means of a string or stick and, seating herself in another chair, with one handkerchief pinned about her neck and another tied about her head to keep off the dust, drew the fibers through the hatchel. The purpose of this combing was to straighten out the fibers, to remove the last of the woody parts of the stalk, and to take out the short, broken, or coarse fibers. Hatcheling required skill to remove all the waste material and not throw away any of the good fibers; so the skillful housewife wound the bundle of fibers tightly



around the fingers of one hand, and, thus holding it, drew the flax through the hatchel till the long threads lay in smooth piles with all the woody particles removed and the "tow," or short fibers, combed out.

After being straightened in this way, the fibers were ready to be spun into thread. Spinning is done by twisting the fibers together so that the long thread made up of a great many of the fibers holds together. If one examines any kind of thread, one will find that it is made up in this way of fibers twisted together.

Spinning was done many centuries ago entirely by hand, but about the date of the discovery of America, or a little later, some clever man about whom there is no record made the spinning wheel, which is driven by a foot treadle and works much faster than the hand spindle.

The spinning wheel used for linen thread was known as the little wheel. It was about twenty inches in diameter and was kept in motion by the treadle. A cord or belt passed around the wheel to the spindle. When the wheel was driven by the treadle it kept the little spindle or stick on which the thread was twisted spinning around as fast as can easily be imagined.

Taking a bundle or distaff full of the fibers that had been combed out or hatched, the spinner would, by a skillful motion of the hand, let the spindle twist the fibers into a thread and then wind up the finished thread as on a spool.

WEAVING

We have followed the making of linen to the point where the fibers have been made into thread. It would require another long description to tell how the cloth was woven from this thread. We shall not take up that part of the colonial family's work. It would be worth while to look up the matter in some of the books that tell how the early weavers worked. Or it may be easier for the pupil

to get some of the descriptions that tell of the modern machines driven by steam in a mill of our own times, which turns out hundreds of yards of cloth every day.

For our purpose it is enough that we get some notion from our study of the making of linen thread of the slow tedious work which the colonial family had to go through in making cloth and of the fact that one person might have done the work at every stage. To-day, as then, somebody must work, step by step, watching over the flax as it grows, as it is separated from the straw, and as it is combed out. The difference is that the different steps are usually done far from each other, and by people who each do only one of the many parts of the work necessary to make flax into cloth.

There is so much hand labor required to make linen even to-day and the work is so slow that there is very little of it made in the United States, where we prefer to do our work quickly and by machinery. Then, too, the flax which can be raised in this country is not so good as that raised in Russia and Belgium, and there is no place in the world where it can be cured or taken care of so well as in Belgium, where the waters of the river Lys seem to be especially suited for the curing of flax.

The ships and railroads which bring people into easy reach of each other have made it possible for the modern family to give up the making of linen and depend on other countries where it can be made better. A great deal of our linen is made in Ireland. The Irish people have grown so skillful that fibers are now sent there from other countries to be spun and woven into cloth.

DYEING AND BLEACHING

Even after the cloth was finished it was not ready for use. People of the early days, just as people of to-day, liked beautiful cloth. The linen as it came from the loom

was a dull, murky shade. It must be made pure white, or it must be colored into some beautiful shade of blue or red or brown.

Sometimes the thread was colored before it was woven, but more often the dyeing was done with the cloth. The materials for coloring were not our modern dyes. The woods supplied the coloring matter. The boys and girls went out and gathered the sumac, and their mother boiled it up for a dye, or they gathered the bark of the black oak or the chestnut or other trees.

Hickory bark or peach leaves furnished the yellows; black and white walnut bark or hulls, when mixed with sumac berries, furnished the browns or rusty blacks; sumac berries alone, the deep warm reds; oak and maple, the shades of purple, and cedar berries, the delicate dove or lead colors. When it was possible to get from some trader coloring material from other parts of the world, gay colors were added to the somewhat duller hues which came from the vegetation near home.

If the linen was not to be colored, it had to be made white by bleaching. The skeins of thread usually went through several bleachings before they were woven. The skeins were first placed in warm water for three or four days. During this time the water was frequently changed and the skeins wrung out each time. After this treatment, they were washed in clear pure water from the spring or brook. Then they were treated with ashes and hot water over and over again, and finally placed in clear water for another week or so. On being taken out of this they were seethed, rinsed, beaten, washed, and dried, and finally wound on bobbins for the loom. The bleaching was sometimes done with slaked lime or buttermilk instead of ashes.

If the cloth made from the carefully bleached thread was not white enough, the mother spread it out on the grass and fastened the corners down with sticks. Pure

water was then carried and sprinkled over the outspread linen. This process was repeated hour after hour and day after day until the sun had completely whitened the cloth. It often took weeks to bring it to the desired shade. To make cloth pure white, it was sometimes soaked in buttermilk.

The modern methods of dyeing and bleaching are different. Dyes from coal tar are commonly used these days, and the bleaching is done for the most part with chemicals in the mills. As a result, the whole process has been made cheaper and more rapid. Here we see the beginnings of the application of science. Chemistry is the science that has given us dyes and bleaching substances and has so changed the methods of dealing with cloth.

MAKING THINGS DEPENDS IN MODERN TIMES ON CO-OPERATION

Perhaps we have not thought of the long process through which every piece of linen which we see around the house has passed on its way from a flax field somewhere in the world to the table on which it is spread as a tablecloth or to the bed on which it serves as a sheet. The colonial boy or girl would have known where it came from because he had followed it step by step and would think back to the long hours of gathering flax and coloring bark or to the hard work of swingling or bleaching.

Furthermore, the colonial boy or girl would know at once the differences between cotton cloth and woolen cloth and linen. He or she had followed in the same way the wool from the sheep's back until it became homespun clothes. The world must have been very interesting to those boys and girls, because most of the things about them were easy to understand, since they were made in the home.

Our things come from distant factories or even from other countries. Because we enjoy the results of the work of other people we must also try to understand how intimately we are interested in Belgium, where the finest flax grows and is cleared of its woody parts by the river Lys, or in Russia, from which we get much of our flax, or in Ireland, where they make the fibers into thread and cloth.

—R. M. TRYON.
In Community Life Leaflets.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Contrast the home life of a colonial child with your own.
2. List the words in this selection not common to our vocabulary to-day. Can you obtain their meanings from the selection itself?
3. Tell the story in relays using the following topics:
 - (a) Raising the flax.
 - (b) Retting the flax.
 - (c) Swingling the flax.
 - (d) Hatcheling the flax.
 - (e) Weaving the flax.
 - (f) Bleaching the flax.
 - (g) Dyeing the flax.
4. How did colonial dyes differ from modern dyes?
5. In what way is the making of linen now a co-operative enterprise?
6. Should the modern family raise and weave flax as was done in colonial times? Give your reasons.

GROUP ACTIVITIES

Secure from the library books which discuss flax culture. Following the directions given in these books, plant a small plot of flax at the proper season of the year. Watch its growth and development. When it is ripe, harvest it and follow the processes outlined in this selection for heading it, securing the fiber, etc.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Home Life in Colonial Days*, ALICE M. EARLE; 2. *The Country Life Movement in the United States*, L. H. BAILEY; 3. *The Story of Wool*, SARA W. BASSETT; 4. *The Back Yard Farmer*, J. W. BOLTE; 5. *Rural School Agriculture*, C. W. DAVIS; 6. *Soils and Crops*, T. F. HUNT and C. W. BURKETT.

THE FIRST PUBLIC SCHOOL

Boys and girls of to-day accept school as a matter of course. In almost every village and city of our land the most important building is the public school. In fact, so important do we consider our schools that laws have been passed requiring parents to send their children to school for a specified number of months of each year.

Yet America was the first country to establish the public school supported by public taxation. How did it happen to develop in America? How long has it been growing from a single room to a great system of schools extending to every state and hamlet in the union and providing an education for twenty millions of children? This interesting account of "The First Public School" will help you to answer these questions.

The first school in America was opened almost as soon as the first colonists were comfortably settled in their log houses. It was a fixed principle with those early settlers that religion and learning were fundamental to the welfare of the community; accordingly, almost as soon as the first meeting house was completed, steps were taken to open a day school. This was a "pay" school, that is, parents paid a fixed sum per term for the education of their children.

Such a school answered very well for well-to-do parents, but what was a poor man with a large family to do? How could he hope to educate his children? He couldn't; and what was worse, many a poor boy grew up without so much as a primary school education. Of course such a condition could not last; there must be schools for all—the public demanded them. Gradually, therefore, the principle became accepted that "The property of the State should be taxed to educate the children of the State." In accordance with this principle, we are told that

"The first public school was established in Boston in 1635, the second in New Haven in 1639, and the third in Hartford in 1642."

To Boston, therefore, belongs the honor of being the birthplace of the first public school. It did not differ essentially from the "pay" schools of that day, except in the matter of raising funds for its support. But, once established and its worth thoroughly demonstrated, the public school idea spread rapidly, and, by the close of the Revolutionary War, elementary education was practically universal in all the New England colonies, few adult persons being unable to read and write.

The early public schools were intended for boys only. It was not thought worth while for girls to waste their time in school. They had best be home with their mothers. Daughters of the well-to-do, however, sometimes attended private schools where they learned to sing and dance and play the harpsichord.

"More than 150 years elapsed from the opening of the first public school in Massachusetts before one girl was admitted; and not until 1828—190 years after the establishment of the first school—were girls admitted with full equality."—*Massachusetts Historical Society*.

The colonial school was a crude affair at best. The schoolhouse was made of logs, and was usually located at the forks in the road. The one-room building, possibly twenty-four feet square, was entered through a wooden shed in which firewood, dinner pails and outer wraps were kept. Against three sides of the room were built rough wooden desks, and a white-oak plank in front served for a bench. A huge fireplace in one end heated the building. Parents furnished most of the wood, and children of stingy parents had to sit farthest from the fire.

Discipline was often harsh and cruel. Study was enforced by means of the "ferule." A sharp rap over the

knuckles recalled the idler from his day-dreams, and a bundle of birch switches was always within reach for the more serious breaches of the rules.

The school year was divided into two terms: a winter term of six to twelve weeks, presided over by a "master," and a summer term of equal length in charge of a "mistress." The teacher was said to "keep" school, and his chief concern was to keep from being thrown out bodily by the larger boys. The first few days were often a physical contest between master and pupils. If the master gained the upper hand, he was considered qualified to *keep* the school. If the boys came out best, the master often suffered many indignities. He might be "smoked out," or ducked in the creek, or ridden on a rail out of the district.

The course of study was limited to the "three R's—Reading, 'Riting and 'Rithmetic," with spelling added for the older pupils. Beginners learned to read from *The New England Primer*. Older pupils read from the *Psalter* or from the *Bible*. At a later date, Webster's *Blue-back Speller* came into general use. (If the reader has opportunity to examine old copies of these books, he will find them very curious, indeed.) For the arithmetic class the master placed "sums" on the blackboard; and copies for writing were "set" by the master at the top of a sheet of foolscap. A sharpened goose quill served for pen and holder.

The manner of conducting a recitation was most curious. Pupils lined up to a crack in the floor in front of the master's desk and recited "in order" or "in concert" as directed. For instance, if the spelling class were called to the front, the recitation would proceed thus: "Spell apple," the master would say; and the pupil first in line would spell: "A-p, ap, p-l-e, ple—apple." "Aaron." "Big A, little a, r-o-n, ron—Aaron." "Spell by syllable, abomin-

ation." "A, there's your a; b-o-m, bom, there's your bom, there's your abom; i-n, in, there's your in, there's your bomin, there's your abomin, a, there's your a, there's your ina, there's your bomina, there's your abomina; t-i-o-n, tion, there's your tion, there's your ation, there's your ination, there's your bomination, there's your abomination."

Strange to say, a good scholar was rated more upon his skill in spelling than upon his ability to read and cipher, and the hero of the school was the champion speller.

In winter spelling matches between neighboring schools were held in which old and young participated. Such contests were great events in the social life of the community and were attended with about as much excitement as a modern football game. Captains were named, and as they proceeded "to choose sides," the spellers lined up along opposite sides of the room. Then the master "put out" the words, and the contest continued until one side or the other was "floored." Often, opposing champions would hold the floor for an hour or longer. When at last one or the other misspelled some difficult word, a mighty shout would go up for the victor.

In 1647 Massachusetts passed a law compelling every community of fifty families to "appoint one within their town to teach all such children as shall resort to him, to write and read." And it was further ordered, "that when any town shall increase to the number of one hundred families or householders, they shall set up a grammar school, the master thereof being able to instruct youth so far as they may be fitted for the university." (Harvard University, founded in 1636.)

Wasn't that splendid? And who can measure the debt we owe Massachusetts for this wonderful example and gift to her sister states? For wherever her sons and daughters went forth, there they planted the idea of a free school for

all children. The general acceptance of the principle, first laid down by Massachusetts, that the public should be taxed for public education has made possible a free education for every boy and girl in America. Indeed, without her free schools it is difficult to see how our country could ever have become so enlightened, so enterprising, and so all-powerful. Herein is the secret of that spirit of liberty and justice which has made America the foremost nation of the earth. From the little red schoolhouses, north and south, east and west, all over our broad land, have gone forth millions of young lives who have pledged allegiance to one flag and to one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

J. A. HARLEY.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Discuss The First Public School using this outline:
 - (a) Where and when established.
 - (b) Distinction between public school and "pay" schools.
 - (c) For whom intended.
 - (d) Description of the schoolhouse.
 - (e) Discipline
 - (f) The teacher.
 - (g) The course of study.
 - (h) How a recitation was conducted.
 - (i) What constituted good scholarship.
 - (j) The school as a social center.
 - (k) Laws relating to public schools.
 - (l) The debt we owe to Massachusetts.
2. Read the account of Ye Olde Schoolmasters. Which one would you select for the master of this first public school?
3. Contrast the first public school with your school.
4. Try an oral spelling exercise, spelling by syllable as shown above.
5. Let the boys challenge the girls to a spelling match, using the words in this story.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*, EGGLESTON; 2. *A Day In A Colonial Home*, PRESCOTT; 3. *A Day In Old Athens*, WM. S. DAVIS; 4. *Some Famous American Schools*, O. F. ADAMS; 5. *The District School As It Was*, CLIFTON JOHNSON.

AN IRISH PEASANT'S STORY

Unlike most foreign-born Americans, the Irish seldom colonize. On the contrary, upon reaching our shores, they scatter widely over their adopted country, adapt themselves rapidly to the ways of America, and mingle freely and on terms of equality with the native-born population. Think of the Irish families you may know and see if this statement is not true in your community. Read this account to find out why so many Irish people immigrated to America about 1850.

"Good evening, Grandma. I'm so glad I found you knitting. Now perhaps you can tell me that story about Ireland. Has it been long, Grandma, since you left the old country, and will you tell me why you came to America? How did you come and what happened on the way?"

"Ah, listen to the child, will you, nearly takin' the top of my head off with questions! Why did I leave Ireland and come to America? When did I come, and how did I come? Sure, it's a long, sad story, but if you'll be patient till I get my breath and loose my tongue, I'll tell you all about it. Draw your chair up to the fireside and make yourself comfortable whilst I knit and talk to you. There, that's better; now I can talk.

"Sure, and it's many a long year since I saw the 'Owld Sod'—more than fifty—and why I came to America? Well, my child, that's the sad part of it. I was born in County Cork, Ireland, and was the oldest of seven children. Father was a tenant farmer on the estate of Lord Dunwiddie—a peasant, if you know what that means. Everybody was peasants in those days, so it seemed, and every family was poorer than crows and more wretched than the rats in the stable.

"Our home was a rude hut, built of wood and sticks, and plastered together with mud. There was a door on the

south side, but no windows. The hardened earth was the floor and there was neither chimney nor stove. When we had a fire, it was made between large stones on the floor and the smoke—some of it—went up through a hole in the roof.

“Sure, and it was more fit for a pigsty than for humans, but, bad as it was, ’twas neither better nor worse than many another. ’Twas home too, for the cats, and the pigs and the chickens.”

“Oh, Grandma! in the same room?”

“Indeed, yes. There was no other place, and the poor beasts were as much a part of the family as the children. Ach, those chickens! Many is the time I’ve sat in the doorway and kept the pesky things out of the house with a switch while baby slept and mother was at work in the fields; for the women and larger children worked beside the men. But at night the whole family came inside: the pigs ran into their pen in one corner, or under the beds, the chickens flew into the loft overhead, and the family and cats crept into the bunks along the walls, and then all was quiet till cockerow.

“Our clothing, the little we had, was made of coarse, home-pun material. Never a one dressed in his Sunday best: narry a bit. Indeed, he was fortunate if he found clothes enough to hide his nakedness—it’s the truth, I’m telling you.

“But food! Ach! sure, you never saw such praties,—big, mealy, and white! As the old song says:

‘Three toimes a day
We had praties and tay,
And a bit of coarse bread
On a Sunday.’

“Goat’s milk we had, but no butter. The eggs went to pay the rent. Steaks and mutton chops? Never a smell.

I never tasted beefsteak till I came to America. Nobody did, not in those days in Ireland. In truth, it meant that the peasant worked the whole blessed year for his lord; and work he did or starve, he and his family. When fall came, the lord took the best of everything and the peasant took what his master didn't want—the praties. Yes, and he counted himself lucky at that.

“Tis hist'ry I'm telling you and just as true as I'm born, and I can tell you more, too. The English lords owned everything—the lands, and houses and what few fact'ries there were. The Irish were good workers and willin', but the English discouraged manufactures; they wanted the markets for their English goods, they said. Consequently, the poor people were driven to farming and in my day, about 2,000,000 people scraped and scratched out a bare living on the estates of the English aristocracy.

“Then came the great famine of '45, '46, and '47, three wretched years. A blight attacked the praties and destroyed thousands of acres—the only means of subsistence for thousands of people. That first year was terrible, and hundreds of children and old people died of starvation. Thousands more were saved only by the kindness of their neighbors, who shared with those in desperate circumstances whatever food they could from their own meager stores.

“Then came the summer of '46, and that was worse. All surplus foods were soon exhausted. Every pig and chicken had gone for food, and the new pratie crop a total failure! Mother went hungry that her children might eat, but night after night we went hungry to bed. Finally, Mother took sick and died. Baby followed soon after, and then little Mary. Thousands fled the country to America and other lands—while the less fortunate fought desperately to sustain life by digging up roots and eating the bark off

the trees. Oh, it was terrible! with the piteous cries of hungry children and sick and dying on every hand. Thousands perished, calling for help and praying for bread.

"At last America heard and answered. She sent shiploads of food and other provisions and also aided thousands to leave the stricken land to find homes and work in this blessed land of milk and honey. Is it any wonder the Irish love America?

"Father had a brother in St. Louis, and when he learned of our distress he sent money for our passage. We traveled steerage and were crowded together like so many cattle. Oh, it was terrible! Then cholera broke out on ship and for a time there were more sick than well. Many died and were buried at sea, my poor brothers, James and John, among them. Day after day this wretched condition continued. Storms drove us out of our course and we drifted, I don't know where. At last when we sighted land we had been ninety-six days at sea.

"At length our boat reached the dock at New Orleans and we rushed out of the gangway. Oh, what a joy to be on firm land once more! We wanted to go no further. But after resting a day, we engaged passage up the Mississippi. After five days we reached St. Louis and were warmly welcomed by Uncle John and his family. There I ate my first pumpkin pie and saw my first doughnuts; and great was your grandfather's wonder that they could be cracked without a hammer! Everything was so new to us.

"But St. Louis was not to be the end of our journey. A day or two later we moved on again, and this time by foot and stagecoach with all our worldly belongings in the pack on our backs. The good country folk along the way were very kind to us and did what they could to lighten the journey. After many strange adventures we

crossed the Iowa state line and settled here beside the gravel tavern. Here I have lived these fifty years and here I intend to stay to the end of my days.

"And that's my story, little one. It's not exceptional and it's not singular; but it does explain why thousands of our people came to America in the forties and how this country came to have more Irish than are to be found in the 'Emerald Isle' itself."

—J. F. POWERS.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Consult the chart on page 4 to find out the number of foreign-born Irish people in the United States in 1920.

2. What percentage are they of our total foreign-born population?

3. What reasons are given in the story above for the Irish coming to America?

4. Prepare a chart like the illustration below and fill it out. Secure your materials from the series of selections on Old World Peoples and Customs.

Reasons for coming to America	Irish	Germans	Italians	etc.
Poor living conditions at home	X		etc.	
Bad government	X	X	etc.	
Wars				
etc.				
etc.				

Add other reasons gleaned from the stories mentioned above. Place a cross opposite each reason which applies to the immigrants of a particular country.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Little Journeys to Scotland and Ireland*, MARIAN GEORGE; 2. *My Autobiography*, S. S. McCURE; 3. *Kathleen in Ireland*, JULIA DALRYMPLE and ETTA BLAISDELL; 4. *My Lady of the Chimney Corner*, ALEXANDER IRVINE; 5. *The Irish Twins*, PERKINS; 6. "Augustus Saint-Gaudens", *Americans By Adoption*, JOSEPH HUSBAND; 7. *Modern Europeans and Modern Americans*, SANFORD and OWEN.

DRESS AND CUSTOMS IN NEW ENGLAND

One who undertakes the task of writing our history text-books obtains a great deal of his historical material from letters, diaries, journals and other papers written by those living in an earlier day. It is through such sources of information that we know how our colonial fathers lived and dressed.

Such a letter is presented below. Before you read it, turn to the end of the letter to learn the name of the writer and the date when it was written. As you read, keep before you the outline form suggested on page 72. It will help you to determine what to look for.

In general, young men and old had a decent coat, vest, and smallclothes (breeches), and some kind of fur hat. In addition, old men had a great coat, and a pair of boots and sometimes a silk handkerchief. These were for holiday use and would last a life time.

For common use they had a long jacket, or what was called a fly coat, which reached about halfway to the knee. Striped garments were worn under a pair of smallclothes like the coat. These were made of flannel. They wore flannel shirts, and stockings, and thick leather shoes. In summer they wore wide trousers reaching halfway down to the ankle.

Young men did not wear shoes and stockings. Few farmers wore them either. As for boys, as soon as they were taken out of petticoats, they were put into smallclothes, summer and winter. This custom was followed until they put on long trousers, called tongs, which were little different from the pantaloons of to-day. The material used was either linen or cotton. Tongs were worn by old and young throughout the warm season.

Later, tongs were made of flannel and came into general use for winter wear. Young men never thought of great coats, and overcoats were then unknown.

As for the women, old and young, they wore flannel gowns in winter. The young women wore wrappers in summer, and, about their ordinary business they did not wear shoes or stockings. Most women were contented with a calico gown. Some had one woolen gown and another made of camel's-hair goods, and some had gowns made of poplin. The sleeves were short and did not come below the elbow.

On holidays women wore one, two, or three ruffles on each arm, and long gloves coming up to the elbow, and fastened there by bands made of black horsehair. Aprons, made of checked linen or cotton, were a part of every woman's apparel, but those for holiday use were made of white cotton, lawn, or cambric.

Women seldom wore caps when about their ordinary affairs, but they were provided with two kinds: the strap-cap came under the chin and was worn for dressed-up occasions; the other was called the round-cord cap and did not cover the ears.

They wore thick leather, thin leather, and broadcloth shoes, all with heels an inch and a half high. The toes were peaked and turned up in a point. Some women carried muffs, very small ones, and some wore masks.

The principal amusements of the young men were wrestling, running, and jumping, or hop, skip and jump. Dancing was considered an important accomplishment and the jig dancer was actually the hero of the ball. Dances to step-tunes, such as Old Father George, Cape Breton, High Betty Martin, and the Rolling Hornpipe were general favorites.

At their parties, dancing was the principal exercise. They sang songs, also, and had a number of forfeit plays,

such as "breakneck" and "find the button." A young woman did not consider it a disgrace or a hardship to walk five or six miles to a party. There was no chaise, or any sort of wagon or sleigh, so for most young people walking was the favorite mode of travel. When at last the French chaise made its appearance it caused the greatest possible wonder.

The Sabbath day was very strictly observed and preparations for it began on Saturday evening. As soon as father came in from his work, he would wash and put a skillet of water over the fire. Then he would get his razor and soap, sit down by the fire, and shave off his beard. Meantime, mother would leave off preparation of the Sunday food and would make hasty pudding (corn mush) for supper. This was eaten in milk, or, if we had no milk, it was eaten with butter and molasses.

Potatoes were a scarce article in those days. Three bushels were thought a very large crop. I was quite a large boy before I saw potatoes as large as hen's eggs.

Early in the evening father read a chapter from the Bible and made a prayer. Soon after that the younger part of the family and hired help went to bed. Indeed, every night the family went to their rest soon after supper, especially in summer.

Saturday night and Sunday, and Sunday night, there was perfect stillness in the house. No play was going on and no laughing. Those of us who were old enough, read the Bible or learned a hymn.

For Sunday breakfast, when we had milk enough, we had bread and milk. Otherwise we had beans and porridge.

As we lived at a considerable distance from the meeting-house, those who walked started as early as nine o'clock, the roads and bridges being very bad. Those who went on horseback set out soon after. The horses always carried two, and often a child in the mother's lap. Some-

times there was another child on the pommel of the saddle before the father. All went to meeting, except some one to keep the house and to take care of the children who could not take care of themselves.

The one who stayed at home was told when to put the pork and vegetables into the pot for the supper which we had after the day's meeting. Those who went to meeting used to carry in their pockets some shortcake, or doughnuts and cheese for dinner. They generally got home from meeting about four o'clock. Then the women set the table while the men took care of the horses and cattle in winter.

No work was done except what was absolutely necessary. The dishes of breakfast and supper were left unwashed until Monday. Every one in town who was able to go, went to meeting. If any were absent, it was noticed and it was supposed that sickness was the reason. If any one was absent three or four Sundays, the tithingman would pay him a visit. But this did not often happen.

—DR. ABIEL ABBOTT, 1765.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What items mentioned in this selection can be used in the outline suggested on page 72?

2. Secure a picture of a Colonial New Englander. How does it compare with the word picture presented in the account given above?

3. Compare the American of to-day with the colonist of New England with regard to:

(a) dress.

(b) amusements.

(c) Sabbath observance.

4. Would you like to have lived in New England in 1765? Why?

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *The Colonies*, REUBEN G. THWAITES; 2. *Beginnings of New England*, FISKE; 3. *Source Readers*, HART; 4. *Customs and Fashions In Old New England*, A. M. EARLE; 5. *Two Centuries of Costume*, *ibid.*; 6. "Giles Corey," LONGFELLOW; 7. *Men, Women and Manners in Colonial Times*, SYDNEY GEORGE FISHER.

THE SHIPWRECK

As you read this account, trace upon a map the course of the ship as shown by the latitude and longitude mentioned.

I had now lived almost four years in the Brazils, and began to thrive and prosper very well upon my plantation. I had not only learned the language, but had contracted acquaintance and friendship among my fellow planters, as well as among the merchants at St. Salvadore, which was our port. In my discourses among them I had frequently given them an account of my two voyages to the coast of Guinea, the manner of trading with the Negroes there, and how easy it was to purchase upon the coast, for trifles such as beads, toys, knives, scissors, hatchets, bits of glass, and the like, not only gold dust, Guinea grains, elephants' teeth, etc., but Negroes for the service of the Brazils in great numbers.

They listened always very attentively to my discourses on these heads, but especially to that part which related to the buying of Negroes.

It happened, being in company with some merchants and planters of my acquaintance, and talking of those things very earnestly, three of them came to me the next morning and told me they had been musing very much upon what I had discoursed with them of the last night, and they came to make a secret proposal to me. After enjoining secrecy, they told me that they had a mind to fit out a ship to go to Guinea; that they all had plantations as well as I, and were straitened for nothing so much as servants; that as this was a trade that could not be carried on, because they could not publicly sell the Negroes when they came home, so they desired to make but one voyage, to bring the Negroes on shore privately,

and divide them among their own plantations. In a word, the question was, whether I would go in the ship as their agent, to manage the trading part upon the coast of Guinea. They offered me that I should have my equal share of the Negroes, without providing any part of the stock.

This was a fair proposal, it must be confessed, had it been made to any one who had not had a settlement and plantation of his own to look after, which was in a fair way of becoming very considerable, and with a good stock upon it. But for me, who had nothing to do but go on as I had begun, for three or four years more, in order to be worth three or four thousand pounds sterling—for me to think of such a voyage, was the most preposterous thing that ever man in such circumstances could be guilty of.

But I was hurried on, and obeyed blindly the dictates of my fancy rather than my reason. Accordingly, the ship being fitted out, and the cargo furnished, and all things done as by agreement by my partners in the voyage, I went on board in an evil hour, the first of September—being the same day eight years that I went from my father and mother at Hull, in order to act the rebel to their authority, and the fool to my own interest.

Our ship was about one hundred and twenty tons burden, carried six guns, and fourteen men, besides the master, his boy, and myself. We had on board no large cargo of goods, except of such toys as were fit for our trade with the Negroes, such as beads, bits of glass, shells, and odd trifles, especially little looking-glasses, knives, scissors, hatchets, and the like.

The same day I went on board we set sail, standing away to the northward upon our own coast, with design to stretch over for the African coast when we should reach about ten or twelve degrees of northern latitude.

We had very good weather, only excessively hot, all the way upon our own coast till we came to the height of Cape St. Augustino; from whence, keeping farther off at sea, we lost sight of land, and steered as if we were bound for the isle Fernand de Noronha, holding our course N. E. by N. and leaving those isles on the east. In this course we passed the line in about twelve days' time, and were by our last observation in seven degrees twenty-two minutes northern latitude, when a violent tornado or hurricane took us quite out of our knowledge. It began from the southeast, came about to the northwest, and then settled into the northeast, from whence it blew in such a terrible manner that for twelve days together we could do nothing but drive. Scudding away before it, we let it carry us wheresoever fate and the fury of the winds directed. During these twelve days I need not say that I expected every day to be swallowed up, nor, indeed, did any in the ship expect to save their lives.

In this distress, the wind still blowing very hard, one of our men early in the morning cried out, "Land!" We had no sooner run out of the cabin to look out, in hopes of seeing whereabouts in the world we were, but the ship struck upon sand, and, in a moment, her motion being so stopped, the sea broke over her in such a manner that we expected we should all have perished immediately. We were immediately driven into our close quarters, to shelter us from the very foam and spray of the sea.

It is not easy for any one who has not been in the like condition, to describe or conceive the consternation of men in such circumstances. We knew nothing of where we were, or upon what land it was we were driven, whether an island or the main, whether inhabited or not inhabited. As the rage of the wind was still great, though rather less than at first, we could not so much as hope to have the ship hold many minutes without breaking in pieces,

unless the winds, by a kind of miracle, should turn immediately about. In a word, we sat looking one upon another, expecting death every moment, and every man acting as if preparing for another world, for there was little or nothing more for us to do in this. That which was our present comfort, and all the comfort we had, was, that contrary to our expectation the ship did not break yet, and that the master said the wind began to abate.

Now, though we found that the wind did a little abate, yet the ship having thus struck upon the sand, and sticking too fast for us to expect her getting off, we were in a dreadful condition, indeed, and had nothing to do but to think of saving our lives as well as we could. We had a boat at our stern just before the storm, but she was first stove by dashing against the ship's rudder, and in the next place she broke away, and either sunk or was driven off to sea, so there was no hope from her. We had another boat on board, but how to get her off into the sea was a doubtful thing. However, there was no time to debate, for we fancied the ship would break in pieces every minute, and some told us she was actually broken already.

In this distress, the mate of our vessel lay hold of the boat, and with the help of the rest of the men, got her over the ship's side, and getting all into her, we let go, and committed ourselves, being eleven in number, to God's mercy and the wild sea.

And now our case was very dismal, indeed, for we all saw plainly, that the sea went so high that the boat could not live, and that we should be inevitably drowned. As to making sail, we had none, nor, if we had, could we have done anything with it. So we worked at the oar towards the land, though with heavy hearts, like men going to execution, for we all knew, that when the boat came nearer the shore she would be dashed into a thousand pieces by

the breach of the sea. However, we committed our souls to God in the most earnest manner, and, the wind driving us towards the shore, we hastened our destruction with our own hands, pulling as well as we could towards land.

After we had rowed, or rather driven, about a league and a half, as we reckoned it, a raging wave, mountain-like, came rolling astern of us, and plainly bade us expect the *coup-de-grace*.¹ In a word, it took us with such a fury that it overset the boat at once, and we were all swallowed up in a moment.

Nothing can describe the confusion of thought which I felt when I sunk into the water. Though I swam very well, yet I could not deliver myself from the waves so as to draw breath. My business was to hold my breath and raise myself upon the water if I could, and so, by swimming, to preserve my breathing and pilot myself towards the shore if possible. My greatest concern now being that the sea, as it would carry me a great way towards the shore when it came on, might not carry me back again with it when it went back towards the sea.

I was covered again with water a great while, but not so long but I held it out. Finding the water had spent itself, and began to return, I struck forward against the return of the waves, and felt ground again with my feet. I stood still a few moments to recover breath, and till the water went from me, and then took to my heels and ran with what strength I had farther towards the shore. But neither would this deliver me from the fury of the sea, which came pouring in after me again, and twice more I was lifted up by the waves and carried forwards as before, the shore being very flat.

I was now landed and safe on shore, and began to look up and thank God that my life was saved in a case wherein

¹ The blow that would kill us.

there was, some minutes before, scarce any room to hope. I believe it is impossible to express to another what the ecstasies and transports of the soul are, when it is so saved, as I may say, out of the very grave. I walked about on the shore, lifting up my hands, and my whole being, as I may say, wrapt up in the contemplation of my deliverance, making a thousand gestures and motions which I cannot describe, reflecting upon all my comrades that were drowned, and that there should not be one soul saved but myself. As for them, I never saw them afterwards, or any sign of them, except three of their hats, one cap, and two shoes that were not mates.

After I had solaced my mind with the comfortable part of my condition, I began to look around me to see what kind of place I was in, and what was next to be done. I soon found my comforts abate, and that, in a word, I had a dreadful deliverance, for, I was wet, had no clothes to shift me, nor anything either to eat or drink to comfort me; neither did I see any prospect before me, but that of perishing with hunger, or being devoured by wild beasts; this threw me into such terrible agonies of mind, that for a while I ran about like a madman. Night coming upon me, I began with a heavy heart to consider what would be my lot if there were any ravenous beasts in that country, seeing at night they always come abroad for their prey.

All the remedy that was offered to my thoughts at that time was, to get up into a thick, bushy tree like a fir, but thorny, which grew near me, and where I resolved to sit all night, and consider the next day what death I should die, for, as yet, I saw no prospect of life. I walked about a furlong from the shore to see if I could find any fresh water to drink, which I did, to my great joy. Having drunk, I went to the tree, and getting up into it, endeavored to place myself so that if I should sleep I might

not fall. Having cut me a short stick, like a truncheon, for my defense, I took up my lodging, and being excessively fatigued, fell fast asleep, and slept as comfortably as I believe few could have done in my condition.

When I awoke it was broad day, the weather clear, and the storm abated so that the sea did not rage and swell as before; but that which surprised me most was that the ship was lifted off in the night from the sand where she lay, by the swelling of the tide, and was driven up almost as far as the rock which I first mentioned, where I had been so bruised by dashing against it. This being within about a mile from the shore where I was, and the ship seeming to stand upright still, I wished myself on board, that, at least, I might save some necessary things for my use.

When I came down from my apartment in the tree, I looked about me again, and the first thing I found was the boat, which lay as the wind and the sea had tossed her up, upon the land, about two miles on my right hand. I walked as far as I could upon the shore to get to her, but found a neck or inlet of water between me and the boat, which was about half a mile broad; so I came back for the present, being more intent upon getting at the ship, where I hoped to find something for my present subsistence.

A little after noon I found the sea very calm, and the tide ebbed so far out that I could come within a quarter of a mile of the ship. Here I found a fresh renewing of my grief, for I saw, evidently, that if we had kept on board, we had been all safe, that is to say, we had all got safe on shore, and I had not been so miserable as to be left entirely destitute of all comfort and company, as I now was. This forced tears from my eyes again; but, as there was little relief in that, I resolved, if possible, to get to the ship; so I pulled off my outer clothes, for

the weather was very hot, and plunged into the water.

When I came to the ship, my difficulty was still greater to know how to get on board, for as she lay aground, and high out of the water, there was nothing within my reach to lay hold of. I swam round her twice, and the second time I spied a small piece of rope, which I wondered I did not see at first, hanging down by the fore-chains so low that with great difficulty I got hold of it, and by the help of that rope got up into the fore-castle of the ship. Here I found that the ship was bulged, and had a great deal of water in her hold, but that she lay so on the side of a bank of hard sand, or rather earth, that her stern lay lifted up upon the bank, and her head low almost to the water. By this means all her quarter was free, and all that was in that part was dry, for, you may be sure, my first work was to search and see what was spoiled and what was free. I found that all the ship's provisions were dry and untouched by the water, and, being very well disposed to eat, I went to the bread-room and filled my hands with biscuits, and ate them as I went about other things, for I had no time to lose. Now I wanted nothing but a boat to furnish myself with many things which I foresaw would be very necessary to me.

It was in vain to sit still and wish for what was not to be had, and this extremity roused my application. We had several spare yards, and two or three large spars of wood, and a spare topmast or two in the ship. I resolved to fall to work with these, and flung as many of them overboard as I could manage for their weight, tying every one with a rope that they might not drive away. When this was done I went down the ship's side, and pulling them to me, I tied four of them fast together at both ends, as well as I could in the form of a raft. Laying two or three short pieces of plank upon them cross-ways, I found I could walk upon it very well, but that it was not able to bear

any great weight, the pieces being too light, so I went to work, and with the carpenter's saw I cut a spare topmast into three lengths and added them to my raft with a great deal of labor and pains.

My raft was now strong enough to bear any reasonable weight. My next care was what to load it with, and how to preserve what I laid upon it from the surf of the sea; but I was not long considering this. I first laid all the planks or boards upon it that I could get, and having considered well what I most wanted, I first got three of the seamen's chests, which I had broken open and emptied and lowered them down upon my raft. The first of these I filled with provisions: namely, bread, rice, three Dutch cheeses, five pieces of dried goat's flesh, which we lived much upon, and a little remainder of European corn which had been laid by for some fowls which we brought to sea with us. There had been some barley and wheat together, but, to my great disappointment, I found afterwards that the rats had eaten or spoiled it all.

While I was doing this, I found the tide began to flow, though very calm, and I had the mortification to see my coat, shirt, and waistcoat, which I had left on shore, upon the sand, swim away. As for my breeches, which were only linen and open-kneed, I swam on board in them and my stockings. However, this put me upon rummaging for clothes, of which I found enough, but took no more than I wanted for present use, for I had other things which my eye was more upon: as, first, tools to work with on shore. It was after long searching that I found out the carpenter's chest, which was, indeed, a very useful prize to me, and much more valuable than a shipload of gold would have been at that time. I got it down to my raft, even whole as it was, without losing time to look into it, for I knew in general what it contained.

My next care was for some ammunition and arms.

There were two very good fowling pieces in the great cabin, and two pistols; these I secured first with some powderhorns, and a small bag of shot, and two old rusty swords. I knew there were three barrels of powder in the ship, but knew not where our gunner had stowed them; but with much search I found them, two of them dry and good—the third had taken water. Those two I got to my raft with the arms. And now I thought myself pretty well freighted, and began to think how I should get to shore with them, having neither sail, oar, nor rudder, and the least capful of wind would have upset all my navigation.

I had three encouragements: a smooth, calm sea, the tide rising and setting into the shore, and what little wind there was blew me toward the land. Thus, having found two or three broken oars belonging to the boat, and, besides the tools which were in the chest, two saws, an axe, and a hammer, with this cargo I put to sea. For a mile, or thereabouts, my raft went very well, only that I found it drive a little distant from the place where I had landed before, by which I perceived that there was some indraft of the water, and consequently I hoped to find some creek or river there, which I might make use of as a port to get to land with my cargo.

As I imagined, so it was. There appeared before me a little opening of the land, and I found a strong current of the tide setting into it, so I guided my raft as well as I could to keep in the middle of the stream. I looked on both sides for a proper place to get to shore, for I was not willing to be driven too high up the river, hoping in time to see some ship at sea, and therefore resolved to place myself as near the coast as I could.

At length I spied a little cove on the right shore of the creek, to which, with great pain and difficulty, I guided my raft, and at last got so near that, reaching ground

with my oar, I could thrust her directly in. But here I had liked to have dipped all my cargo in the sea again, for that shore lying pretty steep, that is to say, sloping, there was no place to land, but where one end of the float, if it run on shore, would lie so high, and the other sink so low, that it would endanger my cargo again. All that I could do was to wait till the tide was at the highest, keeping the raft with my oar like an anchor to hold the side of it fast to the shore, near a flat piece of ground, which I expected the water would flow over; and so it did. As soon as I found water enough (for my raft drew about a foot of water), I thrust her out upon that flat piece of ground, and there fastened or moored her by sticking my two broken oars into the ground,—one on one side near one end, and one on the other side near the other end. Thus I lay till the water ebbed away, and left my raft and all my cargo safe on shore.

Go on with the story.

From *Robinson Crusoe*,
BY DANIEL DEFOE.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Which part of this story do you like best? If you are interested, read all of the book from which it is taken. 2. Perhaps there are other selections from this book which you like better. If you find more interesting parts, read them to the class. 3. Do you think Crusoe's selection of things from the ship a good one? Can you suggest other articles, likely to be found on this ship, which would have been more useful? 4. Suppose you were asked to locate the approximate date of this story,—list the events, customs, mode of living, methods of transportation, etc., which would be of help to you in fixing the time. 5. Find other stories containing accounts of shipwrecks. 6. Using the ship's route as a guide, write a brief account of the trip including only important points.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, 2. *I Am Monarch of All I Survey*, ALEXANDER SELKIRK; 3. *Robinson Crusoe*, DANIEL DEFOE; 4. *Swiss Family Robinson*, DAVID MYSS; 5. *Two Years Before the Mast*, DANA; 6. *Heroic Deeds of American Sailors*.



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A MOONLIGHT SCENE

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
—JOSEPH ADDISON.

DO IT NOW

I expect to pass through this life but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good I can do to any fellow-being, let me do it now; let me not defer nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

ANONYMOUS.

AROUND THE WORLD

Why do stories of adventure appeal so strongly to red blooded boys? Why are girls ever ready to undertake a hike or a cross-country motor trip? Why are men eternally seeking "new worlds to conquer"? Who were the first men to circumnavigate the earth? What honors has America won in such adventures? Read this story to answer these questions.

Have you ever heard of the man who undertook, on a wager, to walk around the world in four years? Such a feat, of course, would be a physical impossibility. What the man agreed to do was to walk a prescribed route and to travel by boat the rest of the journey. And he won the wager!

This unnamed adventurer was not the first man, however, to travel around the earth. Columbus thought that he himself was, but history credits Magellan with that honor. From the standpoint of pure adventure his expedition was far more heroic than that of Columbus.

In 1519 Magellan set sail from Spain with five small ships and a crew of two hundred eighty men. He sailed southward across the Atlantic, along the coast of eastern South America, passed through the strait which bears his name, and on into the Pacific Ocean.

Food gave out, and the men were obliged to chew wood and leather to sustain life. The last drop of fresh water was gone; disease broke out among the sailors and many of them died. The remainder mutinied. Why should they sail on into unknown seas and certain death, they asked. But the bold navigator was unmoved. He kept his course, and after ninety-eight days reached the Ladrones in safety. Further on, he discovered the Philippine Islands, and there in a fight with the natives

Magellan and several of his men were killed. The remainder of the expedition started for home.

In July, 1522, the *Vittoria*, after safely rounding Cape Good Hope, sailed up along the African Coast and into the home port. She was the sole survivor, including the crew of thirty-one men, of the original expedition and the first vessel to circumnavigate the globe.

Doubtless you have read the humorous poem about Darius Green and his flying machine. The author of that poem would have you laugh at the foolish dream of the young inventor. In the opinion of the poet, travel by air was not within the realm of possibility and, therefore, the attempt was an act of sheer foolishness. But the Wright Brothers of Dayton, Ohio, thought otherwise. They dreamed and worked, and worked and dreamed, until they had thoroughly demonstrated man's ability to fly like an eagle in a machine under his constant control.

No sooner had the Wright Brothers demonstrated what their first machine could do, than the whole world began to speculate upon the possibilities of airplanes both for war and commercial purposes; airplanes of various types appeared rapidly, and there was soon ample opportunity to prove their worth in war.

After the World War, new flight records were made almost daily, and a speed of 274.3 miles per hour registered. Aviators began "trying their wings" in all sorts of tests of endurance. In 1920 Lieutenant Read flew across the Atlantic Ocean in two days. The Government began using airplanes to carry first-class mail, and to-day mail carriers fly from coast to coast. But the most ambitious trip ever undertaken was the flight around the world by the air cruisers of the United States Army.

When the aviators hopped off from Santa Monica, California, March 17, 1923, they embarked upon one of the most remarkable adventures ever undertaken by

man, upon land, sea, or air. There were four airplanes in the squadron under command of Major Martin. The first stop was at Seattle; the next two at Sitka and Cordova, Alaska. In this region Major Martin's machine crashed against the side of a mountain in a dense fog, and he was forced to drop out of the flight.

Continuing their course under command of Lieutenant Smith, the three remaining cruisers reached Attu, Aleutian Islands, without further difficulty.

Their next objective was Tokio, where a great reception was given them by the leading men of Japan.

Hops of five to six hundred miles without stopping were accepted as a matter of course. Their engines were capable of carrying them one thousand miles at a single flight, if need be, and these long flights across unknown seas and boundless deserts were undertaken with entire confidence of success.

Successive stops were made at Nagasaki, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Calcutta, Bagdad, San Stephen, and London. At the latter place the fliers were fêted and showered with honors by the English people.

When their machines were again made ready, the aviators flew to Reykjavik, Iceland; then to Avigtut, Greenland; Rigollet, Labrador; and finally across to Boston, United States of America.

At every American city where the airplanes stopped, the people went wild with joy and acclaimed the world flight the most daring achievement in the world's history. At Washington, D. C., a grand reception was held and President Coolidge personally congratulated the men on their successful adventure.

From Washington to Los Angeles, the air fleet returned by easy stages, and when at last the starting point was again reached, the around-the-world journey was ended. The signal honor for this achievement fell to six American



heroes, flying in three airplanes, every part of which was designed and built by American mechanics. The exact distance flown was 27,534 miles and the actual flying time was 351 hours and eleven minutes. No wonder the world applauded American genius and daring.

—WILLIAM HUFFMAN.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Using a globe, trace the voyage of Magellan.
2. In the same way, trace the flight of the American fliers.
3. Did their paths cross? Which trip was the longer? Why?
4. Which was the more important? Be prepared to support your position by argument.
5. Why did Columbus believe that he had sailed around the earth?
6. Consult your history book to find out what the Spanish were seeking through the voyages of Columbus and Magellan.
7. Did Magellan circumnavigate the earth?
8. What is meant by each of the following phrases:

red blooded boys
cross-country motor trip
new worlds to conquer
physical impossibility
prescribed route
circumnavigate the earth
applauded American genius

rounding Cape Good Hope
within the realm of possibility
sheer foolishness
under his constant control
began to speculate
air cruisers
their next objective

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Around the World in Eighty Days*, JULES VERNE; 2. *The Voyage of the Beagle*, CHARLES DARWIN; 3. *Tom Sawyer Abroad*, MARK TWAIN; 4. *The Voyages of Captain Scott*, CHARLES TURLEY; 5. *Heroes of the Sea*, CHELSEA FRASER; 6. *Fourteen Years a Sailor*, JOHN KENTON; 7. *The Cruise of the Cachalot*, FRANK T. BULLEN; 8. *The Story of Magellan*, HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH; 9. *Two Years Before the Mast*, R. H. DANA.



GOOD MORNING

Picture an old Negro dressed in ragged clothes, shuffling down the road on a bright winter morning. Perhaps he is out looking for firewood or to examine his snare traps to see if he has captured a rabbit for his midday meal.

On the side of the road on a fence post is a blue jay dressed in his gorgeous coat. The Negro addresses the blue jay, and this is what he says:

Mawnin, Mistah Blue Jay!
How yo ah this wintah day?
My, but yo is lookin' pert!
Whar yo git that foxy shirt?
Stripes o' white wid dots o' black,
Alice Blue all down yo back!
Gee, but yo's a busy bird,
Quite a hustlah, on mah word.
What yo tryin' foh ter git?
Hain't yo had yer breakfas' yit?
Lovely weathah hain't it tho!
Sun a-shinin' on the snow,

Fields all decked in dazzlin' white,
 It sho am a gorgeous sight!
 Hain't yo glad now, Mistah Jay,
 Yo and me's alive terday?
 Well, old spo't, I'se got ter mose—
 Wisht I had a shirt like yo'se.

—P. D. Gog.

In *The Chicago Tribune*.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. How would the one who is talking to the blue jay vote on the Birds' Petition found in the selection on page 25? What do you get from this poem which leads you to this judgment? 2. Which speech do you like better—that of the old Negro above or that of the birds as told in "A Friend of the Birds" on page 25? 3. Do you think that the authors of the two selections think alike about birds? 4. Why does the author sign himself P. D. Gog? Do you suppose that is his name? If it is not, what do you call such a signature?

SKATING SONG

Away! away! our fires stream bright
 Along the frozen river;
 And their arrowy sparkles of frosty light
 On the forest branches quiver.
 Away! away! the stars shine forth
 On the pure snows of the valley,
 In giddy trance, the moonbeams dance—
 Come, comrades, let us rally!

Let others choose more gentle sports,
 Beside the winter hearth;
 Or 'neath the lamps of festal halls,
 Seek for their share of mirth;
 But as for me, away! away!

Where the merry skaters be— [glows,
 Where the fresh wind blows, and the smooth ice
 There is the place for me.

THE SHIP OF STATE

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail
And not a rent made by the gale.
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee.

—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

ADDITIONAL READINGS: 1. *Old Ironsides*, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES; 2. *I Hear America Singing*, WALT WHITMAN; 3. *Uncle Sam's Secret*, OSCAR P. AUSTIN; 4. *The American's Creed*, WILLIAM TYLER PAGE.

A BOLD DREAM REALIZED

"The goal is won. White desolation lies
About the ageless axle of the earth;
While robbed of warmth, the never-setting sun
Circles above a world where life is not."

April 6, 1909. A bitter, brilliant day, the temperature sixty-five degrees below freezing point.

Wide stretching ice fields, covering an ocean two miles in depth, a sky of blue, and a blinding sun sweeping slowly around the heavens, parallel with the horizon.

A region into which in all the ages since the earth was born no human being had ever penetrated. The North Pole. The splendid, glittering, frozen prize of centuries.

Six fur-clad figures, representing three great races, the White, the Yellow, and the Black; five groups of splendid Eskimo dogs; five long, narrow-curved sledges; two little beehive-shaped snow huts in the lee of some upheaved ice blocks; and on the highest pinnacle a flag waving gently in the breeze—the Stars and Stripes. Your flag and mine.

Never shall I forget it, and I don't want you to, for it was the result of dreaming a dream, the working for the realization of the dream through twenty-three long years with every energy of brain and soul and body concentrated on the one subject.

Now let me tell you briefly the story.

A little less than four hundred years ago, in 1527, England sent out the first recorded expedition in search of the North Pole. Eighty years later, in 1607, Henry Hudson made his historical voyage. From that time on for two hundred seventy-five years, Great Britain held the record, slowly pushing the record up to eighty-three degrees twenty minutes, north latitude.

Then, in 1882, the lead came to the United States. Thirteen years later Norway went to the front, and in 1900 a member of the Royal House of Italy, the Duke of the Abruzzi, grasped the blue ribbon. Six years later the United States again took the lead with a record of eighty-seven degrees six minutes. (See geography for map.)

So matters stood in the spring of 1908, when the Peary Arctic Club of New York City was fitting out its last Polar expedition.

The expedition left New York on July 6, 1908, in the steamer *Roosevelt*, built by the club and commanded by Captain Robert A. Bartlett; was reviewed by President Roosevelt, and steamed northward, arriving at Cape York, North Greenland, August 1.

Eskimos, dogs, furs, etc., were obtained in the Eskimo country, and on August 18 the *Roosevelt* steamed north through the narrow, ice-encumbered channels forming the American gateway to the Pole.

Winter quarters at Cape Sheridan, on the north coast of Grant Land, four hundred fifty miles from the Pole, were reached September 5. Here the expedition wintered, hunting, making equipment, and transporting supplies westward to Cape Columbia.

The expedition comprised twenty-four men, nineteen sledges and one hundred thirty-three dogs. The first division of the northern sledge party left the *Roosevelt* February 15, 1909, the last division February 22. Departing from Cape Columbia the entire sledge party headed due north, March 1.

Four successive supporting parties, in command of McMillan, Borup, Marvin, and Bartlett, returned to headquarters at various intervals, the last, in command of Bartlett, from the eighty-eighth parallel.

The main party under my command, six men, five sledges, forty dogs, pushed forward by forced marches

to the Pole itself where it arrived on April 6, 1909. Here in the midst of great fields of heavy ice, covering an ocean two miles or more in depth, with the sun circling round the sky day after day without setting, the Stars and Stripes were planted and a record left with part of the flag.

Returning we left the Pole April 7, and after a series of forced marches regained Cape Columbia April 23 and the *Roosevelt* April 27.

July 18 the *Roosevelt* started south, and September 5 reached the wireless station at Indian Harbor, Labrador, whence the message, "Stars and Stripes nailed to North Pole," was sent flashing over the world.

The discovery of the North Pole stands for the inevitable victory of persistence, experience, and endurance over all obstacles. It is the cap and climax, the finish, the closing of the book on four hundred years of history.

The great lesson of the conquest is the infinite value of persistence and sound physique. The key to final success was experience.

Every member of the party was fully imbued with the spirit of two mottoes: "Inveniat viam aut faciat" (Find a way or make one), and "Hope for the best, but be prepared for the worst."

Although this is the age of science, invention, and of wonderful progress, it is interesting to note that the North Pole was reached in the last stage (as was also the South Pole) by the first two machines on earth—the human organism and the animal organism, man and the Eskimo dog, who were driven through such a chaos of natural obstacles as are to be found nowhere else on the face of the globe; and who won by pure insistence of the perfect man body, elastic, adjustable, animated and driven by that God-given flame of intelligence which we call the brain.

Boys, guard and cherish your God-given bodies as a priceless heritage. Watch them and keep them clean and in perfect adjustment. Don't let the bearings get hot. Then, with their normal running, they will give you health and happiness and win you a place in the world; and when the supreme moment comes, as it will to some of you, when everything of ambition and success rests upon a supreme and final effort, then you can pull the throttle wide open and drive onward to your prize ahead of all competitors.

Hold fast to the creed of my dear friend, George Borup: "Clear brain, clean body, persistence, a heart that will not accept 'no,' and you can win any prize."

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven. The fated sky
Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.

—ROBERT E. PEARY.
Rear-Admiral, U. S. N.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Can you tell from the introductory stanza of this story what it is about? 2. Locate on a map the approximate position reached by each of the explorers mentioned in the selection. 3. Trace the journey made by Admiral Peary and his crew. 4. Find and read the description Peary gives of the country at the North Pole. 5. How did they know when they had arrived at the place they were seeking? 6. What is the most important part of this story? 7. What counted most on this voyage of discovery? 8. To what does Peary compare the body? 9. Of what value to the world is Peary's discovery of the North Pole?

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Tales of the Labrador*, WILFRED T. GRENFELL; 2. *Adrift on the Ice Pan*, *ibid.*; 3. *Lure of the Labrador*, DILLON WALLACE; 4. *Winning Their Way*, JOHN T. FARIS; 5. "Robert Peary," in *Modern Americans*, SANFORD and OWEN; 6. *Heroines of Service*, MARY R. PARKMAN; 7. "The Vikings," *Encyclopedias*.

A SELF-EDUCATED MAN

Abraham Lincoln will always be remembered as a great statesman—the saviour of our country. Yet he had fewer opportunities than the boys and girls of to-day. He had a fine education, but very meager schooling. He educated himself, largely through reading. He learned to read effectively, to understand what he read, to judge its value and to make use of it.

Read this selection and the one on page 1 to find out how Lincoln became a great public speaker.

“ ‘Ah, that reminds me,’ he said, ‘of a most extraordinary circumstance, which occurred in New Haven, the other day. They told me that the professor of Rhetoric in Yale College—a very learned man, isn’t he?’

“ ‘Yes, sir, and a very fine critic, too.’

“ ‘Well, I suppose so—he ought to be, at any rate—They told me that he came to hear me and took notes of my speech, and gave a lecture on it to his class the next day; and, not satisfied with that, he followed me up to Meriden the next evening and heard me again for the same purpose. Now, if this is so, it is to my mind very extraordinary. I have been sufficiently astonished at my success in the West. It has been most unexpected. But I had no thought of any marked success at the East, and least of all that I should draw out such commendations from literary and learned men!’

“ ‘That suggests, Mr. Lincoln, an inquiry which has several times been upon my lips during this conversation. I want very much to know how you got this unusual power of “putting things.” It must have been a matter of education. No man has it by education alone. What has your education been?’

“ ‘Well, as to my education, the newspapers are correct. I never went to school more than six months in my life.



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LINCOLN DELIVERING THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

But, as you say, this must be a product of culture in some form. I have been putting the question you ask me to myself while you have been talking. I say this, that among my earliest recollections, I remember how, when a mere child, I used to get irritated when anybody talked to me in a way I could not understand. I don't think I ever got angry at anything else in my life. But that always disturbed my temper, and has ever since. I can remember going to my little bedroom, after hearing the neighbors talk of an evening with my father, and spending no small part of the night walking up and down, and trying to make out what was the exact meaning of some of their, to me, dark sayings. I could not sleep, though I often tried to, when I got on such a hunt after an idea, until I had caught it; and when I thought I had got it, I was not satisfied until I had repeated it over and over, until I had put it in language plain enough, as I thought, for any boy I knew to comprehend. This was a kind of passion with me, and it has stuck by me, for I am never easy now, when I am handling a thought, until I have bounded it north, and bounded it south, and bounded it east, and bounded it west. Perhaps that accounts for the characteristic you observe in my speeches, though I never put the two things together before.' "

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

November 19, 1863

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

"We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have

come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract.

"The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

"It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced.

"It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. How did Lincoln get the ability to say so much in a few words?
2. The Gettysburg Address should be read over and over. After you have read it silently a number of times and understand its meaning, read it orally several times in the quiet of your own study room. It is like a fine piece of music. It has wonderful meaning, rhythmic music, and balance of thought.
3. Commit the Gettysburg Address to memory by reading it through many times. Do not try to study it a line at a time. After you know the greater part of it, study the difficult passages by themselves. Repeat it to yourself once a day for a week.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *The Wonderful Story of Lincoln*, C. M. STEVENS; 2. *The Boy's Life of Abraham Lincoln*, HELEN NICOLAY.

A PEEP INTO NORWAY

1,025,225 of our population are of Norwegian descent. Thousands of acres of farm lands in the Mississippi valley have been developed by these settlers. Why are they such industrious and successful farmers? Perhaps this selection will aid you in answering this question.



Nearly the whole of Norway is rocky and mountainous. The western coast is unusually wild and barren. There are hundreds, if not thousands, of bays, or fiords, running into the land. A number of the larger fiords extend one hundred miles into the mainland. They are surrounded by dark mountains, which tower four or five thousand feet into the gray sky.

Some of the mountains are bare, with not a bit of moss or lichen covering their dark walls. Others have forests of pine and fir upon their sides. Snow is often seen upon the summits of the higher mountains. Sometimes beautiful foamy cascades come leaping hundreds of feet down the mountains to fall into the clear green water of the fiord.

The surface of the fiord is usually tranquil because of the protecting chain of islands which skirt the coast. These islands break the mighty swell of the Atlantic, so that waves are seldom aroused in the fiords beyond. The

majesty and beauty of the surrounding shore are therefore perfectly reflected in the mirror-like fiord.

At the head of each fiord are situated one or more small fishing stations. Each station consists of a few cottages and perhaps one small inn; near by are the quaint fishing boats moored by the shore. A narrow valley, dotted with a few farmhouses, follows the river up among the hills.

Occasionally one sees, a mile above the fiord, a tiny hut perched upon a mountain side. There, in that perilous spot, miles and miles from neighbors, a Norwegian family is living. The farmer has found a bit of land easy to cultivate, which is very rare in many regions of Norway. He has here made his home, quite unconcerned by the fact that his toddling sons and daughters have to be tethered by lines to the house or the trees to prevent their falling down from their airy home and being killed.

The only level region of Norway is in the extreme south, while the only fertile districts lie around the cities of Christiania (recently changed to Oslo) and Trondhjem. Notwithstanding this fact, most of the Norwegians are farmers. They are very industrious, and fairly wrest their living from the hard hand of Nature.

With infinite toil, they slowly cut down the forests which cover the hillsides and fill the river valleys. These valleys, heaped with giant boulders which have choked up the rivers for generations, are cleared and planted with crops. All over Norway is seen the farmhouse, now in the river valley, now on the hillside, and now among the mountains. Sometimes several are near together, making a small settlement, but oftener the farmhouse is a solitary building, situated miles from any other dwelling.

The farmer, his family, and his servants form a small kingdom of themselves. They are forced to supply all their simple needs for themselves, and in their lonely, monotonous life together, they develop a strong, silent trust and dependence one upon the other.

The Norwegian peasant is tall and muscular, and usually has blue or gray eyes and a light beard. He is an intelligent man, if somewhat slow and deliberate in the expression of his thoughts. He is much better educated than the small English farmer of corresponding station. His wife and children, though not especially pretty, have an intelligent and pleasant appearance.

The ordinary dress of the Norwegian peasants is of homespun; but on festive occasions their costume appears gorgeous by contrast with their usual apparel. The men wear short coats and trousers and very gay vests. The women are dressed in cloth jackets, dark skirts, long white aprons, and much silver jewelry. In some regions they wear close-fitting dark caps; in other places, large white caps with butterfly frills at the top. Little girls have kerchiefs folded about their heads and knotted under their chins.

As the farmer rarely builds more than three rooms beneath one roof, he needs many little houses to take the place of the large, commodious farmhouse that we are used to see in New England. One house contains the kitchen, another serves as the bedroom of the men servants, and so on. These separate buildings are arranged so as to form a quadrangle, and near by stand the barn and various sheds.

The farmhouse proper consists of two large rooms. One is called the guest's room, but when no one is visiting, it is used as a storeroom. The other room is the living room. Here the family eat, work, and perhaps sleep.

The room is large and lofty. The dark beams are unpainted, and the floors uncarpeted. Rough wooden shelves hang from the ceiling, and solid wooden settees and chairs stand about.

In one corner of the room is a bed reached by a couple of steps. Its top and sides are of wood. Like all Swedish

beds, it is somewhat short and narrow. A grown person has to double himself like the letter S, and the short beds are one of the chief causes of complaint among travelers passing through Sweden and Norway. The bed clothing is sheep and goat skins which have been very nicely dressed.

One corner of the room is filled by the lofty fireplace. Here cooking goes on continually. When there is nothing else to cook, the housewife makes a peculiar kind of bread from rye, barley, or oats, called "flat bread."

The dough is rolled out into a flat cake about a foot and a half in diameter. The cake might almost be called a wafer, because it is nearly as thin as paper. The next step is to bake the cake upon a large griddle or a flat stone. The woman sits before the fire, and bakes so rapidly that she soon has a large pile of "flat bread" beside her on the hearth. It is crisp, and reminds one of brown wrapping paper, but it gives very little nourishment. The Norwegian table is always piled high with the national bread; but, though one should eat twenty cakes, he would still go away hungry.

There is frequently an outer kitchen in a small shed, where the rough cooking, the brewing, and the boiling of lye are carried on.

Among the numerous barns, sheds, and pens stands the large storehouse. It is particularly well built, and is mounted upon four wooden piles to keep it from the damp ground. In the different compartments are stored the family stock of food for the year. Here stand the flour barrels; there hang the smoked meats and the dried beef and pork. Along the floor is stacked the "flat bread."

If the farm is a large one, there are usually several cottages belonging to the farmer. He lets them to tenants, who help in the work. The cottages are clustered together at a little distance from the farmhouse.

There is often, far up on the hillside among the pastures, another small building known as the mountain dairy. During the summer months the cows are driven to the uplands, where they crop the sweet, short, sparse grass growing among rocks and boulders. They are tended by a herdboy, who, in the late twilight, drives them to the dairy, where they are milked by the farmer's daughter and the dairymaid that she has with her.

These girls live through the summer at the dairy farm, and they grow to love the life they lead. During the day they are occupied in caring for the milk and making butter and cheese. But their time is passed outdoors; and, at any moment, they have only to raise their heads to behold, spread out before them, most beautiful views of mountain, lake, and quiet valley. The air is most invigorating, and the life is simply delightful.

Anyone who has ever spent a summer on a mountain dairy farm has a strong desire, at the opening of every succeeding summer, to return to the simple, happy, outdoor life. Even the cows share the love for the mountains; and, in spring, they have to be watched, lest, at the first warm day, they start off for their old lofty haunts.

There are many varieties of cheese made in Norway. One kind looks and smells like a cake of dark soap; other kinds are more attractive. Oftentimes at the hotels or on shipboard, there are set out as many as a dozen different varieties of cheese, causing the table to appear like a table at an agricultural fair.

The farmer's food is very simple. It consists of porridge and milk, fish, dried and salted meats, potatoes, cheese and bread.

The whole family, including the servants, gather about the rough board table. Here their manners are far from elegant. If they desire some distant article of food at the farther end of the table, they will rise and walk to it and

help themselves. Everyone seems to be thinking of his own wants, rather than of the wants of others.

The summers of Norway are very short. Crops are, in some regions, planted, tended, and harvested within six weeks.

A Norwegian farmer has many difficulties to contend with. Violent rainstorms wash away the growing grain, and early frosts blight the corn. He generally calculates upon one, if not two, unsuccessful years in every five.

The growth of grass is scanty. To secure hay for the cattle, every tuft of grass growing among the rocks must be carefully cut. Even flowers and brakes find their way into the fodder.

Barns, in which hay is stored, are built on the mountain pastures. As winter approaches, the hay is removed to the home barn. When there is no road from the pasture to the farm, a pulley is rigged and bundles of hay are shot down the mountain side on ropes. A stranger is often greatly startled at seeing such a bundle flying through the air like some great unknown bird.

If the crops on the farm fail, the farmer joins either the fishermen or the lumbermen in their work. In the depths of winter the farmer's wife packs her husband's little knapsack of birch bark with flour, dried meats, herring, butter, cheese, coffee, and sugar. Shouldering this, he tramps away on snowshoes into the lonely forest.

He joins two lumbermen, and together they build a small log hut, twelve feet long and eight feet wide. The crevices between the logs are stuffed with moss. One man can scarcely crawl through the doorway, which is made as small as possible to keep out the cold. The hut contains merely a flat stone for a fireplace, on which rude cooking is done, and a bed.

You would not think their rough couch worthy the

name of bed, for it is made of logs rolled close to one another, and spread with hay and dried moss. The men do not remove their clothing at night, and sleep as near the fire as possible. They need all the warmth they can get, for while on the side towards the blazing fire their clothes are steaming with heat, on the other side they freeze to the wall, so piercing are the keen winter nights.

The logs reach the manufacturing villages and towns by the mountain stream, which broadens and deepens on its way into a river. When the spring freshets come, the logs are rapidly carried down to the sawmills.

But it is often difficult to transport the logs from the forest high in the mountain to the stream deep in the valley. Sometimes they are allowed to slide down the mountain side; then again, they are loaded upon wagons drawn by horses. The roads are often so steep that the horses are forced to sit down and slide rapidly along the descending slopes.

When the logs are once launched upon the stream, the lumberman's labor is not yet over. He has now to guide, or "float," them down to the town.

On the large rivers there is very little peril to the "floater," as the lumberman is now called, but on the abrupt mountain streams where the logs are continually running aground, or blocking each other's way, it is very different.

The "floater" spends much of his time in water above his knees. As the water is icy cold, and he has no chance to change or dry his clothes before night, his feet frequently become frozen, or he catches a serious cold.

Again, while running out upon the logs, he may fall into the river between them and be jammed to death. In removing one log which may be blocking the rest, he may remain a little too late and be overwhelmed by the descending avalanche.

There are many sawmills throughout Norway, and lumber is one of the chief articles of export. Some enterprising Norwegian capitalists have even bought forests in Sweden and have extended their lumbering interests to that country. The sawmills are all run by water power, and when the cut of logs has been sufficiently large, the mills are kept running all the year. Many of the mills are located on or near the deep fiords so that it is possible to load the lumber upon boats, for exporting, with the least possible effort. This industry, likewise, requires the services of many hands, and the Norwegian boys take to it naturally; thousands of them find employment in the shipping fleets of their own and other lands.

From *The World and Its People*.

A TRUE-FALSE TEST

Which of the statements below are *true* and which are *false*?

1. The low, shallow coast of Norway offers few opportunities for harboring ships.
2. All of the mountains are covered with forests of pine and fir.
3. The streams of Norway have their source in the snow-covered mountains.
4. The chief occupation of the people is fishing.
5. Most of the Norwegian people live in cities.
6. The Norwegian farmers have great difficulties to overcome.
7. Farm homes are usually built in the level regions near the mouths of rivers.
8. The farmer raises most of his food and the materials for his clothing.
9. The little farm maids do not wear hats.
10. Farmhouses are large and contain many rooms.
11. Beds are covered with homespun sheets.
12. The housewife uses neither a gas range nor a kitchen stove.
13. A peculiar kind of bread, called "flat bread" is made from rye and wheat flour mixed into a dough.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *The Land of the Long Night*, Du-CHAILLU; 2. *Little Journeys to Norway*, MARIAN GEORGE; 3. *When I Was a Boy in Norway*, J. O. HALL; 4. *Norway*, MOCKLER and TERRYMAN.

THE STORY OF A BOUND BOY

In colonial days, and even after the Revolution, it was common for poor families to "bind" their children into the service of more prosperous persons until such children reached the age of twenty-one. Even adults in England, too poor to pay their own passage to the colonies, bound themselves for a period of years to serve wealthy land owners who advanced the necessary money.

The following account gives some incidents in the life of a bound boy. In what ways does his life differ from that of a regular member of the family?

On April 14, 1797, while I was still in my ninth year, Mr. Daniel Parker came to my father's house to get a boy to live with him. Mother said he might take his choice—Samuel or Asa. "I will take Asa," he said, "because he is the younger." Accordingly, my father went over with me to the Parker place.

I found the family to consist of Mr. Parker, who was about forty years of age; his wife, who was about the same age; David, about eighteen; and two daughters, Patty and Sally, who were a few years younger. Mrs. Parker told me to call her "mother," and certainly she acted the part of mother to me. She fed me when hungry; dried my clothes when wet; cared for my every want; and when troubles assailed me that she could not help, she pitied and sympathized with me. In short, she was as kind as my own mother.

On first entering the house, I found no one at home except Mrs. Parker and her two daughters. After sitting a few minutes, she said, "You may go to the barn and see the calves." There were six of them, and I employed the forenoon in cleaning the stalls. After dinner I went

with Mr. Parker to split oak butts into wheel spokes. Thus ended my first day's servitude.

Our spring plowing that year was done by four oxen and a horse, and it was my constant business to drive them. In hoeing corn, the rule was for me to hoe every alternate hill and follow back on the same row, thus keeping alongside the men (doing half the work of a man). Thus the summer passed pleasantly away, and when the winter term began, I had the privilege of attending school. There I formed a lasting attachment to a schoolmate—Daniel Putnam, a boy nearly my size and age.

Next spring my father needed a cow. Mr. Parker agreed to sell him one for twenty-two dollars, and I was to work for him another year to pay for her. I was also to have winter schooling. When winter came, the ponds were fine for skating, but Mr. Parker was so miserly he was unwilling to let me slide on the ice, because it wore my shoes out; but, thanks to Mother Parker's good will, I found frequent opportunities to enjoy an hour on the ponds.

At the commencement of my third year, Mr. Parker frequently urged that I should be *bound* to him, telling my father that he would give him twenty dollars in cash, and would give me one hundred dollars on my becoming twenty-one years of age. To this my father agreed, and the necessary documents were signed without my mother's knowledge. Great was her anguish on learning that her son was a "bond slave," as she was pleased to call it.

In my fourth year of service, there was no snow for sledding till February or March, when, a nice fall of snow coming, there was created in me an ambition to drive a load of wood to Salem and sell it. I did so, and when at Salem a baker agreed with me for a load of faggots, or twigs bound in bundles, for heating bake ovens. With the hope that Mr. Parker would give me all of the money

for the faggots, if I could contrive to make them without taking his time, I kept my hatchet in the cow pasture. When I found the cows handily, I could make eight or ten bundles, and then run and catch up with them. If I did not find them readily, I made less and so on.

Finally, I drove the load to Salem and brought home five dollars and eighty cents. I turned the money over to Mr. Parker and he was niggardly enough to offer me twelve and a half cents for all my labor, hurry, and toil. Mother Parker, seeing me about to take it, gave a stamp with her foot, when the ninepence (twelve and a half cents) dropped on the floor and I hastened out of the house. Soon after Mother Parker went to Salem herself and brought home a nice hat for me that cost three dollars. There was but one other hat worn in town that was as nice. On presenting it she said, "There, Asa, that will do you more good than the ninepence."

Once in April when the snow was falling fast, Mr. Parker came to me and said, "If you will leave vine stripping and go get the sheep up, I will pay you for it." I did, and found a wee little lamb in the snow. Taking off my frock, I wrapped it about the helpless creature and brought it home. "Now, Asa," said Mr. Parker, "if you will make that lamb live, you may have it as pay for going after the sheep, and all the ewe lambs she has, I will keep for you for their wool; and all the male lambs you may sell to the butcher." All night I watched the wee creature, and in the morning it was able to draw "rations" from its mother.

Early in the autumn, the frigate *Essex* was to be launched. All the boys in the neighborhood were going to see the great sight. I wanted to go, but Mr. Parker said "No"; and it was not until several boys had interceded with him that he finally gave his consent. We started at midnight, eighteen in all, and walked sixteen

miles to Salem. At length we saw the *Essex* leave "the home of her birth," and with her precious cargo of curious mortals anxious to catch the first ride on her, the great boat slid gently down her greased ways and bathed herself for the first time in the briny deep.

Afterwards we walked about town to see the sights, ate gingerbread and pies, and towards night set our faces towards home. It was a most formidable journey for boys of our age, and before we reached home our fatigue was so great that we lay down on the ground to rest every half mile.

In summer brown bread and milk was the constant food for the whole family, morning and night. By brown bread is meant bread made of rye and Indian meal, raised and baked in large loaves in a brick oven. Supper for Saturday was always roast potatoes and salt; no butter was used. The winter rations were beef broth, with brown bread crumbled in, and, for a change, bean porridge. This porridge was made by boiling a piece of pork with a handful of beans till they had become soft and mashed; they were then dipped out into dishes with bread crumbled in. Our Sunday dinner was invariably baked beans with salt pork, and a baked Indian pudding. A little butter was allowed for the pudding.

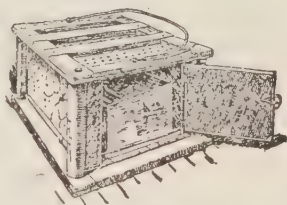
The Thanksgiving festival was, indeed, a luxury. We commonly had fowls and roasted pork, or spareribs and plum puddings, with as many as three kinds of pie—mince, apple, and pumpkin. We had as nice a treat at Thanksgiving then, as people have now, and ate it with greater zest.

My clothes in summer were a straw hat, tow shirt, and tow trousers. When the mornings were cool, I put on my vest, such as it was, and my frock if required. I had no shoes until the ground began to freeze.

For winter, I wore striped blue and white woolen

trousers, and a fulled cloth vest and jacket. These were commonly made of Mr. Parker's or of David's cast off clothes, which good Mother Parker took care to have well mended, much to my comfort. I was never allowed an overcoat while I lived there, or a pair of boots. I was allowed only one pair of shoes for two years. Parker used to tell me, when I went to get my feet measured, to put on two pairs of stockings and to tell the shoemaker to be sure to make them large enough to last two years.

The first year I put old flannels, or baize as it was called, around my feet to keep the shoes from slipping and wearing out my stockings. Mr. Parker kept shoe-making tools on hand, and when shoes needed repairing, he would tap them with old leather and fill the soles with nails to make them last well; and Mother Parker would make me leggings from her husband's old stocking legs.



A foot stove.

—ASA G. SHELDON, 1797.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. If this account bore no date, the historian could fix its probable date by the information given in the story. Reread it making note of words, phrases, customs, and happenings which might be used to determine the time. 2 How does a "bound" boy differ from our modern apprentice? 3. How old was this boy when he was "bound" to Mr. Parker? Read orally the sentences which give you this information. 4. For how many years was he bound? 5. He worked for one year to pay for a twenty-two dollar cow. On that basis, were he and his father properly compensated for the period of his bondage?

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. "Grandfather's Chair," LONGFELLOW; 2. *Child Life in Colonial Days*, EARLE; 3. *Colonial Days*, SMITH; 4. *Colonists and the Revolution*, BARSTOW; 5. *Children's Stories in American History*, WRIGHT.



THE NUBIAN SLAVE

The following story is a selection from *The Talisman* by Sir Walter Scott. Richard, King of England, with an army is attempting to recapture the Holy Land from the Turks while his brother John remains at home to rule England in his absence. Saladin, the leader of the Turks, has sent to his opponent, King Richard, a Nubian slave as a present. The story proceeds from this point.

King Richard surveyed the Nubian in silence as he stood before him. His looks bent upon the ground, his arms folded on his bosom, the Nubian had the appearance of a black marble statue of the most exquisite workmanship. The King of England, who, as it was emphatically said of his successor Henry the Eighth, loved to look upon a MAN, was well pleased with the *thews*, *sinews*, and symmetry of him whom he now surveyed, and questioned him: "Art thou a pagan?"

The slave shook his head, and, raising his finger to his brow, crossed himself in token of his Christianity, then resumed his posture of motionless humility.

"A Nubian Christian, doubtless," said Richard, "and with thy organ of speech cut out by these heathen dogs?"

The mute again slowly shook his head, in token of negative, pointed with his forefinger to heaven, and then laid it upon his own lips.

"I understand thee," said Richard; "thou dost suffer under the infliction of God, not by the cruelty of man. Canst thou clean an armor and belt, and buckle it in time of need?"

The mute nodded, and stepping towards the coat of mail, which hung with the shield and helmet of the chivalrous monarch, upon the pillar of the tent, he handled it with such nicety of address, as sufficiently to show that he fully understood the business of the armor-bearer.

"Thou art an apt, and wilt doubtless be a useful knave. Thou shalt wait in my chamber, and on my person," said the King, "to show how much I value the gift of the royal Soldan. If thou hast no tongue, it follows thou canst carry no tales, neither provoke me to be sudden by any unfit reply."

The Nubian again prostrated himself till his brow touched the earth, then stood erect, at some paces distant, as waiting for his new master's commands.

"Nay, thou shalt commence thy office presently," said Richard, "for I see a speck of rust darkening on that shield; and when I shake it in the face of Saladin, it should be bright and unsullied as the Soldan's honor and mine own."

A horn was winded without, and presently Sir Henry Neville entered with a packet of dispatches. "From England, my lord," he said, as he delivered it.

"From England,—our own England!" repeated Richard in a tone of melancholy enthusiasm. "Alas! they little think how hard their sovereign has been beset by sickness and sorrow, faint friends, and forward enemies." Then, opening the dispatches, he said hastily, "Ha! this comes

from no peaceful land; they, too, have their feuds. Neville, begone; I must peruse these tidings alone, and at leisure."

Neville withdrew accordingly, and Richard was soon absorbed in the melancholy details which had been conveyed to him from England: the factions that were tearing to pieces his native dominions, the disunion of his brothers, John and Geoffrey, and the quarrels of both with the Bishop of Ely; the oppressions practiced by the nobles upon the peasantry, and rebellion of the latter against their masters, which had produced everywhere scenes of discord, and in some instances the effusion of blood. Details of incidents mortifying to his pride, and contrary to his authority, were intermingled with the earnest advice of his wisest and most attached counsellors, that he should presently return to England; and that his presence offered the only hope of saving the kingdom from all the horrors of civil discord, of which France and Scotland were likely to avail themselves.

Filled with the most painful anxiety, Richard read, and again read, the ill-omened letters. He compared the intelligence which some of them contained with the same facts as differently stated in others, and soon became totally insensible to whatever was passing around him. Although seated, for the sake of coolness, close to the entrance of his tent, he had the curtains withdrawn, so that he could see and be seen by the guards and others who were stationed without.

Deeper in the shadow of the pavilion, and busied with the task his new master had imposed, sat the Nubian slave, with his back rather turned towards the king. He had finished adjusting and cleaning the hauberk and brigandine, and was now busily employed on a broad pavesse. This buckler was of unusual size, and covered with steel plating, which Richard often used in reconnoitering, or actually storming fortified places, as a more

effectual protection against missile weapons, than the narrow triangular shield used on horseback.

This pavesse bore neither the royal lions of England, nor any other device, to attract the observation of the defenders of the walls against which it was advanced. The care, therefore, of the armorer was addressed to causing its surface to shine as bright as crystal, in which he seemed to be peculiarly successful. Beyond the Nubian, and scarce visible from without, lay the large dog, which might be termed his brother slave. As if he felt awed by being transferred to a royal owner, he lay couched close to the side of the mute, with head and ears on the ground, and his limbs and tail drawn close around and under him.

While the monarch and his new attendant were thus occupied, another actor crept upon the scene, and mingled among the group of English yeomen. Observing the unusually pensive posture and close occupation of their sovereign, the yeomen were, contrary to their wont, keeping a silent guard in front of his tent. It was not, however, more vigilant than usual. Some were playing at games of hazard with small pebbles; others spoke together in whispers of the approaching day of battle; and several lay asleep, their bulky limbs folded in their green mantles.

Amid these careless warders glided the puny form of a little old Turk, poorly dressed like a marabout or santon of the desert,—such as sometimes ventured into the camp of the Crusaders. Indeed, the luxury of the Christian leaders had occasioned a motley gathering in their tents of musicians, Jewish merchants, Copts, Turks, and all the varied refuse of the Eastern nations, so that the caftan and turban—though to drive both from the Holy Land was the professed object of the expedition—were nevertheless, neither an uncommon nor an alarming sight in the camp of the Crusaders.

When, however, the little insignificant figure we have described approached so nigh as to receive some interruption from the warders, he dashed his dusky green turban from his head; he showed that his beard and eyebrows were shaved like those of a professed buffoon, and that the expression of his fantastic features, as well as of his little black eyes, was that of a crazed imagination.

"Dance, marabout," cried the soldiers, acquainted with the manners of these wandering enthusiasts, "dance, or we will scourge thee with our bowstrings, till thou spin as never top did under schoolboy's lash." Thus shouted the reckless warders, as much delighted at having a subject to tease as a child when he catches a butterfly, or a schoolboy upon discovering a bird's nest.

The marabout, as if happy to do their behests, bounded from the earth, and spun his giddy round before them with singular agility. His slight and wasted figure and diminutive appearance made him resemble a withered leaf twirled round and around at the pleasure of the winter's breeze. His single lock of hair streamed upwards from his bald and shaven head, as if some genie upheld him by it, and, indeed, it seemed as if supernatural art were necessary to the execution of the wild whirling dance, in which scarce the tiptoe of the performer was seen to touch the ground.

In the course of his performance, he flew here and there, from one spot to another, still approaching, however, though almost imperceptibly, to the entrance of the royal tent, so that, when at length he sunk exhausted on the earth, after two or three bounds still higher than those which he had yet executed, he was not above thirty yards from the king's person.

For the space of a quarter of an hour or longer after the incident related, all remained perfectly quiet in the front of the royal habitation. The king read and mused in the

entrance of his pavilion; behind, and with his back turned to the same entrance, the Nubian slave still burnished the ample pavesse; in front of all, at an hundred paces distant, the yeomen of the guard stood, sat, or lay extended on the grass, attentive to their own sports, but pursuing them in silence, while on the ground betwixt them and the front of the tent, lay, scarcely to be distinguished from a bundle of rags, the senseless form of the marabout.

But the Nubian had the advantage of a mirror, from the brilliant reflection which the surface of the highly polished shield now afforded, by means of which he beheld, to his alarm and surprise, that the marabout raised his head gently from the ground; and having surveyed all around him, that the man was moving with a well-adjusted precaution, towards his master's door. The marabout dropped his head instantly, as if satisfied he was unobserved. Then with the slightest possible appearance of effort, he began to drag himself as if by chance, ever nearer and nearer to the king. At intervals he stopped and remained fixed, like the spider, which, moving towards her object collapses into apparent lifelessness when she thinks she is observed. This species of movement appeared suspicious to the Ethiopian. Accordingly, he prepared himself as quietly as possible to interfere, the instant that interference should seem to be necessary.

The marabout meanwhile glided on gradually and imperceptibly, serpent-like, or rather snail-like, till he was about ten yards' distance from Richard's person. Suddenly starting to his feet, he sprung forward with the bound of a tiger, stood at the king's back in less than an instant, and brandished aloft the poniard which he had hidden in his sleeve.

Not the presence of his whole army could have saved

their heroic monarch; but the motions of the Nubian had been as well calculated as those of the enthusiast, and, ere the latter could strike, the former caught his uplifted arm. Turning his fanatical wrath upon what thus unexpectedly interposed betwixt him and his object, the marabout dealt the Nubian a blow with the dagger. However, it only grazed his arm, while the far superior strength of the Ethiopian easily dashed the assassin to the ground.

Aware of what had passed, Richard had now arisen. With little more of surprise, anger, or interest of any kind in his countenance, than an ordinary man would show in brushing off an intrusive wasp, he caught up the stool on which he had been sitting, and exclaimed, "Ha, dog!" dashed almost to pieces the skull of the assassin. "Allah ackbar!"—God is victorious, exclaimed the marabout, once in a loud and once in a broken tone—and expired at the king's feet.

"Ye are careful warders," said Richard to his archers, in a tone of scornful reproach, as, aroused by the bustle of what had passed, in terror and tumult they now rushed into his tent. "Watchful sentinels ye are, to leave me to do such hangman's work with my own hand. Be silent all of you, and cease your senseless clamor! Saw ye never a dead Turk before? Cast that carrion out of camp, strike the head from the trunk, and stick it on a lance, taking care to turn the face to Mecca, that he may the easier tell the foul impostor, on whose inspiration he came hither, how he has sped on his errand.

"For thee, my swart and silent friend," he added, turning to the Ethiopian. "But how's this? Thou art wounded, and with a poisoned weapon, I warrant me; for by force of stab, so weak an animal as that could scarce hope to do more than graze the lion's hide. Suck the poison from his wound, one of you: the venom is

harmless on the lips, though fatal when it mingles with the blood."

The yeomen looked on one another confusedly and with hesitation. Strange danger, indeed, to those who feared no other.

"How now, sirrahs?" continued the king, "are you dainty-lipped, or do you fear death, that you dally thus?"

"Not the death of a man," said Long Allan, to whom the king looked as he spoke, "but methinks I would not die like a poisoned rat for the sake of a black chattel there, that is bought and sold in a market like an ox."

"His Grace speaks to men of sucking poison," muttered another yeomen, "as if he said, 'Go to, swallow a gooseberry!'"

"Nay," said Richard, "I never bade man do that which I would not do myself."

And without further ceremony, and in spite of the general remonstrance of those around, and the respectful opposition of the Nubian himself, the King of England applied his lips to the wound of the black slave, treating with ridicule all remonstrances, and overpowering all resistance. He had no sooner begun his singular occupation, than the Nubian started from him, and, casting a scarf over his arm, intimated by gestures, as firm in purpose as they were respectful in manner, his determination not to permit the monarch to carry on so degrading an employment. Long Allan also interposed, saying that if it were necessary to prevent the King engaging again in a treatment of this kind, his own lips, tongue, and teeth were at the service of the Negro (as he called the Ethiopian), and that he would eat him up bodily rather than that King Richard's mouth should again approach him.

Neville, who entered with other officers, added his remonstrance.

"Nay, nay, make not a needless haloo about a hart that the hounds have lost, or a danger when it is over," said the King. "The wound will be a trifle, for the blood is scarce drawn,—an angry cat had dealt a deeper scratch—and, for me, I have but to take a dram of medicine by way of precaution, though it is needless."

Thus spoke Richard. But when Neville continued to make remonstrances on the peril to his royal person, the King imposed silence on him.

"Peace, I prithee; make no more of it. I did it but to show these ignorant, prejudiced knaves how they might help each other when these cowardly caitiffs come against us with sarbacanes and poisoned shafts."

—From *The Talisman*.

By SIR WALTER SCOTT.

HELPS TO STUDY

1 If you like this selection, you will be interested in the entire book. The name of it is given in the introduction. You can secure it from the public library. Perhaps you can find in it another incident more interesting than this one. If you do, you may read it to the class. 2. The story can be divided into three parts. Where would you make the divisions? What names would you give to the parts? 3. If this Nubian slave were a white man in disguise, how would Richard have found it out? 4. Do you think Richard acted properly in killing the would-be assassin? 5. What uncommon words are introduced in the story? Do you like them better than their present day substitutes?

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *The Talisman*; *Ivanhoe*, SIR WALTER SCOTT; 2. *Tales of Troy*, DE GARMO; 3. *Story of Siegfried*, BALDWIN; 4. *Knights of the Round Table*, FROST; 5. *The Boy's King Arthur*, LANIER; 6. *Tales from Shakespeare*, LAMB.

TEN RULES FOR MIDSHIPMEN

1. Do your day's work every day.
2. Strive to make 100 % in everything you undertake.
3. Obey orders cheerfully, honestly, and conscientiously.
4. Do your full duty on time, all the time.
5. Practice self-control and self-denial.
6. Be considerate of others. Be helpful, cheerful, and courteous.
7. Don't be a "growler," or a "sea-lawyer," or a "drifter," or a "dud."
8. Be true to yourself, to your mess-mates, to your task.
9. Be true to the great naval service to which it is your priceless privilege to belong.
10. Always steer a straight course and answer with a cheerful "aye, aye, sir!"

Be a man and never say die.

—SUPT. UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY



THE HUSH OF WINTER

MIDWINTER

The speckled sky is dim with snow,
The light flakes falter and fall slow;
Athwart the hilltop, rapt and pale,
Silently drops a silvery veil;
And all the valley is shut in
By flickering curtains gray and thin.

But cheerily the chickadee
Singeth to me on fence and tree;
The snow sails round him as he sings,
White as the down of angels' wings.

I watch the snow flakes as they fall
On bank and brier and broken wall;
Over the orchard, waste and brown,
All noiselessly they settle down,
Tipping the apple boughs and each
Light quivering twig of plum and peach.

—JOHN T. TROWBRIDGE.

FOND REMEMBRANCE

Where is the heart that doth not keep,
Within its inmost core,
Some fond remembrance hidden deep,
Of days that are no more?

—ELLEN C. HOWORTH.

THROUGH A BOY'S EYES

Not every schoolboy has an opportunity to travel around and see the world. Certainly few boys have the opportunities offered Leon Patroni, for his father is a sea captain and, in vacations, Leon goes to sea with his father. Some of his experiences are told below. As you read, make note of the various kinds of transportation mentioned, and the difference between Mediterranean customs and our own.

On a voyage to the Mediterranean, the trip is usually broken by a stop at Madeira, a beautiful island belonging to Portugal and situated three hundred sixty miles off the coast of Africa. Scarcely does the boat come to a stop before it is surrounded by skiffs manned by half-naked men and boys, all expert swimmers, and all begging the passengers to throw them coins for which they will dive into the clear, blue water. They are a noisy lot, these swimmers, and keep up a continual banter with the passengers on deck. Swimming and diving are their means of livelihood, and some of the more expert swimmers seem to fare pretty well. For a dollar, a man will dive under the boat and emerge on the other side. To do this trick he must descend at least thirty-five feet and swim nearly one hundred feet under the bottom of the steamer. When his grinning face appears above the water with the silver dollar in his teeth, the daring swimmer receives a great ovation.

Funchal is the principal port of Madeira, and one of the quaintest cities in all the world. Notwithstanding the semitropical climate, one can go *sledding* here every day of the year. For a few cents one can engage a sled and "take in" the city while the boat is at the dock. This sled is certainly a novel mode of travel. It consists of a wicker-

work body set upon two wooden runners and is covered with a canvas canopy with chintz curtains at the sides. A pair of sleepy oxen complete the equipage. In this "lightning express" one may travel up hill and down, seeing the sights of Madeira. The driver runs at the side, continually bawling out his commands to his steeds and goading them to right and to left. In one hand he carries a greasy rag with which to lubricate the runners.

Tourists are never alone in Funchal. A troupe of children will follow a sled for a mile in the hope of selling the traveler a buttonnier. From time to time they throw flowers into the sled and keep adding to the number until their generosity is rewarded by a coin or two from the occupant.

A visit to Funchal is never complete without a journey to the mountain top, back of the city. The ascent is made by rail. The scenery is exquisite, changing at every turn, and the view from the top is indescribably beautiful. Below is the semitropical vegetation of the island, and distant, perhaps a hundred miles, the blue of the sea and the blue of the sky merge into one.

However, it's not the scenery, beautiful as it is, that one remembers most vividly; it is the "slide back" down the mountain side. This is really thrilling and is accomplished in a wooden sled, similar to the ox drawn vehicles. Instead of the oxen, two brawny porters one at either side, hold the sled by means of stout ropes from sliding down too fast or too close to the ravine.

All ready. You step into the basket and off you go. The path is paved with cobble stones which are kept smooth and slippery from frequent contact with the greasy runners. You laugh and shout as you bump and toss from one side to the other of the rocky slide. This ride surpasses the famous "ocean wave" of Coney Island, New York, for variety of thrills. The last half mile is taken on the

run, and you literally hold your breath, for fear you may land over the precipice on the one hand or come to a sudden halt against a stone wall on the other. Of course nothing of the sort happens, and presently you reach the foot of the mountain and land among the shopkeepers. Here a new kind of excitement awaits you. The shopkeepers are quite as eager to sell needlework and wicker ware as the children were to sell their flowers, with this difference, that these small merchants ask enormous prices for their goods at first, but are willing to sell at less—oh, so much less, rather than lose a sale. In the end you purchase some trifle, in order to free yourself politely from the zealous shopkeepers, and return to the steamer well pleased with your short adventure.

When Gibraltar was cited, of course every one rushed on deck to gaze upon this, the mightiest fortress in the world. The strait of Gibraltar is fifteen miles wide and very deep. A curious fact is the current of the channel, flowing like a great river from the Atlantic into the Mediterranean. The lower level of water in the sea is caused by its greater evaporation. The Rock of Gibraltar itself is fourteen hundred feet high and is connected with the mainland only by a low slip of land. This rock and the corresponding one on the African coast, were called by the ancients the Pillars of Hercules and were thought to form the western boundary of the earth. The Rock is of limestone and is honeycombed with many caves and caverns. Of these the one most frequently visited by tourists is St. Michael's Cave, two hundred feet long and seventy high. It is connected by tortuous passages with four similar halls. Since 1704, Gibraltar has been in possession of Great Britain, and a garrison of soldiers is kept there constantly.

Upon beholding the Rock of Gibraltar one is reminded of the lines of that old German hymn, "A mighty fortress

is our God," and surely here is one of the grandest examples of God's handiwork.

Algiers, on the African coast, is distant a day's journey from Gibraltar. This is a quaint old city; built originally by the Moors, it has been, since 1830, in possession of the French. The city is a curious mixture of Moorish and modern civilization. From the sea it presents an imposing appearance, owing, no doubt, to the whiteness of the houses, for it is the custom in Algiers to give the houses a thorough coat of whitewash once a year. The water front is as beautiful a boulevard as any American city would care to boast. Here may be seen electric cars, automobiles, well kept shops, and other features of a modern city; but go a block further back and one is taken immediately into the Moorish civilization of the Middle Ages. Of course this is the part of the city the curious are most anxious to see. The streets are narrow and crooked and must have been laid out originally along the paths made by grazing goats. No use to bring an automobile here. you couldn't get it in, or if you should, you would have to stop to let pedestrians by or over the fenders.

The streets are lined with shops, curious little places, filled with all manner of wares, and some of them so crowded there is not room to admit a customer. Passing along this curious street one is importuned by every shopkeeper to buy his goods. "Buy him! Buy him cheap," they implore, no matter what the article. They seem to think Americans will buy anything that is old. You pass on. In a cave-like shop an old man is offering dried dates and shriveled figs for sale; next door is an assortment of brass pans and kettles that may have come out of the ark, and beyond this shop is a meat market, the sole contents of which is a carcass of mutton, and that, too, is old. Interspersed with the shops are the Moorish cafés where groups of Arabs love to sit by the hour and

sip leisurely their cups of thick, black coffee. You order coffee and would emulate the idle natives. You take a sip, and are ready to beat a retreat.

By the time you reach the market place (the junk pile we would call it in America), and have viewed the mass of domestic debris there offered for sale, you have had enough of old Algiers and are ready to get aboard ship once more.

“Land, ho!” and Naples in the distance. Probably no city in the world is more beautiful than this when viewed from the bay. The city begins at the water’s edge and rises, street above street, over the sloping hills. It is on the north side of the bay. Ten miles to the east is Mt. Vesuvius, and we can see its smoky summit far out at sea. Stretching along the bay are numerous villages, and to the south is a high, rocky cliff behind which are numerous groves of olive, orange, and lemon trees.

Naples is the metropolis of Italy and boasts a population larger than that of Boston. It is also an important shipping port and in the harbor lie ships flying the flags of all nations.

Our ship glides into dock and the passengers disembark. They are immediately besieged by friends and porters. Some of the latter are so zealous they fairly tear one’s baggage from his hands. You finally yield and follow your porter to your hotel.

Your first impressions of Naples may be very disappointing. In the early morning hours, you would be sure to encounter several Neapolitan dairymen, driving their milk goats from house to house and milking into a pan just the quantity desired by each housewife. If you venture into the poorer districts of the city, you will find the streets teeming with life: mothers washing and dressing their children; others boiling macaroni, frying fish, roasting chestnuts, or perhaps doing the family washing

on the front step. Groups of men and boys are lazily sunning themselves, seemingly without a care or a want. You wonder how such people live. It is a wonder, but these same people are the happiest poor people in the world.

The next day, the weather favoring, you visit Mt. Vesuvius. It rises nearly a mile in height above the bay and from its crater steam and smoke are constantly issuing. You follow your guide to the very summit and then cautiously approach the very edge of the abyss for a peep into the "bowels of the earth." The earth trembles, there is a roar beneath, and presently chunks of white-hot lava are hurled dangerously near. You have seen it—the volcano in action—and are ready to retreat to some place of safety. Then you return to your hotel, well satisfied with the day's adventure.

On the way down you learn more of this famous mountain. You are told that it has been active for centuries; that the most disastrous eruption was in the year 79; that farms and villages covered the mountain sides as peacefully then as now; and that almost without warning the peaceful countryside was buried beneath showers of molten rock and streams of volcanic mud. The fate of Pompeii and Herculaneum is best told by Bulwer Lytton in *The Last Days of Pompeii*.

Of course you will visit Pompeii, fourteen miles southeast of Naples. On the way over you pass the large macaroni factories. There are literally miles of this succulent food hanging on long racks to dry. The air is redolent with the breath of macaroni, and your appetite calls for a heaping dish of "spaghetti au gratin"; and then, you unexpectedly come upon a man kneading dough with his feet, and—your appetite is suddenly appeased.

You are at Pompeii and treading the streets other feet knew two thousand years ago. Here excavations have been in progress for many years with the result that many

of the streets and houses and much of the life of the inhabitants of this buried city are revealed to modern eyes. The plan and structure of the houses, the furniture, vases, baths, and cooking utensils, the pictures and frescoes on the walls—these and many other interesting relics tell their own story. We see the inhabitants in their streets, in their temples, in their theaters, in their dwellings, their factories, bakeries, and shops; their objects of worship, pleasure, convenience, and business, and the skeletons—several hundred have been found—tell the sad story of that last night when there was no time to flee from the wrath of Vesuvius. In the National Museum are thousands of specimens and relics from the buried city.

These are but a few of the objects of interest in and about Naples. Whether the traveler visits the city or the country, the ancient or the modern places of habitation, he will find much of interest in the metropolis of Italy.

—LEON PATRONI.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. How many cities are mentioned in this selection? What one feature of each does the author mention which distinguishes it from the others? 2. If you were making this journey, what cities of the Mediterranean not mentioned by the author would you have liked to visit. 3. List the different kinds of transportation mentioned. 4. Read the sentence which describes the transportation of milk. 5. Does the under-the-boat diver earn his dollar? 6. Why does Great Britain hold possession of Gibraltar? 7. What other selection in this book mentions the "Pillars of Hercules"? 8. Which group of children presents the better picture, the English boys in "The Stagecoach" or the children of Funchal as described in this selection? State the evidence upon which your answer is based.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *In Sunny Spain*, KATHERINE L. BATES; 2. *Geographical Reader of Europe*, F. M. CARPENTER; 4. *Raphael in Italy*, *ibid*; 3. *Josepha In Spain*, ETTA B. McDONALD and JULIA DALRYMPLE; 5. *Italy*, JOHN FENNIMORE.

THE STORY OF STORAGE CELLS

Read this selection to find out how storage batteries were invented and how to make a storage cell.

Doubtless there is scarcely a reader who does not know what a storage cell is, but probably not many of you have ever thought much about the many and important applications of storage cells. You know that a battery is necessary for the ignition, lighting, and self-starting systems of your automobile. You know, too, that this battery must occasionally be recharged and that considerable care must be observed in its use, especially during the months of the year when the car is out of commission. Many of you also know that storage cells form one of the most important parts of country lighting and power plants for farm and home use. But do you know the story of its invention?

Faraday's discovery. Faraday, the great master of electricity in the first half of the last century, was one of the earliest experimenters with storage cells. He found that if he passed a current into an ordinary cell, which had been exhausted and lost its power, the cell would be recharged and again give forth current. Thus he made the important discovery that *electric current* may be converted into *chemical energy* which, in turn, may be converted back into *electricity*. This is something that very many, even now, do not understand. Very few give any thought to what happens when a cell is *charged*. It is frequently supposed that the cell soaks up electricity, just as a sponge soaks up water, but this, of course, is the grossest ignorance. As already stated, what the cell does is to *change electric energy into chemical energy*, which, with very little loss, may be changed back into electric energy.

Planté invents the storage cell. Faraday simply pointed the way, and it was not until Planté of France developed the *lead cell* in 1860 that a successful *storage cell* was invented. Planté's cell consisted of two lead plates placed in a solution of *sulphuric acid* and connected to a source of *electric current*. After the current had flowed for a short time, Planté found that *one plate* had been coated with an *oxide of lead* while the other plate remained unchanged. Then, when he disconnected the charging current and joined the plates to an electrical measuring instrument, he observed that the cell developed force of a little more than two volts. A little later it was discovered that the *capacity* of the plates, that is, the quantity of energy that could be stored in them, was much increased by grooving the plates and filling the grooves with a paste of *lead oxides*. The cell as thus invented, aside from details of mechanical perfection, is still the present day storage cell.

Edison's improvement. Edison, the greatest inventor of modern times, set out to invent a storage cell that should be free from the great sensitiveness to ill treatment that is so characteristic of the lead cell. He wanted to make a cell that would be "fool-proof," and, because he knows no such word as defeat, Edison succeeded. The storage cell that he invented is the product of a prodigious amount of work. He spent eight years in patient work and made nine thousand experiments before he was satisfied with the result or would consent to place it upon the market. One set of tests to which he subjected it consisted in sending out trucks, operated by these cells, over the roughest rough roads that could be found. Each driver was instructed to make so many miles a day and, when he came to a particularly bad piece of highway, to run back and forth over the bad stretch until he had done his number of miles. The trucks returned from these trips dilapidated and racked almost to pieces, but the storage

cells were invariably in as good condition as when they were sent out. Thus does the cell deserve the description, "Built like a watch, rugged as a battleship."

These cells have many important uses. One use has been of immense importance in the saving of human lives in the coal mines of this and other countries. In the early days miners used open torches and when they entered a pocket in the mine, filled with an explosive mixture of air and a gas known as "fire damp", a terrific explosion resulted which frequently wrecked the mine and killed all the miners in that vicinity. Sir Humphry Davy, just about a century ago, invented a miner's safety lamp which removed this danger to a very large extent; but now a miner carries a small electric lamp fastened to his cap and lighted by a small storage battery hung on his belt. In this way there is no possibility of an explosion except from the careless lighting of a match.

Also in mines the cars which carry the coal or ore to the foot of the mine shafts to be hoisted to the surface are operated by storage batteries. Electric power plants are provided with large batteries of storage cells which are *charged*, when the demand upon the dynamos is light, and then, during the periods of the day when the demand is heavy, these cells are connected with the dynamos to help carry the load. When the load is very light or in case of accident, the cells are frequently able to carry it alone.

For the small electric light plant in rural communities storage cells are indispensable. The power for charging them may be had from a gasoline engine or a small water-fall. Very many farms have waste water power that could, at comparatively small expense, be made to generate free power for a small electric plant. Such a plant will not only light the house and buildings, but it will also supply power for the laundry, pump water, run motors for operating milking machines and cream separators,

feed cutters, wood mills, grindstones and a score of other appliances.

The storage battery is also very widely used to operate electric trucks, for wireless work, train lighting and railway signaling, yacht lighting, and laboratory service. Submarines are operated when submerged by storage batteries, and without them they would have been impossible.

HOW TO MAKE A STORAGE BATTERY

I think I have shown you that the storage battery is of immense usefulness, and now, if you want to make one, proceed as follows: Place in a small glass jar a *ten per cent solution of sulphuric acid*. This can be prepared by filling the jar *two-thirds full of water* and then *pouring into it one-tenth as much sulphuric acid, very slowly and with constant stirring*. In this solution *suspend two strips of heavy sheet lead* about five inches long and one inch wide. Perhaps you can contrive some means of supporting these strips so that they will remain *upright* and neither touch the bottom of the cell nor each other. *Then connect the lead strips by two lengths of about No. 18 copper wire to the poles of three dry cells joined in series; that is, with the carbon of one joined to the zinc of the next*. After charging them for about five minutes, remove and examine the strips. One will be chocolate colored while the other will remain practically unchanged. Replace them and connect the cell to a buzzer or electric bell.

From *The Boy's Book of Great Inventions*.

BY FLOYD L. DARROW.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What three men have done the most to make storage batteries possible? 2. What did each man do? 3. Which of these men did the most important piece of work? Give the evidence upon which you base your answer. 4. Show how storage batteries have helped in the campaign of "safety first." 5. Follow the directions given in this selection and construct a storage cell.

PUBLIC BENEFACTORS

Frequently boys and girls find some way to do their community a good turn. By declaring their purpose to open a library in their home, the brother and sister in this story found the neighbors very willing to donate books and magazines for their undertaking.

Good citizens are those who, by their lives and actions, make their community, their state, and their nation better places in which to live. Are you a good citizen? Were the boy and the girl in this story good citizens?



PUBLIC LIBRARY
Open from 4 to 6 P.M.~

"There's your sign, Margaret. I guess folks can read these letters across the street," said Tom, as he set his masterpiece up near the front walk.

Tom and Margaret stood back and viewed it proudly. It certainly did look imposing, though the letters were of uneven height and of no particular pattern. The P. and L. were enough to attract people's attention. To Tom it seemed a magnificent work of art.

"I don't believe Ben Whipple, the town sign painter, could have made a better sign than that, do you?" Tom ran his hand over his close-cropped head, thereby daubing a long smear of black paint on his forehead. "That little flourish at the end just sets it off."

"Indeed he couldn't! How could he when he doesn't know the least thing about how important it is? You have to feel things to express them."

It was two o'clock. A crowd of boys and girls had been

waiting for the opening, and when Margaret threw the bay window open, they came crowding in with a rush.

"Get in line, please," Tom commanded. "Only one can be served at a time. You needn't worry, there are books for every one."

Margaret sat very straight and dignified at a table and handed out the catalogues. It was great fun. Her eyes shone with enthusiasm. One by one books were chosen and taken down from the shelves. Margaret could not control a pang when she saw her "Little Women" go, and to Grace Goodwin of all people—Grace with her hair half unbraided, and her shoe run over at the heel. Grace had seven little brothers and sisters, bread-and-butter little chaps, Margaret well remembered. She had to think very hard about the good it would do, and how Grace had no dear Aunt Lou to buy her a book of her own. 'I'm not going to flinch now,' she resolved, and the next book chosen was her newest, "Rebecca."

She had written little slips and pasted one on the inside of each book:

"A fine of ten cents will be charged for damage done to any of these books. A ten-cent fine will also be charged for all books or papers not returned within two weeks."

In addition to this, Tom delivered a personal admonition, to each and every participant, that he thought would be stronger and more effective. It ran in this wise: "You had better not tear these books, unless you want it to cost you a hundred dollars. If you don't get them back in two weeks, we'll be right after you."

Before the two hours were up, nearly all the young people in town had borrowed books. The timid little tailoress from Aberdeen's shop had stopped in on her way home from work. "I had her take my 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch'," Margaret exulted triumphantly. "It's

so cheery and—and helpful. If it will only make her laugh and take the pinches out of her cheeks! Haven't you often wondered how she would look, if she smiled?"

"And 'Patchy' Peters got my 'Black Beauty'. Did you see his eyes when he was looking it through?" questioned Tom, as he and Margaret surveyed the thinned-out shelves. "I believe he never had a storybook. It makes his father so cross when they change books at school. He says they do it just to get a poor man's money. My! Patchy will have a good time, I'm sure."

"I was so glad Hattie Harris came," Margaret said softly. "She doesn't go to school any more. She's learning the milliner's trade. She has mother's 'Opening of a Chestnut Burr.' I feel sorry for her. She would have graduated this year."

"Tiny Coot got a copy of 'Longfellow's Poems.' Who would have thought him capable of poetry? And Prudie Johnson went off lugging a fairy tale as if he had the whole thing in a nutshell. I didn't suppose he ever read anything but the catechism."

"Sallie Ames picked out 'Josiah Allen's Wife.' She said she wanted to make her mother laugh. She's been sick all summer."

"Why didn't she take 'Peck's Bad Boy'? That would have made her laugh," prescribed Tom.

"Oh, I'm so happy!" Margaret rubbed her red cheek against her brother's sleeve when it was all over, and they sat alone in the little library. "I feel sort of swelled inside. Do you know what I mean, Tom? As if I had grown too big for myself. Do you know I sha'n't mind even if my dear 'Little Women' has a few finger marks on it, really I sha'n't. I don't know what's come over me; but if I had a whole library of books I would give them all."

"I shouldn't wonder if some supper would help you,"

Tom suggested as he slipped a tender arm around his sister. "Come! I believe I smell lemon custard."

"Of course you must expect that the books will be soiled some," said Mother Elder.

"And in time they will be worn out," finished Mary.

"But they will have performed their mission," decided Margaret.

"When a ball is set rolling there is no telling where it will stop," philosophized Father Elder, and he drew the red velvet hassock up close to his feet in silent invitation. "I was going to tell you about an old case of books in Gallagher's office," he said in a deep voice as he stroked his daughter's hair. "They seem to belong to no one in particular. They're dusty and yellowed some, but they're good books. I thought of speaking to Gallagher. If they could be bought for a song"—

Margaret's heart was too full. She only laid her warm lips upon her father's hand.

"It's worth something to have a daughter like this," he said looking down upon her tenderly.

"The dearest part of it is to know that you believe in me," said Margaret.

Some new shelves had to be put in above Grandmother Elder's walnut cases. Mother Elder found some strips of stair matting to protect the carpet. Even Sister Mary brought her framed picture of "Noted American Authors" to hang above the desk.

The fame of the public library spread. A gray-haired old pedagogue stepped in to investigate and smiled over it approvingly. "A great work! A public benefit!" he said with a commendatory wag.

"I understood this was child's play, sort of make-believe," he said. "It looks like the real thing. Here I see most of the noteworthy authors represented. Everything

is in order, very systematic. You have a great future before you, little girl, and I sha'n't forget you," he said pulling on his cap.

"Stingy old fellow," said Tom behind his back. "He has books enough to pave the whole of Wakefield. I'd like to get hold of them once; they'd make a fine showing. All prosy old stuff though," he said, tossing his cap high. "Not to be compared with some of our gems."

That winter old Mrs. Moneyman read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for the first time. "I never knew there was such a book in the world," she said. "I never knew what the war was about before. I went all through war times, too, but somehow I didn't sense it. It certainly has opened my eyes."

"Old Jehiel Himes," laid up with the "rheumatiz" sent his seven-year-old grandson over every week. "He says he wants somethin' real exciting this time 'cause his left foot's swelled just awful." Margaret selected one interesting tale after another.

The pinched little tailoress was a regular visitor. In the dim little back bedroom over Mrs. Baker's restaurant, she read "Adam Bede," "Middlemarch," and "Romola." Oh, it was wonderful! wonderful!

Instead of tiring of her self-imposed duty, those two hours in the afternoon grew to be the happiest hours in Margaret's life. "It is so beautiful to feel that I am of real use," she said, "that I am really making people happier."

One day near the holidays a flock of noisy shopgirls stopped in curiously. "We thought we'd like to see what you had here. We've been going by every day, and it always looks so cozy and inviting. My! you have lots of books. There's 'Cousin Maude.' I read that book once. It's a good book. Did you ever read it, girls?"

"Why don't you take a book?" invited Margaret

cordially. "Did you ever read 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm'?"

"No, I never did; but I wouldn't have no time to read nohow. We all work up to the woolen mills." She pointed to her companions.

"But there are your evenings," suggested Margaret.

"Yes, but I couldn't get no peace to read. Mis' Bailey, the woman where I stop has ten kids. There's not much peace there."

"Nor where I stay either," put in a pale nervous-looking girl beside her. "My room's too cold to sit in nights. You couldn't hear yourself think down in the settin' room; so I just go out on the street."

"Workin' girls never have time to read," complained the oldest of the girls, coughing between her words. "We have to get along the best we can. There's not much peace or quiet for us outside the grave."

Margaret's heart was swelling. "Did you hear her Tom? Did you?" she panted when they were gone. "Oh, wasn't it sad—the saddest thing you ever heard said? My heart just ached for them. Do you suppose it's so bad? Isn't there something we can do?"

"They have a pretty tough time, I guess," acknowledged Tom. "I know that Flossie Prevost. Her folks are as poor as Job's turkey. Their whole house isn't much bigger than this room. That big-eyed girl is Sadie Miller. Her father's no good." But Margaret had fled and was pursuing the girls madly.

"Wait a minute, girls! I forgot! I've just thought of a way. I want all you girls to come up to my house to-night. There's lots of room. Mother won't mind. She wants you, too. I'll put chairs in the library, and we'll all read. We'll have the best time together. Won't you come? Please say that you will. I want you so much."

She was out of breath. Her hair was flying. She had

her arm around Flossie and was patting the old worn jacket. "There's 'Mill on the Floss' and 'Mildred Keith' and 'Lovey Mary,' and O girls! I shall never, never be happy again if you don't. To think that I have always had so much, and some folks haven't even time." Her face was full of genuine distress.

That was the beginning. From it, developed a very successful and well ordered reading circle that was a credit to the little village, and far reaching in its influence. Mrs. Elder took it in hand, while Margaret fluttered about among the girls. The sight of the tired office girls and shopgirls and seamstresses that gathered evenings under the light of the pretty, green, library lamp that Father Elder donated, always filled her with tumultuous emotions. She bent every effort to insure the success of what she was pleased to term the Mutual Benefit Club. A small fee of ten cents was charged weekly. There were soon twenty-five regular members, and Margaret insisted on paying one dollar per week rent, a fact which pleased Father Elder greatly.

"She's beginning right," he said, and he encouraged her with hearty bits of praise. Besides paying for lights and fuel, they had enough left the first month to subscribe for several good magazines to swell the number Mother Elder loaned from the home table. Sometimes, by mutual agreement, one of the number read aloud. Sister Mary even volunteered to do so on several occasions. She was a good reader and grew to be much in demand.

The Mutual Benefit Club was itself but the beginning of greater undertakings. Margaret discovered, after the club had met for a number of times, that several of the girls were interested in books about birds and flowers. The Nature Study Group grew out of this common interest. The girls of this group eagerly read all of the books that could be secured which told about Nature. During

the winter months they planned trips to be taken to the woods and fields in the spring and summer time. These trips were all made, and Mother Nature repaid them bountifully with pink cheeks, sunshine, and good cheer.

One day a letter came to Margaret addressed in a scraggly, ancient hand. She tore it open wonderingly. It was from the old pedagogue who had once stopped out of curiosity, and had predicted a future for her.

It read:

"Dear Miss:

I can find no better use for my rare collection of old books than to bequeath it to one who, so young, has begun to consider so seriously the public welfare. My blessing goes with it.

Your humble servant,
CORNELIUS CROCKETT."

"And I called him a mean old miser," muttered Tom contritely.

"O Tom, and so did I. I've been cross at him more than once." Margaret dropped repentant tears upon the old-fashioned sheet. "To think of all those beautiful leather bindings! Bless the dear old man!"

MAUDE HARRISON HUEY.
In The Queen's Gardens.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Make a list of the books mentioned in this story, which you have read. 2. Did Margaret and Tom have a good selection of books? Of which ones do you disapprove? Why? 3. What books would you add to this library? 4. Could this story have been written about your town? 5. What do you consider to be the most important happening in the story? Why? 6. Do Margaret and Tom act like real boys and girls in your town? 7. If you were writing this story, would you omit any part of it? Would you add anything to or insert anything in the story? 8. Criticise the English of this story.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *How to Organize a Library*; 2. *Library Bureau*, Z. K. MILLER; 3. *Free Public Libraries*, C. H. WESTON, Free Library, East Hampton, N. Y.



THE BANK FISHERMEN

Where were the fish caught that are served on your breakfast or dinner table? Perhaps in some near by stream or lake or, what is quite likely, on the banks off our New England coast. Do you know how they were caught—the endurance and skill necessary to place them before you? Read the selection which follows to find out how the great American fish industry is carried on.

Our American fishermen have two methods of catching fish on the banks, hand-lining and trawling.

In hand-lining, the older way, the men fished from the deck of the vessel. The great danger thereof lay in a fleet of vessels clustering around a good fishing spot—good fishing is usually found in shoal spots—and being caught with their anchors down by one of those bad bank storms.

Fishermen are good judges of bad weather—none better. They know when a bad gale is coming, but they also know that it is only one gale in a great while that will be too much for them, and the fishermen who up-anchor and fly before every coming gale do not bring home the fish.

So, huddled together, the dangerous bank to leeward, they used to stay there and take their chances; and thence came such disasters as that night on George's Shoal when one-third of the fleet went down in a few hours. When a vessel goes down on the fishing banks in a storm, she always goes with all hands. One hundred sixty-five men were lost in one little spot that night.

The prevailing bank method of fishing to-day is by trawling. A trawl is made up of a ground line of the thickness of a thin lead pencil, the same having attached to it at intervals of every three to four feet a short, lighter weight line with a hook. The process is to bait the hooks, set this trawl along the ocean bottom, give the fish time enough to take the bait, and then haul in.

The men set these trawls from small boats called dories. Two men make up the usual crew of a dory. One man heaves the trawl out of a wooden tub while the other rows the dory. When the trawl is all set—one end anchored to the bottom, the other marked by a floating buoy—the dory men await a signal from the vessel, which is cruising in and out among them, to haul back.

Four or five times a day they will leave the vessel and return with their catch. When night comes they dress the day's catch and stow it in the hold of the vessel; then they turn in, except, of course, those that have to stand watch. To stand in a pitching dory and haul in a mile or so of heavy trawl on end demands strength and endurance under the best of conditions; to do it in cold, boisterous winter weather, with the ever-present danger of your dory capsizing or drifting far away from the vessel, calls for a hardy, courageous type of man—a man, above all, who does not worry overmuch about being drowned.

Men who go winter trawling are physically tough men in the beginning; keeping at it for years develops an amazing endurance. You hear of them living through six,

eight, ten, yes, and eleven days in a dory, with no food or water through it all except a quart bottle of water, which they usually drink up within an hour after leaving the vessel.

They live through incredible experiences without breaking down. Howard Blackburn and his dory mate went astray on the Grand Banks one day in February from the schooner *Abbie Deering*. After hanging around for the rest of that day and the night that followed, and no vessel coming along to pick them up, the two men decided to row for the nearest land.

They had gone astray on Tuesday, or Wednesday morning, and had started to row for Newfoundland, a hundred miles or so northwesterly from them. All day Wednesday they rowed, and all Wednesday night. All day Thursday they rowed. Thursday afternoon came on a cold, hard nor'west wind and some seas; the sea spraying aboard the dory made ice. They had to stop to knock the ice off the dory. That meant slow and hard going.

Thursday night Blackburn's dory mate said he could row no longer, whereat Blackburn said to him: "Better keep on rowing. You will freeze to death if you don't. Keep yourself warm some way."

His mate said: "I can't—I'm done!" He went to the stern of the dory and lay there all hunched up. Blackburn stuck to his rowing; when morning came his dory mate was frozen stiff in the stern of the dory.

Blackburn stuck to his oars. The wind stayed in the northwest, and a northwest wind is the coldest of all winds on the North Atlantic. Despite his rowing, Blackburn began to see his hands were going to freeze. When he made up his mind that he could not save them, he curled them carefully around the handles of the oars and held them so that they would freeze in such a shape

that he could continue to row; and they *were* so frozen, and he kept on rowing.

After five nights he made the coast of Newfoundland. He rowed his dory to a little bay. To release his frozen hands he had to knock the ends of the oars together and slide his hands horizontally off.

He beached the bow of his dory on a little shelf of land. There were some fishermen's shacks up from the beach; he went up to the nearest shack and knocked on the door with the bare knuckles of his frozen hands. Two men answered the knock. One, after a quick look at him, said: "Come in and have a cup of tea." Blackburn said: "Not now. I want you to come down and help me take my dory mate ashore."

They came down with him; he stepped into his dory, picked up his dory mate, and held him over to the men on the bank. The body, covered with ice, slipped down between the dory and bank into the water. The men on shore said: "He is gone." Blackburn said: "No. He is not gone." He dropped overboard and stood on bottom—there was seven feet of water there. The next thing the men on the bank saw was the frozen body coming up out of the water on top of Blackburn's frozen hands.

Blackburn lost all his fingers and toes. He could go fishing no more. In Gloucester they raised five hundred dollars to set him up in a little business. His recreation later was sailing small boats and dories across the ocean alone. He once sailed alone from Gloucester to Spain in a twenty-one foot boat in thirty-six days.

Almost any old bank fisherman can tell you of a few terrific experiences of his own; and when he does speak of them, humor rather than gloom marks the recital.

A bank fisherman is a skilled craftsman. To cut bait and bait up six hundred hooks of a trawl in thirty minutes calls for skill. (There are those who can do that inside

twenty minutes.) To steer a big schooner running before a gale of wind calls for skill and nerve. To handle a big schooner in an ordinary emergency calls for skill. To heave and haul trawls properly, handle a dory, handle sail, dress and stow fish aboard a vessel—these things call for skill, and something more.

These are skilled, intelligent men, and as there is no great money in fishing—why do such men take to such a life? Well, most of them take up that life because their fathers were fishermen before them. Many of them would not feel right in any other life. But there is something more than that to it. They may not make enough to pay for their tobacco after a hard trip, or they may make a big trip; but however that comes out, it is still a free man's job; a free man, not an undisciplined man. I do not know of any better disciplined men anywhere than a good crew of bank fishermen. Men who have been brought up with the skipper may call him by his first name, but he is the skipper, the commander, and when he gives an order, they do not merely carry it out; they jump to carry it out. Usually he is the best man in the vessel; when he quits being a capable skipper, good fishermen quit him.

These bank fishermen have the greatest fleet of seagoing schooners in the world's history. They are tremendously proud of the beauty, the speed, and the ableness of their craft. With such vessels and their own superb seamanship they do wonderful things. During the last American Cup Race, the two competing boats did not race one day because it was blowing too hard—a twenty-five or thirty-mile breeze.

Listen. In the last anniversary race held off Gloucester, the wind blew sixty miles an hour, by the weather bureau report, yet every fishing captain sailed out that day with all sail set, and three of them put out with their halyards lashed aloft! And they lashed the halyards

aloft so that there would be no cutting them to save the vessel from capsizing; a man would have to go aloft to do the cutting, and before a man could get aloft his skipper would have time to head him off.

There was a Boston reporter who covered that race from the rocks of Marblehead. From there he saw the fishermen pass on their way to the buoy of Minot's Light. He saw them pass, and went right back to the office. The city editor spied him. "What are you doing here? I thought you went down to cover that fishermen's race?" The reporter replied: "I did, but there's no *race*. There's only a lot of foolish fishermen out there trying to drown themselves."

When the winner of that race crossed the line in a living gale and a high-running sea, an enthusiastic old Gloucester man leaped into the air and shouted: "The *Harry Belden* wins! The able *Harry Belden*, sailin' across the line on her side an' her crew *sittin' out on the keel*."

And that wasn't a bad description at all.

Great vessels; and great seamen manning them. Steamers, five, six, eight, or nine hundred feet long, with tens of thousands of steam horsepower, their bridges as high as the mastheads of the little fishing schooners—those steamers come in regularly and tell of the terrific storms crossing the banks. The bank fishermen, out in the same storms, out there all the time, and with no ten or twenty or forty thousand horsepower to help them out—they come in with never a word to say. Bad weather is part of the day's work. Why bother talking of it?

They are great men; but they are passing. Steam fishermen are coming into vogue, and the steamers do not demand the old high-grade qualities. Steam fishermen do not have to be great dory men; they do not have to go out in the dories at all; they do not have to be skillful sailormen, great helmsmen in a gale. Steamer men get

a certain fixed wage, not an uncertain big or little share; theirs is an industry, not an adventure.

Not many years now and we won't be seeing any more of the great, old bank fishermen. A great pity, and a great loss. And yet, the lesson of their great work may not be lost. My own notion of it is that the men who have to do the supreme desperate things in generations to come—the men who will handle the craft on the sea, or under the sea,—will look back to those great old fishermen and say: "They were great people. Let us do as well as they did and we'll have something to talk about."

—JAMES B. CONNOLLY.

—In *The Mentor*.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Explain the difference between hand-lining and trawling.
2. What qualities are necessary for a successful bank fisherman?
3. Why does the author insert the story of Howard Blackburn?
4. Why is this called a skilled occupation?
5. What do these men get in exchange for the dangerous and difficult work which they do?
6. What is the America Cup Race? Why is this brought into the story?
7. Explain the following terms: up-anchor, to leeward, trawl, dories, capsizing, schooner.
8. Find pictures of fishing boats, dories, schooners, etc. Bring them to class to help you visualize the task of the bank fisherman.

9. What is the author's purpose in writing this selection? A list of possible purposes is given below. Check the correct one.

- (a) To describe various types of fishing crafts.
- (b) To explain the American fishing industry.
- (c) To describe a schooner race.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Story of the Fishes*, BASKETT; 2. *Jack Benson's Log*, NORTON; *Yankee Ships and Sailors*, BARNES.

A VISIT TO SICILY

This is the story of the visit of an American writer and her brother to the home of an Italian friend in Sicily. Read it to find out why Sicilians desire to immigrate to America.

It was a glorious morning when we strolled down in the bright sunlight toward the steamer waiting to ferry us over to Messina on the island of Sicily; we were bound at last for the mountain village of Gualtieri, the home of Carlo's family. As we looked across the straits to the island, which is called Sicily, we thought his home must be in a beautiful paradise. Many English colliers, or coal-carrying vessels, were ploughing up the channel from the south, and scores of boats fishing for sardines were in sight. Directly opposite were the abrupt purple hills of Messina, dotted with creamy white houses. In the distance to the south rose that giant volcano, Mount Aetna, its great frame towering into the sky-line.

As the steamer neared the shore, we could see fruit orchards extending for miles to the south. Many clean-looking business buildings loomed up, and the whole effect of the city was more prosperous, if less pretentious, than Rome or Naples. In the harbor was a large steamer taking on emigrant passengers, and large posters all about announced the departure of emigrant ships for the United States, Australia, and South America.

Our stop at Messina was short, long enough only for food and change of clothes, and then we took the train for Gualtieri-Sicamino, from where we expected to make our observations of Sicily.

Gualtieri was said to be a town of five thousand people, and we were anxious for fear it would be too large a community to contain the typical country kind of family from which the great mass of Italian immigrants come.

As we surrendered our tickets to the station-master, my brother asked:

"Is this the station for Gualtieri-Sicamino?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, where is the town?"

"Just go along this road," said he, pointing to a narrow wagon road running along the tracks for a short way, then winding into the hills. It was very dusty and very hot, and we turned again to ask:

"How far is it to the town?"

"Eleven kilometers, sir." (Seven miles and more!)

"Where may we hire a carriage?"

"There's no cart around here now."

"How about a donkey or two?"

He put his hand to his forehead and looked from one end of the countryside to the other, then shook his head and said:

"No, they're all loaded with grapes."

With a heavy camera and heavy valise, which we dared not risk leaving, we started on the seven mile walk.

A little way down the road we passed three women going along in a sort of dog-trot with great baskets of figs, just picked, on their heads, a bit of folded-up cloth between head and basket. Farther on we met a farmer carrying a heavy sack of things purchased in Messina for his various neighbors. In one hand he had two salt cod, still dripping with brine. When he caught our English, he demanded to know whether we had been in America or not; when we avowed that we had, he asked excitedly if it were not true that we were the friends that the rich Carlo Tonello was expecting. We had to admit that we were, for in spite of our frequent reminders to Carlo that he was to keep our coming quiet, and even more so our nationality, it was evident that we were expected. One could not have told from our dress that we were Americans

or from our actions, for we had been very careful from the time we left the *Lahn* (steamer) to so conduct ourselves that if we were not taken for northern Italians, we would at least be thought French or Spanish; and we had so far succeeded. But Carlo had not been able to keep the secret, though he did not know just when we would arrive, and the whole town had been expecting us for weeks. They were even planning to have a festival the day we came, and the mule cart, which had been elaborately decorated to convey us from the train, was reposing peacefully in a Tonello shanty while we tramped along in the dust, unmet and unwelcomed.

The farmer declared himself our friend and said he would take us directly to the Tonello house, for he had a cousin in America and was going there, if his wife ever got well enough. From that time on, every one we met turned "right about face" and accompanied us back to the town, shouting the news as we passed to the people of every house, and to the men, women, and children toiling in the fields. We overtook a flock of sheep being driven to water, and soon we were the advance-guard of one of the most picturesque troupes that ever was seen on the king's highway—men, women, sheep, babies, donkeys, and goats. From a distance, the country looked thinly settled, but close at hand it swarmed with life and voices.

All along the way the boys gathered fresh figs for us from the trees, grapes from vineyards we passed, blackberries from bush-grown stone-heaps, apples, pears, plums, and other fruit.

Finally, as we turned a sharp corner in the road, we beheld a mass of stone-built, plaster-covered houses piled against the side of a high hill, and all so near alike that one could hardly tell public buildings, stores, or churches from private houses. Nearly all the villages of southern Italy are either on the hilltops or on the slopes,

and built on the same general plan as Gualtieri. A street or two circles the base of the hill, then come one or two tiny squares without grass or trees, and a succession of narrow, zigzag paths leads the way to the top of the hill. The paths are too narrow to be called streets, and sometimes the ascent is so sharp that stone steps are used. The clustering hills of Gualtieri were dark green with vineyards, olive, and lemon orchards; and the bed of the mountain stream looked like a wide white ribbon, from which arose many upward paths. Along the paths went little flocks of milk-goats; stoop-shouldered men carrying long-bladed hoes and spear-shaped spades; erect women with brilliant colored skirts, scarfs, or kerchiefs, carrying water jars, baskets, or bundles on their heads. The principal church of the town was a low squatty building with a small tower containing a cracked bell and a noisy clock; the "municipal offices" were two rooms on the second floor of a merchant's combined store and home. In all the town there was not a street over twelve feet broad, and some would not measure over three.

We began to hear voices on every hand proclaiming that "Carlo's Americans" had arrived. All fears that Gualtieri was not a typical country town from which the great number of emigrants came, quickly disappeared for once and all.

Suddenly we were facing a sign over the door of a small hole-like room in the wall, which read:

BOTTEGA DI NICOLA TONELLO

and, seeing two boys at work with a small anvil and hand-drill, we knew that this was the blacksmith shop of Carlo's younger brother. A kindly old face appeared at the next

door an instant; our procession set up a shout, and we knew at once that this was Carlo's mother. We were conducted into a large, cool, windowless room with red tile floors and whitewashed walls. There were rows and rows of rush-bottomed chairs, and we wondered if the family numbered so many. We soon found out, however, that these chairs had been provided for the throng of neighbors who came nightly to listen to Carlo tell of the wonders of America, and to laugh over his yarns about buildings that were twenty stories high.

Poor Mrs. Tonello was bewildered over the fact that Carlo and all the family were out in the fields. She ushered us up to a room, which proved to be Carlo's, to get us away from the excitement and shouting, left us, and returned in a jiffy with some of their best wine. In another few seconds she reappeared with sugar-coated cakes, and another trip brought a heaping dish of grapes, fresh figs, apples, plums and pears. By that time the news had gone to the field, and the family came pouring in.

The total of the family is father and mother, eight children, one daughter-in-law, and one grandchild. Guiseppe, twenty-nine, is the oldest; Carlino, twenty-seven, is next; Nicola, who has charge of the blacksmith shop, is twenty-five; Giovanina, twenty-two, is the oldest daughter—a sweet, lovable girl. When her soldier lover finished his first term in the army, she was so delicate that the marriage was postponed, and he went in for a second term. In about a year he will be discharged with a life pension for his fourteen years of service, and she is very happily looking forward to the day when her long, lovely dream will come true. Maria is a bright-eyed girl of nineteen, wild with excitement at the prospect of going to America.

Between Nicola and Giovanina is Antonio, or "Tono," as the little ones call him. He went to America with Carlo,

but at Ellis Island they were separated and never saw or heard from each other for the whole six years that Carlo was there. Recently the mother had a letter from Tono, and they expect him home most any day, and all hope that he will arrive before we leave; we hope so, too.

Vicenzo is a half-grown boy, merry, tuneful, and without a care. We are all very fond of him, and are glad when we hear his whistle coming toward the house. The little pet of the whole family is Ina, the five-year-old daughter of Guisepppe and his wife, Camela. Her mother shows great emotion when the trip to America is talked about, and little Ina always runs to her and says, what would be in English, "Me do too, ain't it, mamma?" When her mamma tells her "yes," she runs away and plays until she hears "America" again.

The most interesting character of all is the mother, a kind-hearted, busy little woman of fifty-five. Her hands are knotted from hard toil, but she is always cheery and full of energy. In her ears are heavy gold earrings with large coral centers. They were a gift from her grandmother when she was sixteen years old, and when little Ina is sixteen she, in turn, will receive them as a present from her grandmother.

But now the family were trooping up the stairs escorting Carlo as though he were the King himself, and, indeed, his welcome to us was a royal one. There were cousins by the score for us to meet, and neighbors from near and far. When we got out our camera, a new shout of excitement went up, and it had to be explained in detail.

Carlo wanted to take us at once to see his vineyard which had been purchased for him by money sent from America. He said that on the way he wanted to show us the town; we hadn't gone far before we realized that he was showing us to the town instead of the town to us, so we paraded in as stately a fashion as possible. From

that time on, everything was done in procession. If my brother went to take a picture, five hundred inhabitants wanted to help him. If I went to the public laundry with the women, a host of other women went too. If we visited the field or vineyard, a multitude followed in our train.

On our return from town at sun-down, the house was crowded to its capacity with callers, and there were enough people outside to fill a circus tent. Every one was clad in Sunday attire, and they came, not one or two at a time, but whole families together.

We had had an abundance of fruit all day, but were beginning to feel as though we could eat a little dinner. No mention, however, had been made of a night meal, and we could see that the guests had no intentions of leaving. They stood rapt in excitement over everything we said, and were fascinated by the most commonplace story of the land of their dreams. They wanted to hear us tell about the high buildings, so my brother repeated the stories that Carlo had told them and they laughed and were highly amused all over again. Then I told them about the dresses, manners, and customs in America, and they had many questions to ask, but no one mentioned dinner. It was eight o'clock when my brother finished an impromptu lecture on "American liberty." At nine o'clock I had answered what seemed a thousand questions on the cost of clothes, groceries, and rent, but still there were no signs of dinner. My brother and I glanced questioningly at one another, for we were both getting very faint, having had lunch at eleven in the morning and nothing but fruit since. But we talked on about mills and factories in America, and favorite Italian dishes, and theaters and street cars, and churches and subways. At eleven o'clock all the children were asleep, either on the floor or in their mother's arms, and we were exhausted with fatigue and want of food, when something suddenly

broke the spell. Mrs. Tonello threw up her hands, rolled her eyes heavenward, and darted upstairs. In ten minutes we were seated at a most delightful supper. The whole family had forgotten all about dinner in the excitement, but they made up for it twice over.

In the Tonello house, as in most others, the top floor was used for dining room and kitchen, so that the scent and heat of cooking went up the chimney instead of through the whole house. The kitchen was in one corner of the dining room, and it comprised a sort of low altar of stone and plaster, with a hollow in the center for charcoal. We sat at the table until the cracked bell in the church tower struck one, and then we were shown to the guest room. Instead of dropping onto our bed, we almost needed a stepladder to get into it, it was so high. For some of the beds in foreign countries, one does need a stepladder.

We were awakened next morning by the sound of a boy's voice singing merrily up in the vineyards.

We began our first day of Gualtieri life with a vegetable stew, bread, and fresh fruit. This is the customary breakfast, except that in winter they have dried fruit instead of fresh. Canned fruit is seldom used. The noon meal is much the same, with the difference that once or twice a week meat, eggs, or fowl take the place of vegetable stew. In the evening soup is served, a meat stew may be added to the noon-day items, and more fruit and wine. Black bread, fried pumpkin, and *fico-d'indias* often comprise the meal of poor families, while in well-to-do homes we often had very good course dinners.

Beginning with the morning of the second day, people came to us continuously for advice. One man, who was too old to work any more, wanted to send his sons to America to get a foothold in order that later they might return and take him over. He wanted to know what was the best work for a young man to do in my country.

A poor old woman tramped several miles across the hills to implore me to take her to America that she might find her daughter who had gone there as a servant a year ago. She had not heard a word from her since and was nearly frantic. I had to tell her that she was beyond the age limit, and would not be allowed to pass Ellis Island. Another old mother came with her husband one afternoon to ask me to look up her son, from whom she had not heard in two years. He had dropped his Italian name, she said, because he found it too long and troublesome, and had adopted the name of John Smith. She thought I would be able to find him, although she didn't know in what state he lived.

More than once a whole family came over to pay their respects, who, before they left, would timidly draw out a strip of paper, worn almost to threads, on which was written the name and address of a son, a brother, father. Although they knew our home to be in New York, their faces fell in great disappointment when we could give them no news of their relatives in Alabama, Texas, Minnesota, or even Brazil. It chanced that once in New York we shook hands with an Italian tradesman whose name we remembered because it was so odd, and when we told his relatives this they cried actual tears of joy.

The people had very queer ideas of what the United States was like. Those who had friends or relatives in New York believed the whole country was a mass of high buildings; those whose sons were in Pittsburgh thought it was all coal mines and steel mills. One woman thought that because her bartender husband filled his letters with accounts of his parrot, and that belonging to his neighbor across the street, every American family must own a parrot. She asked what kind of a parrot we had.

The farming methods were all very primitive and none of our labor-saving devices were used. Instead of large

wagons such as we have for hauling our products in this country, one would see strings of donkeys heavily loaded and women and children with their large head-baskets. Indeed, if some generous person should suddenly make these country folks a gift of enough modern machinery to do all their work, it would be as bad as though a plague were visited on them, for it would throw great numbers of people out of work, leaving them nothing to exchange for their foodstuffs. Even the wines were made by hands and feet. I have seen a half dozen little girls, some of them too young to speak plainly, go paddling along the dusty roads from vineyard to press with loads of grapes on their heads. The grapes are dumped into a trampling-vat built of stone. When there are enough, about six inches of them, the peasants get in with pants and skirts rolled up, and tramp the grapes into a pulp. The trampling is usually done by old men and women, whose sight is defective, or who are, for some other reason, of less value in the fields.

Many of the vineyards and smaller patches of ground on which the people work belong to someone else, very often to a few rich men in the village. Most of the holdings around Gualtieri are owned by a duke who lives in Naples and never comes near Sicily; he has an agent at Faro who is a faithful collector of his large rents. The farmers till the soil, buy the seed, supply the implements, look after the irrigation, harvest the crop and market it; then the collector comes along and demands half of all they have produced. Of what is left, three per cent is paid out in taxes, and one tenth is given "voluntarily" to the church. After the landlord, the church, the army, and the tradesmen have each taken their slice of the produce, there is very little left for the poor farmer who has done all the work. With more than nine-tenths of all the production in southern Italy agricultural, it is not hard to understand

why these people are so poverty-stricken or why they are so eager to go to America.

The excitement of our coming to Gualtieri was exceeded only by that of our departure. Every person within a radius of several miles was well aware that on the last day of September Carlo Tonello, with his "Americans," his father and mother and all the children except Giovanina, with a number of their neighbors, would be leaving for Naples, there to embark on the *Prinzessin Irene* for New York. Six years before, when Carlo and Antonio had been two of a small group who were the first to leave that section, every one had felt very doubtful about the undertaking. Since then more than a tenth of the whole population had followed him, and those who were too poor or old to go were very sad, indeed. To the very last minute the unfortunate ones were imploring us to find some way of taking them along.

From *Imported Americans*.

BY BROUGHTEN BRANDENBURG

Courtesy F. A. Stokes Company.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What American food sold in cans is mentioned in the first paragraph? 2. In what different ways does the author indicate that they were riding on a foreign railway train? 3. On their walk from Santa Lucia to Gualtieri-Sicamino what sights did they see which would not have been observed in America? 4. Contrast Gualtieri with your town. 5. What stories did Carlo tell which the neighbors did not believe? 6. Why do you think the villagers were so eager to see Americans? 7. How did the arrangement of their house differ from your own? 8. Compare their meals with American meals. 9. Do you believe that the visitor should have tried to locate the John Smith referred to in the story? 10. Did these people have a true picture of America? Give evidence to prove your answer. 11. How do their farms and farming methods differ from ours?

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Life Stories of Undistinguished Americans as Told by Themselves*, HAMILTON HOLT; 2. *The Soul of an Immigrant*, CONSTANTINE PANUNZIO; 3. *Italy*, FENNIMORE and BROWN.

A BRAVE HEART

Robert Turpin was a carpenter in Glasgow. At the time of our story, he was finding it desperately hard to make a living for himself and two motherless children—Mary aged eight, and Doris, ten. Mr. Turpin had no relatives near with whom to leave his children.

As you read the story, pay particular attention to references to the names of persons, places, and events which will help you to determine the approximate period of American history being described.

“Come here! my bairns,” exclaimed Father as he returned from work. “Here is a letter I got at the post from Aunt Kate, and she wants the both of ye garruls to come and live with her in America.”

“Live with her!” I shouted, “and leave you here alone? We—”

“Yes, that’s what ’twould mean—for a wee while. I’ve been thinkin’ about this matter all day at my work, and the longer I think o’ it, the more I’m inclined to agree with Aunt Kate. It’s not that I want to part with my bonnies,—dear, no—but, it’s the only rift in the clouds. I’m desperately poor, ye ken, but Friend Douglas will pay yer passage, God bless him, and I can work for him till the debt is paid.”

“And then, Daddy, would you come, Daddy? Would you come to America, Daddy?” inquired Mary with great eagerness.

“Of co’s, of co’s, my dears, that’s the intention; just as soon as I can pay my debts and earn my passage. ’Twill be a hard pull, but, God willin’, we be bound to reach the haven at last.”

"Oh, Daddy! Daddy!" cried Mary again, struggling to comprehend it all. "It's so big; it means so much. But what else did Aunt Kate say, Daddy?"

"Aunt Kate says how she would love to have thee come and how she could give thee a good home and that love and care which your own mither was want to show. She has a good hoose, says Aunt Kate, and though it be made of logs, it be warm and comfortable, and there be food in great plenty. That's what Aunt Kate says, and it do look better ner here."

Bedtime came and went without notice. Mary and I were too excited for sleep, anyway, so we talked on far into the night. At last Father said, "Come awa'. Ye'll ne'er get to America this way. Ye'll still be sleepin' when the captain cries 'a'-board!' Noo to bed, and keep a brave heart."

For days and days our sole topic of conversation was America and plans for the trip. A letter was posted to Aunt Kate telling of our plans and when to expect us. Father made a small chest and in it Mary and I packed our clothes and keepsakes. I wanted Mary to pack her China doll in one end, but she was unwilling. "It might get seasick," she said. So she kept it out to carry in her arms.

At last the day of departure came. Good-byes were said and Father put us on board ship and in the care of a Scotch friend by the name of Allison. "God bless ye," said Father at parting, and then repeated for the hundredth time "Keep a brave heart." As I look back upon the scene now, it is hard to say which was more heart-rending, our taking leave of poor Father or his parting with all that he held dear. We stood on deck and waved our hands to him until his form was lost from view, and then—when we couldn't keep back the tears any longer—Mary and I cried ourselves to sleep.

The people on ship were very kind to us, Mr. Allison in particular. More than once he interrupted our play to distribute small pieces of candy, and was ever attentive to our wants. We soon became acquainted with other children of our ages, and Mr. Allison taught us games. I remember he taught us drop-the-handkerchief. That is a very old game, but we children had never played it before. Thus with songs and games, and eating and sleeping, we whiled away the tedious days and weeks of the voyage.

After six weeks at sea, we sailed into Chesapeake Bay and finally arrived at the village of Philadelphia. The inhabitants had been anxiously awaiting the arrival of the ship and a large crowd was at the dock to greet us. Aunt Kate was there and recognized us while we were still on deck. A few moments later we walked the gangplank and rushed into her outstretched arms. The next person to greet us was Uncle John. He made us all laugh by kissing Mary's China doll, and asking whether it had escaped seasickness, and other foolish questions of that sort. Then putting our chest into the borrowed wagon he spread a blanket over it for a seat and shouted "all aboard!"

Aunt Kate's home was just as she described it by letter—a one-story, log house with a loft above for sleeping. Much of the furniture was the product of Uncle John's handiwork, such as the hickory chairs and the square oak table, but the one feature that appealed to us homesick children was the great fireplace. The crackling logs and roaring flames delighted us at once and straightway held our interest. It was a new experience, entirely unlike any we had known in Glasgow.

While Aunt Kate busied herself with the dinner, Uncle John entertained us with his queer stories and piled on fresh logs "to keep the pot abilin," as he put it. This pot

was a large iron kettle, suspended by a crane over the fire and filled with the boiled portion of the dinner. "That's succotash, my dears," explained Aunt Kate. "It's an Indian dish made of corn and beans. I hope thee will like it."

"And this is plain bearsteak," said Uncle John. "No Indian about it. Friend Potter shot the beast yesterday with my gun and gave me half of the carcass. Now watch me broil a piece. I know thee will like this steak." Hooking a piece upon the crane he swung it over the fire and kept turning it about until the meat was well broiled.

I shall never forget that first meal in America; everything was so strange and so unlike any dishes I had ever tasted before, but sister and I had good appetities, and after a few tastes, to assure ourselves, we ate the rest of the meal with great relish. Besides succotash and bearsteak, Aunt Kate had roasted a squash in the live coals and served it hot from the shell; for bread she gave us yellow scone made of corn meal; some dried fruit, and an Indian pudding with milk completed the meal. Indeed, it was a strange meal for Mary and me, but we enjoyed it all and felt in consequence as though we had been very pleasantly initiated into the home life of America.

There was so much to see—everywhere, new and strange things. Sister and I followed Uncle John over the farm. He showed us his cows, chickens, the corn lot and the meadow, the wood lot and the sugar bush where later we were to experience the joy of making and eating maple sugar. In this manner we were learning to know our new home and to like it.

Not long after our arrival, an Indian called at our door. At first I was startled, as I had never seen one before. His features were severe and his carriage dignified. He signed to Aunt Kate that he was hungry and she gave him some bread, which he took and departed; but what

interested me most at the time was his peculiar dress. His garments were all made of buckskin and decorated with beaded figures in bright colors. About his neck hung a necklace of porcupine quills and a wild turkey foot for a charm. Moccasins covered his feet, and oak leaves served his needs for stockings. His leggings also were made of buckskin and finished with a fringe at the sides. All in all, our visitor was quite imposing and must have been a regular Indian dandy.

One day Mary and I went with Uncle John to visit an Indian village down the river. This village was circular in shape, one house joining on to another, but with openings at intervals to permit the inhabitants to go in and out. Indian houses are built over a frame work of saplings, set in the ground and forming a series of hoops. Over the top and sides hickory bark is fastened to keep out the wind and rain. There are no windows, and the only light comes in at the door and through the hole in the roof, left to let out the smoke. When they have a fire, the Indians build it on the dirt floor in the middle of the house. They seldom have anything to sit upon except a fur placed on the ground.

On the bank of the river were several little huts, shaped like bake ovens, that excited my curiosity. "Those are sweat-houses," explained my uncle. "Whenever an Indian is ailing, the sweat-house is made ready by placing several red-hot stones inside of it. Then the sick man crawls inside and is covered with a blanket. There he sits and sweats until he can stand it no longer. Then he comes out and immediately jumps into the river. If he survives this treatment, the sick man is pretty sure to get well."

Within the enclosure of houses was a big stump. Uncle John said the chief usually mounted it whenever he had anything of importance to say—hence the origin of "a stump speech." We walked over to it, and Uncle John

put down the articles he had to trade: a hunting knife, an earthen bowl, bits of red ribbon, and a small box of beads. The Indians soon gathered round us with whatever they had to offer and the bartering began. For the hunting knife, Uncle John accepted two bear skins; for the earthen bowl, a nice piece of buckskin, to make me a tunic; the bits of ribbons purchased a wooden doll for Mary, and the box of beads were exchanged for a basket of corn. We came away as much amused at the Indian way of trading as they were astonished by what we had to offer.

On one occasion Uncle John gave us an account of the founding of Pennsylvania. "The name," he said, "meant the woodland of Penn, and came into that gentleman's possession in the following manner. William Penn's father was a famous ship captain. He had served King Charles long and well, and without any reward. Mindful of his obligation, the King finally offered the captain's son a grant of land in America. The grant was accepted and William Penn crossed the Atlantic to found a colony thereon.

"Penn had received the land as a gift, but he was unwilling to take possession of any portion of it without paying the Indians for it. He reasoned that the land belonged to the Indians and that he had no more right to take property from red men without pay than from white men. When the King asked him why he troubled himself to pay the Indians, inasmuch as he had the power to take it, he replied, 'Friend Charles, if the Indian Sachem of the Delaware should come sailing up the Thames River and give London to his warriors to divide among them, would thee feel obliged to let him have it?' That illustrates the kind of man William Penn was," said my uncle, "and explains, also, why in all of his dealings with the Indians there was so little cause for misunder-

standing or trouble. He always aimed to be fair with them, and they trusted him."

We were not long in making the acquaintance of all the children in the neighborhood. Many came to hear our "burr," as they called it, and all were delighted with our Scotch songs. Among our playmates was one girl whose name was destined to be known to all American school children—Elizabeth Griscom, known to fame as Betsy Ross, maker of the first American flag. Betsy was a very dear girl and deserving of all the honor paid her in later years.

More than three years had elapsed since we bade Father adieu. We heard from him at irregular intervals, and always he admonished us to be good girls and to keep a brave heart. In these, as in all matters, we earnestly tried to please him, but still we could not help whispering to each other, Mary and me—"Will Father ever come to his bairns?" And then one evening, as we were about to sit down to supper, there came a knock at the door and in stepped Father! our own dear Father! He had crossed two thousand miles of ocean, and we were a happy reunited family once more.

—DORIS TURPIN BRADFORD.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. List the Scotch expressions used in the story. 2. Why was the voyage such a long one? 3. Describe the interior of Aunt Kate's home. 4. Why were the Indians friendly to the settlers? 5. Draw a sketch of the Indian village. 6. Did Uncle John make a fair trade with the Indians? 7. Does the account of Penn's treatment of the Indians as given in your history text differ in essentials from that given in this story?

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Little Journeys to Scotland and Ireland*, MARIAN GEORGE; 2. *Scotland*, ELIZABETH GRIERSON; 3. *The Land of Glentyre*, E. M. GREEN; 4. *Donald in Scotland*, ETTA B. McDONALD and JULIA DALRYMPLE; 5. *John and Betty's Scotch History Visit*, MARGARET WILLIAMSON; 6. *Life in the Eighteenth Century*, EGGLESTON.

A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT

The author of this story tells of the strange and wonderful adventures of one Lemuel Gulliver. In his first voyage he is shipwrecked on the coast of Lilliput, a place where the inhabitants are about six inches high and where everything else is dwarfed in exact proportion—a wonderful land to read about.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas: let it suffice to inform him that, in our passage from thence to the East Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the northwest of Van Diemen's Land. By an observation, we found ourselves in the latitude of thirty degrees two minutes south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labour and ill food; the rest were in a very weak condition.

On the fifth of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong, that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labour while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves; and in about half an hour the boat was upset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell, but conclude they were all lost.

For my own part, I swam as Fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by the wind and tide. I often let

my legs drop, and could feel no bottom; but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth; and by this time the storm was much abated. The declivity was so small, that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which time I thought was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants; at least I was in so weak a condition that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired; and with that, and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours, for when I awaked it was just daylight.

I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir, for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground, and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my armpits to my thighs. I could only look upwards: the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me, but, in the posture I lay, could see nothing except the sky.

In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which, advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin, when I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back.

In the meantime, I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my

sides to the ground. At length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground, for, by lifting it up to my face I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and, at the same time with a violent pull which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them, whereupon there was a great shout, in a very shrill accent, and, after it ceased, I heard one of them cry aloud, *Tolgo phonac*, when, in an instant, I felt above a hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and, besides, they shot another flight in the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body; (though I felt them not), and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand.

When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a-groaning with grief and pain; and then, striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley, larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides, but, by good luck, I had on me a buff jerkin which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself: and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him I saw. But fortune disposed otherwise of me.

When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows, but, by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased, and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an

hour, like that of people at work, when, turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it: from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable.

His words were afterwards repeated to me and fully explained, however. The speaker appeared to be of middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him, whereof one was a page, that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness.

I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand, and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness: and being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me, that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food.

The *hurgo* (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learnt) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above a hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped

like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of the lark. I ate them about two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite.

I then made another sign, that I wanted drink. They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me, and, being a most ingenious people, they slung up, with great dexterity, one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top; I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more, but they had none to give me.

When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy and danced upon my breast, repeating several times, as they did at first, *Hekinah degul*. They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, *Borach mevolah*; and when they saw the vessels in the air, there was a universal shout of *Hekinah degul*. I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honour I made them—for so I interpreted my submissive behaviour—soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence.

After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his imperial majesty. His excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue; and producing his credentials, under the signet-royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determinate resolution, often pointing forwards, which, as I afterwards found, was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither it was agreed by his majesty in council that I must be conveyed.

I answered in a few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his excellency's head, for fear of hurting him or his train) and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty. It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hand in a posture to show that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment.

It seems that upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground, after my landing, the emperor had early notice of it by an express, and determined in council that I should be tied in the manner I have related (which was done in the night while I slept); that plenty of meat and drink should be sent me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city.

This resolution, perhaps, may appear very bold and dangerous, and I am confident would not be imitated by any prince in Europe on a like occasion. However, in my opinion, it was extremely prudent, as well as generous; for, supposing these people had endeavoured to kill me with their spears and arrows while I was asleep,

I should certainly have awaked with the first sense of smart, which might so far have roused my rage and strength as to have enabled me to break the strings wherewith I was tied; after which, as they were not able to make resistance, so they could expect no mercy.

The emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning, has several machines fixed on wheels for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men-of-war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long, and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which, it seems, set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for the purpose, and very strong cords, of the bigness of pack-thread, were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords by many pulleys fastened on the poles; and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung upon the engine and there tied fast. All this I was told, for, while the operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the affects of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me towards the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked by a very ridiculous accident, for the carriage was being

stopped awhile to adjust something that was out of order; two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep; they climbed up in the engine, and, advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the guards, put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently; whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my waking so suddenly. We made a long march the remaining part of the day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches, and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me if I should offer to stir.

The next morning at sunrise we continued our march and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The emperor, and all his court, came out to meet us, but his great officers would by no means suffer his majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom, which, having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked upon as profane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate fronting on the north was about four feet high, and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground: into that on the left side, the king's smith conveyed fourscore and eleven chains, like those that hang to a ladies watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with six-and-thirty padlocks.

Over against this temple, on the other side of the great

highway, and at twenty feet distance, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the emperor ascended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above a hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand, and, in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand at several times, who mounted my body by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued, to forbid it upon pain of death. When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me, whereupon I rose up, with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people, at seeing me rise and walk, are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long and gave me not only liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a semicircle, but, being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in and lie at my full length in the temple.

—JONATHAN SWIFT.

THINGS TO DO

1. Imagine yourself an inhabitant of Lilliput. Describe the coming of this giant and tell how he appeared to you.
2. What difficulties would be encountered, if a race of giants sixty feet high lived with us?
3. How would they affect our problem of government?
4. Which would you prefer to be? State your reason.
 - (a) A giant in a race of ordinary people.
 - (b) A person of ordinary size in a race of dwarfs.
 - (c) A man or woman in the world of to-day.
5. Is the statement, "No man lives unto himself," true?
6. Do you find any evidences of ridicule in this story?

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Gulliver's Travels*, JONATHAN SWIFT; 2. *Robinson Crusoe*, DEFoe; 3. *The Country of the Dwarfs*, DU CHAILLU; 4. *Cruise of the Cachalot*, BULLEN; 5. *Tales from the Alhambra*, IRVING; 6. *Around the World in the Sloop Spray*, SLOCUM.



FEEDING A GREAT CITY

The industrial geography of a country is largely the story of its great cities. The story of Chicago is a story of farming in the Middle West. Each is dependent on the other. The following story tells how Chicago aids the farmer and, also, how the farmer aids Chicago.

"Oh, girls, there they are! Father's peaches! Our peaches!"

At the cry of their leader, the little quartet of girls stopped abruptly before the window of a fruit store on one of the busiest streets of downtown Chicago. The hurrying crowds surged around them and threatened to sweep them away, but they held their ground and gazed, fascinated, at the neat and tempting pyramids of fruit in the show window.

"How do you know they're your peaches, Leila?" inquired Effie Kane, her chum.

"Didn't I help pick 'em? Don't I know the kind of peaches all the farmers around Benton Harbor grow?" retorted Leila.

"Let's buy some and see if they taste like Michigan peaches," proposed Tessie, the fat Schultz twin. "My goodness, doesn't ten cents for four seem a terrible price, after the loads we've had at home for nothing?"

"Oh, I don't know. Peaches spoil fast, and it costs a lot to ship 'em," began May Schultz, the thin twin, while Leila stepped into the store and bought the peaches.

"Still, all the peaches around our farm come across Lake Michigan on boats," argued Effie, "and boat freights are cheaper than rail, my father says."

Leila now rejoined them and passed around the peaches, which were duly tasted and pronounced the genuine home-grown article. She grew enthusiastic over the discovery.

"I wish we could find some of my dad's potatoes," mused Effie. "He sent a big load across on the boat the other day. I helped dig 'em. If we only knew where to look!"

"I'll tell you what let's do!" exclaimed Leila, stopping so suddenly in the middle of the street traffic that she came very near being run over by a truck. "Let's call on my Uncle Tom. He's a wholesale merchant and his office is right close to the big market district. He can tell us all about your potatoes, Effie, and everything else!"

So the little quartet threaded their way through the crowds under a warm September sun, and after getting lost a few times and asking their way of a policeman, they at last arrived, hot and tired, at the office of Mr. Thomas Baker. Mr. Baker welcomed his young friends and seemed glad to tell them all he could about the great produce market.

"Of course you know," he began impressively, "that Chicago is the country's great central market for distributing fruit, vegetables, butter, and eggs. It even ships these products to other parts of the world. It handles about \$800,000,000 worth of produce every year, and fully half of this amount stays in Chicago, while the other half goes to far away continents, like Europe and South America."

The girls gasped and tried to figure out how much money \$800,000,000 would be. But this feat of arithmetic was too much for them.

"In Chicago there are at least four hundred wholesale

firms handling these perishable foods," went on Mr. Baker, "without counting the thousands of retail merchants who sell them to the general public. Each year approximately 24,000 carloads of apples, peaches, cantaloupes, strawberries, tomatoes, onions, white potatoes, cabbage and the like pass through the hands of these wholesalers, to say nothing of the fruit and vegetables grown near Chicago and hauled to market in trucks and wagons.

"Chicago is the greatest fruit-distributing center in the United States. Fruit comes here from places far and near, ranging from Illinois to farthest Africa. Now, you'd never guess that we get peaches and plums from Africa, would you? Africa also sends us queer tropical fruit, such as the jack fruit. Speaking of rare fruits, South America sends us sapodillas and avocado pears, and Central America contributes the papaya. Ever eat a papaya? It isn't so bad when it's boiled. Central America also ships us millions of bunches of bananas annually. Belgium and England furnish us with hothouse grapes. The breakfast grapefruit of Chicagoans comes all the way from Cuba, Porto Rico, Florida, and the Isle of Pines. California sends us so many oranges that they travel across the continent in special trains of refrigerator cars. So do the apples and other fruits coming from the Pacific Northwest and the South.

"Nine-tenths of the cantaloupes shipped to Chicago come from Arizona, California, Arkansas, Michigan, Colorado, and Indiana. Strawberries come from Tennessee, Louisiana, Michigan, and Illinois, and we have them in market from January to July. Early tomatoes come to us from California, Florida, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Texas, and later ones from Illinois and Missouri. As for peaches, something like 1,100 carloads of them enter Chicago every year between June and October,

fifty-eight per cent of the whole supply coming from Arkansas, Georgia, Texas, California, and Colorado. But of course you Michigan girls know all about peaches!"

"I don't," confessed Tessie, grinning rather sheepishly. "I sort of got the idea that all peaches were shipped by boat, because that's the way we ship ours—and our potatoes, too."

"Only a very small percentage of the peaches, potatoes, and other produce enter our market by boat," declared Mr. Baker. "The interurban electric lines, which have no central freight stations down town near the market district, cannot handle farm produce. The only product the electric lines are able to haul to Chicago successfully is milk from dairy farms near by. The great bulk of the city's food supply, therefore, must come by way of the steam railways—by express, parcel post, and freight."

"My, but you girls should see the tons of garden truck the wholesale market distributes just in one week! There are immense loads of white potatoes, shipped from Minnesota, Wisconsin, and your own state, which together furnish about seven-eighths of the total supply. And cabbages! Wisconsin growers send us about one-third of all our cabbage supplies, after we have received early cabbages from California, Florida, Mississippi, and Texas. Texas is also our chief source of Bermuda onions, and we get later shipments of onions from Indiana, California, Washington, and Illinois."

Here Leila, who had wandered to one of the office windows, to gaze into the street below, began to scream with excitement.

"Come and see, girls!" she cried. "Whee! I never saw so many trucks and wagons in my life before!"

The others came running, to stare in wonder at the crowded street below. For several blocks up the street,

they could see a double line of trucks backed up against the two opposite curbs, ready for loading and unloading. These vehicles extended out so far into the street that they left a mere lane in the middle, along which wagons and motor cars might pass. The sidewalks were piled high with crates and boxes, which busy workers were lugging in and out of the buildings.

"Oo-oo-oh! Look at the crates of live chickens!" shrieked Effie, forgetting her manners and pointing, in her excitement. "Poor things, how they squawk!"

"Look at the cases of eggs that man is unloading!" exclaimed Leila. "That's the way my mother packs her eggs."

"I'll bet those tubs have butter in them," remarked May, staring very hard at the contents of a truck that was being unloaded across the street.

"So they have," replied Mr. Baker, after taking a good look. "Chicago is the center of a rich dairy district, and ranks as the first city in the world in the wholesale distribution of butter. It has one group of dealers who handle practically all the butter and eggs shipped in (and nothing else); and this group has been known to handle more than 198,000,000 pounds of butter and 32,000,000 dozen eggs in one year. Occasionally eggs are exported to South America, and at other times they are imported from Denmark, China, and Russia. Chicago distributors also export butter to western Europe, Siberia, and even far-off Australia. So you see, you never can tell about those tubs of butter. Some of them may travel halfway around the world before their contents finally reach the retail customer.

"Meanwhile, many of them will probably go into storage for awhile, together with thousands of cases of eggs. Potatoes, apples and onions are also stored in large quantities. And just because the Chicago market handles

such an immense volume of perishable foods, the produce merchants have been obliged to build the biggest and finest cold storage warehouses in the world. Before such plants were built, much of the food spoiled before it ever reached the retailer, to say nothing of the customer. Now, these perishable supplies are kept for months in frost-proof warehouses, cold storage plants, or buildings specially constructed to keep out dampness. Thus the foods are kept cold enough to preserve their freshness for long periods of time. You'll never guess the kind of place they build for storing sweet potatoes, which, as you know, decay very rapidly. Dry kilns!"

"Think of keeping sweet potatoes in an oven where you bake bricks!" exclaimed Leila. "Uncle Tom, do many farmers around here drive to the city with their garden truck, butter, and eggs and sell them direct to the big produce merchants?"

Her uncle shook his head.

"Not many, Leila. Years ago, when farms were closer to Chicago, they used to do it; but now that they have to come so far, they find it easier to ship their crates of poultry, berries, tomatoes, or eggs by express. These things they send straight to some commission merchant, who sells them, charging for his services a certain percentage of the sale price. But the great bulk of produce shipped in by the farmers is bought outright by two different classes of dealers: the wholesaler and the jobber. The wholesaler often buys produce in car lots, selling it piece-meal to the jobbers. Each jobber in turn sells his part to the retail merchants, who are the grocers and the fruit store owners. Sometimes the jobber buys entire carloads of farm truck from the wholesaler, breaking them up and selling them to retailers and to street peddlers."

"Goodness, but doesn't it make one feel small," remarked Leila, "just to think of so many people buying

and selling and repacking and storing and shipping our farm stuff before it gets to city people? When I look down at that busy street, I feel about as big as a postage stamp!"

"You needn't feel that way, Leila," said her uncle emphatically. "If it wasn't for you folk on the farms, there wouldn't be any crowd down there at all, or anything for this big city to eat!"

"This city is large and prosperous, because it is the center of a fine farming region. The farm furnishes the live stock for its great packing industry. The great mercantile establishments depend upon the farmer for their business. The great factories that manufacture automobiles and farm machinery would be idle, were it not for the farmers. The grain that is bought and sold here comes from the farms. Even for people to run our factories and bring prosperity to our city, we must depend upon the farm and the smaller villages."

—VANE KENDRICK.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Draw a sketch map of North and South America. (A prepared outline map is satisfactory.) Locate Chicago on this map. Draw lines from the various states and countries mentioned in the story to Chicago. Show on this map the fruits, grains, vegetables and other produce raised in these states and countries which are shipped to Chicago. 2. Trace the journey of an orange from California through the Chicago market to the consumer. Through how many dealers' hands must it pass? 3. What great industrial organizations have been developed in Chicago to handle farm and orchard produce? 4. At present prices what is the retail value of the eggs shipped to Chicago annually? Of the butter? 5. Can a city like Chicago live by itself alone? Does the farmer need Chicago? Does Chicago need the farmer?

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *How the World is Fed*, F. G. CARPENTER; 2. *Great Cities of the United States*, SOUTHWORTH and KRAMER; 3. *How We are Fed*, J. F. CHAMBERLAIN; 4. *Transportation*, W. F. ROCHELIEU; 5. *Great American Industries*, *ibid.*; 6. *Representative Cities of the United States*, CAROLINE W. HOTCHKISS; 7. *Assets of the Ideal City*, CHARLES M. FASSET; 8. *Feeding a City*, K. McLAUGHLIN.



WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it, near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy ax shall harm it not!

* * * * *

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here,
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old tree stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend;
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

—GEORGE P. MORRIS.

A VISIT TO CUZCO

Much of the history of ancient times has been learned through a study of the ruins of cities built in those early days. The following account describes such an ancient city. What can you learn of the customs and manners of the ancient inhabitants of Peru from this story?

Cuzco is the scene of the rise and fall of the ancient Inca Empire. For nearly three centuries it has been the center of interest for students of civilization, writers of history, and searchers after treasure and adventure. It is an inland city, situated in a most remote and inaccessible valley far up in the Andes, and built centuries ago in such a substantial manner that the attacks of conquerors, invaders, and treasure hunters have failed to destroy the wonderful handiwork of a civilization that flourished for centuries before Columbus discovered America.

Probably few cities in the world have clung so steadily to their ancient customs and fought so hard against the advance of civilization as Cuzco.

Every visitor to Cuzco can read volumes of description and see scores of photographs, all of which kindle keen interest in this, the most interesting city of the Western Hemisphere. It is impossible for pen to describe or for photograph to reproduce the sights which are on every hand, at every turn, and in all directions for the lover of the curious, the beautiful, the prehistoric and the sentimental. Cuzco is unique. Cuzco cannot be adequately described; like the many other wonder places of the world, nothing less than a personal visit can give an understanding of the human interest of this picturesque old city.

Interest begins in one's first glance at the curiously quaint, old building which houses the best hotel: the mammoth walls of solid stone, four to six feet thick; the old stone stairway, worn smooth and hollowed out by the tramping feet of no one knows how many generations; and the narrow balcony overlooking the narrow street.

To-day the trudging feet of mixed descendants of both the early inhabitants and the invaders are passing along this same street, clothed in much the same manner, but bearing different burdens and on different errands than their ancestors. Monarchs, there are no more; the armies of to-day are mere handfuls of peace officers, and the countless gold of former centuries has been replaced by gilt decorations and silver *soles*. Gone is the glamor, the pomp, and the glory of Cuzco, but the sentiment and the human interest will remain as long as the mammoth monuments of stone stand to pay mute tribute to the civilization under which were quarried, carved and wrought these structures which have endured time, the elements, and numerous invasions.

Narrow street and cobble stone pavements have stopped the advance of modern transportation. Wagons and carts are almost unknown, and trucks are but seldom seen. Freight and merchandise of all kinds are transported in and about the city on the backs of men, mules and llamas. The burden which barefooted Indians are able to carry on their backs up and down these steep, rough streets is almost unbelievable, and the price at which they do it is so low that no gasoline or horse propelled vehicle can compete with them. Great sacks of grain, bundles of corrugated iron, heavy trunks, immense boxes of merchandise, sacks of cement, and kegs of nails are among the things which are carried with seemingly as little difficulty as an ordinary man would display in handling a suitcase. It is said that some of the stronger Indians carry as much

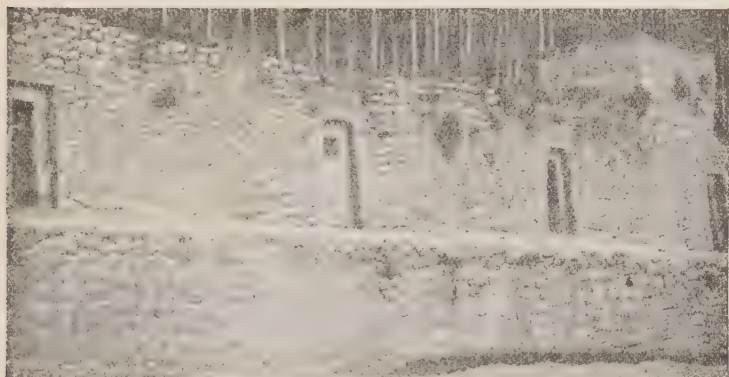
as four hundred pounds each trip to and from the freight house.

Ice, although not badly needed in the cool air of this altitude, is quite common and may be had in most of the better restaurants. Instead of the expensive artificial plant of modern cities and the well known ice wagon of civilization, the Indian supplies the need with prompt, regular delivery at a lower price than is paid in North American cities. His method is to tramp high up to the glacier-capped peaks beyond the city and carry large cakes of natural ice down the steep slopes in the cool, almost freezing air of the night for early morning delivery in the city.

The monstrous moving vans of North American cities which transport the entire furnishings of a house at one trip could not here compete with the Indian, who, for a few *centavos*, ropes the chairs, beds and tables together, hoists the ungainly burden upon his back, and trudges away with the delivery, perhaps not as quickly, but probably with less damage to the furniture than the modern van. The women are burden carriers too, the burden being generally one or more babies, usually tightly wrapped in a blanket on the shoulders. Poor things! wearing their lives away in doing the work of beasts, and living under conditions which are but little advanced beyond the normal life of the animals which they replace in the carrying of burdens.

Excellent descriptions and photographs of the principal points of interest are so common that it would be foolhardy for one to attempt more than brief mention of such wonders as the Fortress of Sachahuaman, located immediately back of the city on a hill about seven hundred feet above the town. A forty-minute walk brings the sight-seer to the first of these ancient fortifications.

An early morning climb to this point is immensely worth while, merely for the wonderful view of city and valley, spread out in picturesque beauty as far as the eye can



OUTER WALLS OF AN ANCIENT INCA PALACE

reach. In the foreground is the city itself, its bright red tile roofs glistening in the sun, with here and there bright patches of gaily painted walls and just enough green trees and shrubbery to complete a most unusual and most enchanting color scheme. Just beyond is the broad fertile valley, cut into irregular fields of green and brown, patch-work fashion, and marked by gray stone walls which dwindle away in the distance to mere lines across the valley, but which stretch far upon the hillsides of the snow-capped range beyond.

Just to the left is a narrow, rocky canyon, the natural bed of a considerable stream of water, nearly all of which is diverted for irrigation and for the above-grade, open-ditch sewer system which disposes of part of the city waste.

Across this canyon are the remains of a stone aqueduct, built in culvert form, three rows of arches high. This aqueduct was, centuries ago, one of the principal sources of water supply for the city. As evidence of the progress

that has been made backwards, it is interesting to note that in the days of the Incas, when Cuzco was a city of more than 200,000 population, the water was so well conserved and distributed in stone aqueducts and ditches that there was ample to supply all of the needs of the city, whereas to-day, with only about 25,000 inhabitants, the supply is scarcely adequate.

The Fortress itself is properly classed among the wonders of the world. It goes around the entire hilltop with three series of stone walls, built of great blocks of flint-like stone, some of which are twenty-five feet high and more than twelve feet thick, all accurately and perfectly cut and fitting with an exact nicety. When and by whom was this marvelous work wrought? How many thousands of hands and hundreds of years were required in its construction? By what unknown power were these enormous stones brought and placed in position? It appears as if one man's guess is as good as another's, but it is a problem of absorbing interest, and one can sit for hours marveling at the skill and endurance necessary to build these great walls.

In front of the main wall of the fortress is a broad level space, to-day being grazed by sheep, which was perhaps in those unknown, bygone days, the parade ground for the vast armies of the monarch. On the opposite side of this level space a series of seats has been carved in the solid rock ledge, known as the "Inca's Throne," from which who knows what deeds of bravery and sacrifice have been witnessed.

Immediately back of this is the "sliding-rock" or "Rodadero," said to be a natural glacier formation, of perfectly rounded, slippery grooves at an easy slope fifty or more feet in length. Here one may take a thrilling slide to the ground below. This is very exciting and without danger, except to the seat of the trousers. Needless to say, this

is a favorite spot for the children where they enjoy themselves for hours while their more serious elders study the remains of a civilization probably thousands of years old.

A little farther on, at the other end of the "parade ground," is another large rock about thirty feet high and fifty in diameter in which a winding flight of stairs about two feet wide is perfectly carved from base to top. The top of this rock and its side are carved full of very comfortable seats and chairs with backs like a great reviewing stand. One of the seats, larger than the rest, with a smaller one on either side, is known as the "Devil's Seat." Who named it, and why, nobody knows. Near here is the "Inca's Bath," nicely rounded and perfectly chiselled out of solid rock surrounded by finely carved lounging seats which are surprisingly comfortable, considering the hardness of the rock out of which they are formed.

In and about these rocks are many openings which are credited with being the mouths of tunnels. One may crawl on hands and knees into one of these in the blackest darkness for a distance of perhaps one hundred feet to the exit on the opposite side. Within are several sizable chambers which, tradition has it, were connected with the "Temple of the Sun" and other important structures in the city below. Several such tunnels have been opened up beneath buildings in the city for a considerable distance. There are many rumors of the buried treasure in these tunnels and of the loss of life of men who, in centuries ago, have tried to recover it. One such is of a party of six who went underground and all perished except one who appeared days afterward, greatly emaciated and almost dead, but proudly bearing an ear of corn, molded of solid gold. In quite recent years several of these tunnels have been explored, and probably for centuries to come the mystery and romance of Inca gold will continue to tempt examination of these underground passages.

To the north of Cuzco, within a radius of a few miles, are the remains of an Inca Palace, another fortress, the ancient reservoir of the Incas, also many caves, stone carvings and interesting ruins of different kinds. Within a day's horseback ride are so many ruins and relics that it would take weeks to make any kind of complete examination of these remnants of a past civilization.

There is a temptation to spend hours gazing at each wonder and pondering over the wisdom of the fates that decreed the downfall of an Empire which was able to accomplish such wonders, so far as we know, without tools, machinery or artificial power, and without the aid of any of the devices of modern science and invention. We asked a well informed engineer how long it would take the largest and best equipped structural contracting company of this age to duplicate the structures which are known to have existed in Cuzco and the immediate vicinity. He hesitated to hazard a reply, but expressed the opinion that it could not be done in fifty years. The many, many centuries it must have taken with mere man power, strongly supports the belief that much of it dates back to a very remote period.

Cuzco has more cathedrals, churches, monasteries, nunneries and buildings of a religious type than any city of the new world of its size. These were nearly all constructed during the Colonial Period out of material procured by wrecking the Inca structures. The stone workmanship of that period is very commonplace as compared with the work which remains of the partially wrecked and ruined structures; and the different periods of construction can be very readily identified by the character of architecture and workmanship, the oldest being decidedly the best, and gradually deteriorating; that of the present century being the clumsiest and flimsiest of all.

By what kind of miracle the main stone work of the

"Temple of the Sun" was preserved from the ruthless hands of the conquerors, no one knows, unless it be that it provided such a convenient foundation for the building which is now the monastery of Santo Domingo. Located almost in the heart of the city, but a few blocks from the main Plaza, it stands, a most vivid monument to the skill of its builders. The mechanical and architectural perfection of this piece of circular stone work is probably without equal in all the world, and no description or photograph can do justice to the exact nicety of the cutting of each stone. A skilled cabinet maker of this day, working in hardwood, with the best of tools, could not exceed the delicate fineness of the joints between these perfectly cut stones, which even centuries of earthquakes have not disturbed by a hair's breadth. One can stand upon this spot in the bright glow of the setting sun, and without any sacreligious or irreverent thought, can have a sympathetic feeling for the worship of that radiant glow which inspired the planning and erection of this magnificent "Temple of the Sun."

On almost every street in Cuzco are the remains of ancient walls, arches and doorways. The city itself was surrounded by one great wall, enough of which remains to make it possible to trace its course from end to end. Many streets are lined on either side by walls of most perfect stone work, now serving no better purpose than as foundations for rude structures which house, in poverty and filth, the descendants of the mighty race which built them.

All this ancient stone work has, besides its other perfections, one distinguishing feature: every wall has a perfect line of inclination toward the center, from bottom to top. In the language of the stone mason, they are all "battered" walls, and every corner is nicely rounded, not built plumb, with sharp square corners like the walls

of to-day. In this fact probably lies the secret of their permanence. On these walls, over arches and around doorways, may frequently be seen distinct carvings of animals, serpents and characters which have no present day significance. These are scattered here and there, without any apparent regularity of location or formation. Like the many other "whys," and "hows," and "whens" with which the Cuzco visitor is continually confronted, there is no answer.

To enumerate the numberless points of interest in and about Cuzco which are worth spending the time to visit would require more space than has been taken in this account. There is probably no place on the Western Continent where a month or two can be more profitably, pleasantly, or interestingly spent in sight-seeing than in the vicinity of Cuzco. Most travelers who visit Cuzco once, return again.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Compare the Cuzco of ancient times and Cuzco to-day by filling in the following chart.

Items for Comparison	Early Cuzco	Modern Cuzco
Monarch	Inca	?
Means of defense, etc.	Large army	Peace officers, etc.

2. Were the inhabitants of early Cuzco more, or less civilized, than the Indians of North America at the period of the discovery of America? Prove your statement. 3. Were the inhabitants of early Cuzco more, or less civilized, than the inhabitants of modern Cuzco? Prove your statement. 4. Draw a sketch showing how the aqueduct was supported across the canyon. 5. Why does the author conclude that centuries of time were required to build the walls and fortifications of Cuzco? 6. Write a description of life in ancient Cuzco as you picture it from the information given in this article.

Additional Readings.—1. *The Conquest of Peru*, W. H. PRESCOTT; 2. *The Fair God*, LEW WALLACE; 3. *American Indians*, FREDERICK STARR; 4. *Ten Big Indians*, MARY H. WADE.

FORETELLING THE FLOODS

Many people upon picking up a newspaper, first look to see the weather predictions for the next day. Shall we have a picnic to-morrow? First consult the paper to see if it will rain. Shall we cover the flowers in the garden? First look to see if the weather forecast indicates frost. Thousands of cars of perishable fruit are shipped from one part of the country to another part without damage each year, because of the advance reports of our Weather Bureau.

The following story tells how the Weather Bureau forecasts floods. Read it to find out how this service can be rendered.

The services rendered by the Weather Bureau to the people of the United States are almost numberless. Not only the daily predictions of fair or cloudy weather, but the storm warnings along the coasts, the frost warnings in the fruit and vegetable belts, crop bulletins, and a multitude of other activities, add to the value of the service; but in none of its features is it more exact, or, at times, more dramatic, than in its prediction of floods in the larger rivers.

By long experience and close calculation, the weather man has learned to read the symptoms predicting a rise or fall of a river as accurately as a physician can count the heart beats of his patient with his finger on his pulse. He has posted hundreds of rain gauges in the land which feeds each river, and they, like sentinels, tell him the exact number of inches of rain that have fallen.

The rain gauge is simply a funnel with deep edges connected with a collecting vessel. When it rains, the water is collected by this funnel and is conducted to the attached vessel. The amount of rain is measured by a glass graduated to read in hundredths of an inch, or in tenths of a

millimetre. The gauges, or funnels, are usually either five or eight inches in diameter. A more detailed record is obtained by the Hyetograph, or self recording rain gauge, of which there are many patterns, most of them registering by the action of the weight of the water collected from the gauge-funnel into a floating vessel to which a pen is attached. When this vessel becomes filled with rain, the pen is at the bottom of the chart, and an automatic syphon comes into action, emptying the vessel and preparing it for further recording.

To find the amount of water that will pour into the river is then simply a matter of arithmetic, as the weather expert knows the number of square miles drained by each river. He knows how much water the channel can carry in a given time as nicely as his wife knows the contents of a teacup. He knows the strong points and the weak points of the river banks, so that if the skies send more rain than the channel can carry, he can predict where the river will overtop or burst its banks and drown the cattle or flood the streets.

Some years ago there was a very heavy rainfall in the Mississippi Valley. Twenty-eight days in advance of its coming, the forecaster at Washington predicted the arrival of the crest of the flood wave at New Orleans, and warned the people of that city to prepare for a height of twenty-one feet. The warning was taken at full value; the levee in the commercial part of the city was increased in height by the addition of piles of sandbags backed with an earthen embankment, and in places by wooden protection. On the day he had prophesied, the water (decreased slightly by a crevasse above town) rose to a height of twenty feet and seven inches—a height which, but for the protection of the temporary levee, would have flooded at least a portion of the city, and would have caused enormous loss. Yet the immense ocean of water

which caused the trouble had fallen over a territory six times the size of New York State, and the flood had traveled one thousand miles to reach New Orleans.

Cairo, near the start of the flood, had four days' notice of a fifty-foot rise, and Memphis had seven days to prepare for forty feet.

Overflows were not averted, but endangered property was removed to safer ground. Property worth millions of dollars was saved, most of it to people who could ill afford to lose.

The remarkable accuracy of the forecaster's prediction is amazing. At the time of the great flood to which mention has just been made, there were floods in every principal tributary of the lower Mississippi covering thousands of square miles of territory. To calculate the outflowing volume of water of these several tributaries and their total volume upon entering the Mississippi was, indeed, a problem; but the forecaster did it, and as we have seen, estimated the crest of the flood with exceeding accuracy.

—EDWIN TARRISSE.

RELATED PROJECTS

1. What are the steps necessary to determine how high water in a stream will rise after a rain? 2. Cut out the weather forecasts from your daily newspaper for a week. Are they reliable? 3. If there is a Weather Bureau in your city, visit it to observe the instruments used by the weather observer. 4. Make colored drawings of the signal flags used by the United States Weather Bureau. Consult Webster's Unabridged Dictionary for colored plates of these flags. 5. Find out what is meant by "Low" and "High" on United States Weather maps.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Our Own Weather*, EDWIN C. MARTIN; 2. *Real Things in Nature*, EDWARD S. HOLDEN; 3. *About the Weather*, M. W. HARRINGTON; 4. *The Wonder Book of the Atmosphere*, E. J. HOUSTON; 5. *Adrift on an Ice Pan*, GRENFELL.

THE SHERITON PAINT-UP

Why have such a queer name for this story?

All Sheriton was in mourning, for the Sheriton freshman baseball team, on the Sheriton home grounds, had just finished walloping the Ashford freshmen, 7 to 1.

You see, the annual baseball game between the Ashford and Sheriton freshmen always took place the day before the two varsities tangled, and for the last twelve years, every time the Sheriton freshmen had won, the Sheriton varsity had lost, and vice versa. "Win the freshman—lose the varsity." That was the jinx slogan that never seemed to fail.

"The varsity is going to win to-morrow," said Red.

"Yes," growled Rusty, "the same way Siam is going to win the Olympic Games."

But I looked hopefully at Red. Maybe he had something up his sleeve. But he hadn't—just another idea.

"It's this way," Red reasoned. "Baseball is a whole lot more than just swinging a bat or stealing a base. The biggest thing in it is psychology. If you think you're going to win, why, victory's two-thirds yours. And if you think you're going to lose, you probably will."

"If that's true," I broke in, "there's no use waiting until to-morrow. Might just as well hang up the crape to-day."

"That's because the psychology favors Ashford," Red argued, earnestly. "And the dickens of it is, our students are to blame for it. They go drooping around as if they couldn't pay the landlord, or something."

"Now, Ashford's got a wonderful ball club, no use denying that. But they're temperamental—they're fair

weather birds. They play well when they're a couple of runs ahead, and up till now they've always stayed ahead so nobody could see 'em in the dumps. But let our boys get 'em in a tight place, and let our crowd once get to rooting as if they thought we'd win, and it'll be a different story. All we need to do is to change the psychology; we must convince everybody that Sheriton is sure to win."

"Yes, and all you need to do to catch all the whales in the Pacific Ocean is to bale out the water first," Rusty yawned. "Mr. President, I move that Red be awarded the steam-heated bicycle in recognition of his brilliant idea, also that he be appointed chairman of the committee on psychology."

"Gentlemen, I accept," said Red, solemnly. And we pitched into our bean soup. After all, it wouldn't be the first game that the Sheriton varsity had lost, and there was another year coming.

An hour later we three were on our way to the east of town. Rusty and I carried bundles of flares—little cans of powder that, when you touched a match to them, would light up the whole country. Red packed another bundle—cans of purple paint and brushes. And now I want to tell you about the freshman baseball squad's all-night job.

Nearly two miles east of the Sheriton campus is Mount Tiny, a steep wooded hill that rises abruptly from the plain around it. On the west slope of it, the slope that faces the campus, the class of '99 had cleared a space nearly an acre in size, and built on it, of solid concrete, a great block letter S. They painted it a deep purple, for Sheriton's colors—bless 'em—are purple and gold. Year after year the great letter, plainly visible from our stadium was our inspiration through many a hard-fought game, and year after year the loyal sons of Sheriton would climb Mount Tiny, grub out any weeds or shrubbery that

threatened to hide the S, and now and then give it a new coat of paint.

Then came 1906, and the happening that Sheriton students first thought a dastardly crime, and later accepted as a good joke. On the night before the Sheriton-Ashford baseball game at Sheriton, a flock of Ashford rooters sneaked up the mountain and painted the S a gorgeous Ashford green. Moreover, when our fellows frantically scoured the town the next morning, to get purple paint, they found that Ashford had made the rounds of the hardware stores and bought out the entire available supply. So the S was green all through the game, and didn't Ashford throw it up to us!

From that day to this it has been a tradition that the night before the Sheriton-Ashford baseball game on the Sheriton grounds is "Paint-Up" Night. Sheriton, during the ten night hours from eight to six, not only guards the big letter against all comers but gives it a new coat of purple which is supposed to bring the varsity good luck during the game. And, since the Paint-Up takes place right after the freshman squad breaks training, to them is assigned the proud job of guarding the S. So that was why Red and Rusty and I were bound for Mount Tiny; and that was why we carried the flares and the paint. Rusty, as captain of the freshman team, was commander of the Paint-Up party. Besides the three of us, there were thirteen more. And if we needed help, why, a signal would bring the whole campus to our rescue inside of ten minutes.

Well, at seven o'clock there we all were at the S. We looked like delegates to a ragmen's convention, for every one of us wore his oldest clothes. If there was to be a fight, we wanted to be dressed for it. The sun was just setting, and the ivy-covered buildings of old Sheriton were bathed in glory, as the senior class poets always say. They were mighty beautiful—the buildings, not the poets

—so beautiful they brought a lump to our throats, and any one of us would have died, willingly, before he'd let an Ashford man touch the beloved S.

"Let's get going," Red directed, briskly. "Every fellow take one of these flares, and a handful of matches. We four"—he indicated Rusty and me and Gugan, our second baseman—"are going to stay right here and guard the S. That leaves twelve fellows, enough for four patrols of three each. Each patrol will guard one side of the clearing. Scatter out along the edge of it, so that you can see and hear everything and still keep out of sight. If you hear anything suspicious, find out what it is. If it's Ashford, and a mob of 'em, set off your flare. If you haven't time to do that, holler bloody murder and then hold 'em off long enough for us to light ours.

"But for the love of St. Christopher, don't light your flare unless you're dead sure there's deviltry afoot. Because down below the Sheriton fellows are watching, and any kind of a signal will bring two thousand of 'em on the run. And if we send up a false alarm, as they did two years ago, we'll never hear the last of it."

Then Rusty assigned the rest of the fellows to the different patrols, and announced who'd command each.

"A last word, fellows," he said. "If you nose into something suspicious, and aren't sure what it is, and you want help, why make a noise like a loon. Then the nearest patrols to you will come and help."

Ever hear a loon cry? It's the weirdest, eeriest call you can imagine, especially at night. Sort of a high pitched, piercing "woo-o-o." Our freshman team had spent spring vacation at Salisbury Lake, limbering up winter-stiffened muscles, and a pair of loons were there doing the same thing. Learning to imitate 'em was a popular indoor sport; we got so we could insult the loons in their own language. That was why Rusty made a loon call the password.

Well, the fellows scattered out, creeping through the bushes like so many Indians on the warpath. And Red and Rusty and Gugan and I sat there on the crook of the S and waited. And I may as well admit that, though we were close together and knew that a host of Sheritonites were within call, we felt pretty shivery. For Mount Tiny was a spooky place. The great S sprawled along the ground like a big snake. The wind rustled ghostily through the trees at the edge of the clearing. That was the only sound we could hear, except an occasional crash and groan as a switch engine on the rim of town poked its nose into a string of empties. Not a soul lived on Mount Tiny. In the old days Tom Ryerson, a venturesome farmer, tried to use it for pasture; the ruins of his big dairy barn are all that is left to show for his bold attempt.

"We'll begin to paint, if nothing happens, about ten o'clock," Rusty whispered to Red. His voice sounded strained and husky.

"Right you are," Red answered, in a tone just as unnatural. "I'll get out the paint right now." I heard him open his package, then exclaim in disgust: "Ding the luck, anyhow! I forgot the brushes. I'll trot right back and get 'em."

"Don't do it," Rusty objected. "No use hiking three miles in the pitch dark. We'll find a way of getting the paint on, if we have to use your head for a brush."

"Try psychology on it," I suggested.

Thanks to Red's radium wrist watch, we knew when nine o'clock passed, and nine-thirty. We hadn't heard a peep from our patrols, and we were pretty uneasy. What if the enemy had sneaked past them, were even now surrounding us. Every time the wind stirred a bush we sat up apprehensively. When a blundering bug, no doubt taking home his week's pay to his wife and children, crashed into my cheek, I jumped a foot.

"Gee, but I feel calm and peaceful," remarked Red. "Just as calm and peaceful as a harpooned whale."

From a lower corner of the clearing, we heard a low "Wo-o-o." "Hardy Brennan," Red whispered. We heard a subdued crackling, as if the patrols were working their way to Brennan's assistance. Then another "Woo-o-o." Red pulled out his flare, and got a match ready. Five minutes of anxious waiting during which Red insisted he heard a crash, and then, from the same spot, a third "Woo-o-o."

"Shall I set off a flare?" asked Red. Rusty thought it over. "Let's make sure," he decided. "We'll all go down and investigate. No use going off half cocked. Travel single file, each fellow twenty feet behind the other, so that if something does go wrong one of the chaps behind can signal."

I went first, and I'm not ashamed to say that I was mighty nervous. I had a curious feeling that every bush and shrub were watching me—as though behind each lurked an enemy, waiting to seize me. My left knee made a punching bag out of my right one. Now and then I'd stop and strain my ears, but not a sound. Ahead was a gaunt, whitish object, a dead tree that had lost its bark. "That's as far as I'll go," I told myself.

And a truer promise was never made, because the self-same instant that I arrived there two dark shapes hurtled at me. Before I could cry out one of them threw a blanket over my head and the other caught me around the knees and downed me like a lassoed cow. In a jiffy I was tied, gagged, carried behind the tree, and dumped in a little clearing—and no noise or disturbance about it either. Within a couple of minutes three more bundles arrived on the scene—Red, Gugan and Rusty. All about me I could make out prostrate shapes—evidently the rest of our unhappy baseball squad—and standing over them

were a whole mob of what couldn't be anything but Ashfordites.

A tall fellow bent over us. "These are the last of them," he said. I started as I recognized his voice. He lit a match to look at our faces.

"Can that," cried a companion, hastily. "We're not taking any chances on lights." But the brief flicker was enough to do a lot of damage. For Red and Rusty and I simultaneously recognized the sneering face with one tooth missing, and the lanky chap recognized us.

"Easy marks, for sure. Innocent as babes. Shouting out your plans as if there wasn't a spy within a mile of you. Thought you fellows were the only ones who could imitate a loon, didn't you?" He dangled something in our faces.

"Look 'em over," he taunted. "They're brushes. The handles are painted green and white. Official Ashford brushes—the same ones our forefathers used in 1906. We've got some nice green paint, too—three buckets of it, and guaranteed not to wear off. Goes mighty well on a purple background. In the morning your precious alumni will see their darling S in a decent color." By way of rubbing it in, he held up the buckets. Red, who in some way had worked his gag off, groaned loudly.

"What's that?" demanded the Ashford chap.

"The Ashford yell." Red yawned. "Goes pretty well with the Ashford color." Lanky bent over Red menacingly, but Red didn't flinch.

"Leave 'em alone, Andy," remonstrated one of the Ashfordites—honest, it looked as though there were a million of 'em—"We've got work to do." They withdrew a little distance and conferred.

All at once something dug me in the ribs; it was Red. He had wiggled over to where I lay. "Turn over," he whispered . . . it was no time to demand an explanation.

I flopped over, graceful as a walrus after his Sunday dinner, and my face landed slap bang in a flock of nettles. My hands were tied behind me, so you see I couldn't very well steer myself. Red backed into me, and hunched over so that the rope that tied his wrist touched my fingers. I took the hint, and worked as fast as I could. In a minute Red's hands were free to busy themselves with the ropes that bound his feet. Just as he kicked them loose an Ashford guard saw him and yelled. Red jumped up, stooped, grabbed the Ashford paint buckets and brushes, and dived into the bushes.

Well, you should have seen those Ashfordites. Wild? Say—cornered hornets weren't in it with them. They took after Red like so many bloodhounds.

After five minutes all was quiet. "Good old Red," I rejoiced. "Ashford can't do anything without their paint, and in half an hour Red'll have a rescue party on the job that'll run 'em clear to next week." It was a pleasant dream, all right, and it ended as abruptly as most dreams do. I heard a shouted "Here he comes!" and a heavy crackling, as though a bear were plunging through the underbrush. Out of the woods, not three yards from the spot he'd started from, burst Red, panting like a locomotive, and still carrying those buckets and brushes. He stopped short, saw he was surrounded, hurled the paint one way and the brushes another, and then, after a brief but savage struggle, went down with about two tons of the Ashford student body milling around on top of him. In a minute he was securely tied, and in two more, Ashford had found the three buckets, and all but one of the brushes.

"Let's get busy before anything else happens," directed the lanky one. He, too, was breathing hard, and from the bottom of my heart I hoped he'd lost that other front tooth!

"Pieface here," he pointed at me, "and this animated mess of freckles," meaning Red, "will come along with our party. March the rest of 'em to Ryerson's. Keep 'em there all night, and as late in the morning as possible. Stay till you hear the rescue party coming. We don't want 'em spoiling our good work.

"Connelly and his gang will do the painting. Be sure, Connelly, not to light a match or anything else, once you get in the clearing. The mutton-heads down in the valley will be watching for just such a signal. Let's go."

Each Sheriton man was lifted to his feet, his leg ropes untied, and escorted into the woods in the direction of Ryerson's barn. Two husky Ashfordites, one on each side of him, pinioned his arms Oh, if only Red could have got away with that paint. It was the first time I'd ever known him to run in a circle. Then two chaps grabbed my arms and hauled me to my feet, and next thing I knew I was stumbling in another direction, with two far from gentle hands guiding me.

Gee, but that was one long walk. Sometime when you want to commit suicide, tie your hands behind you, and try to walk through woods at night without a light. By and by, when it seemed as though we'd walked clear across North America and must pretty soon step into the ocean, the Ashford bunch stopped, whispered together a bit, then divided into two parties. Red went with one of 'em, I with the other.

Pretty soon our group reached the outskirts of town, and began crossing the railroad tracks. I knew we were near the switch yards, about a mile from the campus. We stopped in front of a box car with its bottom covered with hay. Two Ashfordites boosted me in, followed, tied my feet again, curled me up by the door, and wished me pleasant dreams. There wasn't any hope of escape, nor

any particular good in staying awake. Besides, I was mighty tired, and the hay mighty soft. So I fell asleep.

I woke up stiff and cold. The box car door was ajar, and looking out, I judged it must be at least seven o'clock. Wisps of fog were floating in. Fog! That was the last straw. Th game was scheduled for eleven o'clock, so as to leave plenty of time for the Home-coming exercises in the afternoon. I'd hoped that early in the morning, before the old "grads" woke up, our fellows would see the S, rush up Mount Tiny and repaint it. But this fog—goodness knows how soon it would lift. Often it stayed until nearly noon. Which meant that, barring accidents, nobody would discover what was wrong until the game. Because the Ashford fellows at Ryerson's would no doubt take advantage of the fog to keep their prisoners that much longer. I groaned when I thought of how the sight of that green S would crush the spirits of our rooters. Talk about your psychology! Couldn't be much worse, could it?

About an hour later my guards awakened. One of 'em, grumbling about the chilly weather, produced a can of pork and beans and some cheese and crackers. They had the goodness to untie my hands, but they didn't offer me any of the grub. And the fog didn't lift. At nine it was still as thick as peanut butter, and at ten. At ten-fifteen you could see that the sun was on the job, but still the fog hid everything. By this time both teams were on the field, practicing.

"Ten forty-five," said one of the Ashford fellows. "Time to mosey on. We're going to let you go—the rest of you fellows are free by this time. You can't do any harm now, anyhow. Your hands are loose—get busy and untie your own legs. See you at the game. Ta-ta."

My fingers were pretty cold and it must have been ten minutes before I got those knots loosened and started for the stadium. On the first cross street I threw a scared

look at Mount Tiny. Fog, nothing but fog. I had a wild notion to buy paint and rush up there, but a second's reflection reminded me that the stores were closed, and that I couldn't do much in the brief time I had, anyhow, so I continued on a dead run to the baseball field. At least I could tell our rooters what to expect. I rushed right past the ticket takers, up the stairway into the stadium and collapsed, all out of breath, in the nearest seat.



It was a gay sight, that Sheriton stadium. Behind first base were massed the Sheriton thousands, their purple and gold rooters' caps gay against the brown of the benches. In the center of this gorgeous mass, their silver instruments glinting, our band was playing a Sheriton war song. In the boxes, laughing and chatting, were faculty, deans, the president, and some of our more celebrated alumni. On the Ashford side was the other end of the

argument. They'd sent at least two thousand rooters to the game. They'd draped great green and white banners around the ropes that set off their section, and their fife and drum corps banged and tooted defiance at Sheriton. I never saw such a cocky, self-confident gang in my life. Where Sheriton was calling on its team to "fight 'em," Ashford was shouting to its boys to "run up a big score."

Ashford's team was on the field, and a smart outfit they were, too. The ball seemed fairly to spurt from their hands. They leaped high in air after liners, dived after hot ones that rocketed along the ground, darted far into the field to gather flies, toed the bag and scooped in the wide ones with one hand. They were marvels to watch.

Along the sidelines Sheriton was warming up deliberately. Four pitchers were limbering their arms, and Coach Myers was bunting easy grounders to the infielders.

All at once a skinny figure in white trousers and green and white jersey climbed out in front of the Ashford rooters. He was their yell leader, that was plain, but more than that he was—he was the lanky chap who'd led the big raid on the Sheriton S. Right then I reared up on my hind legs and started for the players' bench. I didn't know what I was going to do, beyond telling our fellows all about what had happened.

But I was too late. The umpire had donned his chest protector and, mask in hand, was announcing: "The batt're-e-s for to-day's game are—" and the rest of it. Of course, there was nothing I could do after that. No use bothering our team, or anybody else, at this late minute. The sun was shining brightly now, and glinting off the glassed south roof of Botany Hall. But a big chunk of fog still clung, as it always does till the last moment, to Mount Tiny. Oh, if Sheriton could only get a big lead, some way or another; then what folks saw when the fog lifted wouldn't make any difference.

But Sheriton didn't. In the very first inning Ashford combined a lucky bunt, a walk, a puny poke over first that nobody could quite reach, and one honest-to-goodness single, for a flying start of two runs. And how the Ashford stands yelled! They have a song that starts like this: "A-S-H-F-O-R-D spells Vic-to-ry," and they sang it while their fife and drum corps crashed out the tune. They yelled and hollered and threw derisive remarks our way.

Well, true to form, our boys played a steady game—not at all flashy, but they held their own. They even, in the fourth, stretched a double and a rather doubtful Texas Leaguer into a run. But Ashford, alas, was playing like world's champions. If there's such a thing as psychology, I thought grimly, it's all against us. And if Red expects to change it, he's got to do it quick Meanwhile that chunk of fog still hid the Sheriton S.

Then, between innings, three Ashford yell leaders fastened themselves on the megaphones and began a long tirade. I felt my face grow red, because from the way every one back of them turned and looked at Mount Tiny I could tell just exactly what that harangue was about. At the end of it Ashford simply went crazy. They stood up and howled and yelled and cheered. Ashford players knew what was in the wind, too, because every man of them was a-grin as he took his place, and they retired the heavy end of our batting order in snappy one-two-three style. Their turn at bat.

Ashford's first man singled, and the second man followed with a lusty poke to the right field fence. We have a fast man out there, and he took the ball on the rebound and held the runner at third. Then, as my heart sank, for there was no one down, I heard a mighty, triumphant roar—and it wasn't, strange to say, from the Ashford side of the stadium. The fog had lifted. The sun

shone brilliantly, proudly, upon the cleared oasis on the side of Mount Tiny—and there, resplendent and glistening in its new coat of paint, was the Sheriton S—and the color was a rich, glorious purple!

I guess I must have gone mad. I know that when I came to, I was sitting on the lap of an indignant and sputtering fat man, and that my right foot was massaging the ear of a gentleman two rows ahead—and I know that what I was yelling about paint and brushes and night raids must have sounded like a lunatic's raving. But anyhow, what matter? There was the Sheriton S, and it was purple!

Well, you never saw such a change come over a crowd as came over that Ashford bunch. Here they'd been told the S would show up green, and it hadn't at all. They just naturally wilted. The lanky yell leader—well, his shoulders got twenty degrees rounder and his chest sort of caved in against his backbone. The Ashford players felt the change, too. With a man on first and another on third, and no outs, they died without a run. In the meantime, Sheriton, realizing that something had gone wrong with Ashford, and mightily pleased with the painting job that they supposed we freshmen had done, came to life and were barking out our yells in the time-honored style.

In the seventh Ashford filled the bases. Their yell kings perked up a bit and it looked as though their rooters had, too. Then just as His Lankyship got out in front of everybody, calling for a yell, a stocky, familiar figure rushed across the field and handed him something. The figure was Red and the something was an empty paint bucket.

It was comical, the way that chap collapsed. Even the Ashford rooters laughed. Then they booed him, booed their own yell king. I guess he must have been unpopular anyhow, and everybody welcomed the chance to sit on

him. He crawled over to the players' bench and sat down, and that's the last I ever saw of him.

The eighth inning saw the head of our batting order up, and therefore our last chance to get the two runs we needed to win. Parsfall, our center fielder, was first, and Ashford's shortstop caught his high fly. Benniford, our third baseman, usually a dependable hitter, struck out. Then, before another man could step into the batter's box, out rushed Red, and over to the players' bench.

In his hand was a brush, a brush with a handle painted green and white. I leaned forward, recalling the words of that lanky yell king the night before.

"That's the brush that Red threw away and they couldn't find," I exclaimed.

I saw the team start to grin as Red explained something to them; then, every one of them burst out laughing. Marker was up next. Red took his bat away from him, and solemnly rubbed it all over with the brush.

Now, if you know baseball, you'll realize that Red pulled a pretty shrewd stunt. In the first place, he mystified that Ashford team and worried them more than a little. Second, he relieved the tension our fellows were under by giving them a good laugh. Third—well, you know how superstitious baseball players are! You can imagine that, to them, rubbing a bat with a brush captured from an Ashford raiding party was as lucky as rabbits' feet and horseshoes and four-leaf clovers put together.

Anyhow, Marker tripled past the center fielder, and Burson, a fair to middling hitter, after taking plenty of time to have his bat brushed, singled Marker in. Ashford's shortstop was so slow handling the ball that Burson, after dancing back and forth on first, swiped second, which, of course, made it easy for him to score on Amberson's single just inside the left field foul line. We went wild,

simply wild. All I can remember is that every Sheriton player was on his feet, swinging his bat as he yelled at the Ashford pitcher, and Red, leaping up and down like an Indian medicine man, rushed here and there, rubbing everybody's bat with his magic, jinx-destroying brush.

We drove Ashford's pitcher from the box, and the relief pitcher couldn't fool us either. The game ended with the score 7 to 3, in our favor. It was the first time in twelve years that either school had won both freshman and varsity games. Ashford, as Red had said, was a good team out in front, but not so good when things started going against them.

There on the diamond, with every Sheritonian dancing a victory dance and the Ashford stands emptying in crushed silence, I met Rusty and both of us hunted Red. We soon found him. His face was flushed and triumphant.

"What do you fellows think of the committee on psychology?" he wanted to know.

"High, wide and handsome," we assured him. "Who sneaked back and painted the S purple? Did you? And how did you work it?"

"You remember I got away last night?" Red asked. "Well, what I did was hide Ashford's paint and get ours, and then let myself be captured. Naturally, they thought they'd caught me with the same paint I started out with, especially since I had the same brushes. So, they simply went ahead and did our work for us. Guess Tom Sawyer's got nothing on us, what? I think we owe 'em a vote of thanks."

"You're a high-powered marvel," I told him. "You fooled the raiding party and you won the baseball game. How in the world did you ever get away with that green and white brush? That's what beat Ashford—painting our team's bats with an Ashford trophy." Red winked.

"I didn't tell our fellows that was really an Ashford

brush," he said. "I just showed it to them, and they jumped at conclusions. You see, we needed something to start us hitting, so I sneaked out after the sixth inning, found a likely looking brush, and painted it green and white."

By the way of proving his assertion, he thrust out his hand. Sure enough, across his palm, where he had gripped the handle, were smudgy green and white stripes.

Since then nobody has ever teased Red about psychology.

—From *The American Boy*,
BY GEORGE F. PIERROT.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Why were the Sheriton students downcast at the victory of their own freshman team? 2. How much hope is expressed in Rusty's statement in the fourth paragraph? 3. Why did they paint the S on the mountain side purple before each Sheriton-Ashford game? 4. Was Red's scheme successful? 5. Would the story have been as interesting if Red had told the rest of the freshmen squad what he had done? 6. What changed the defeat into a victory? 7. Would it have been better if the paint brush used by Red had really been taken from the enemy? 8. Divide the story into its main parts and give a title to each part. 9. What does Red mean when he says, "Guess Tom Sawyer's got nothing on us, what?" 10. Explain the following baseball terms: liners, dived after hot ones, to gather flies, scooped in wide ones, limbering their arms, bunting easy grounders, one honest-to-goodness single, stretched a double into a run, held the runner at third, struck out, tripled past the center fielder.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *For the Honor of the School*, RALPH H. BARBOUR; 2. *Captain of the Crew*, *ibid.*; 3. *With Mask and Mitt*, A. T. DUDLEY; 4. *Following the Ball*, *ibid.*; 5. *On the School Team*, J. R. EARL; 6. *The Young Pitcher*, ZANE GREY; 7. *Cadet Days*, CHARLES F. KING; 8. *Pitcher Pollock*, CHRISTY MATTHEWSON.

A SCHOOL IN ALBANIA

Books and stories are always subject to trial for their soundness and worth. The pupil should find their good and bad points and should decide whether or not they present true pictures.

The Albanian schoolboy does not believe everything he reads, particularly about his own country. Read the following letter to find out why he criticises our American text-books.

Tirana, Albania,
April 30, 1923.

National Director,
Junior Red Cross,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

This is the first time for us Albanian children to have the opportunity to read and write your language. We were extremely glad to receive your geography books. They were of much interest to us, both for the subject-matter and the way of treatment. I read a little about all the countries of the world and more about your country. At last I found the page which told about my country.

In the first volume I read that Albania is a rocky, mountainous country. This seems to be true, yet in fact one-third of the total area of Albania can be plowed. The soil of this country is very fertile. Many Europeans that have visited our country say that it is the best part of Europe for cultivation. Many metals are found in the mountains. Coal, asphalt, petroleum, salt, and some iron are found here.

The second volume said that the Albanians are the most ignorant people in the Balkans, that they are

governed by chiefs of tribes and that their houses are surrounded by heavy walls with watchdogs inside to guard against intruders. We are not at all angered, for we know that your information was not got first hand. There are many reasons which have made Albania to be perhaps the most backward country in the Balkans.

Albania was conquered by the Turks in 1478 and remained under their rule till 1912. During the Turkish administration no Albanian schools were allowed to be opened. The only schools were in the Turkish language to teach religion. If any were caught with Albanian writings, they were put to death. Therefore, many patriots and good writers have not had the opportunity to write books and spread knowledge in Albania. All the Albanian books that can be found are those written since 1912. This is the important reason for Albania's being lower than the other states in knowledge. But this is not sufficient reason for saying that the people are the most ignorant of all. Notwithstanding our lack of schools and our want of freedom, yet, under such a terrible yoke, the fire of patriotism kept on burning, and our language survived. And now the people are free! Do not these facts show that, even if not well schooled, we are a fairly educated people? Since we got our independence, there are in all 800 high, secondary, and elementary schools running. Almost 30,000 boys and girls are going to school at present, and their number is increasing day by day.

During the Turkish administration no roads, railroads, or bridges were built, no rivers and forests had care, no farms and beautiful hills were cultivated. Then, like the billows of a stormy sea, revolution followed revolution in Albania in the age-long struggle for independence. The farmers set free their oxen, the shepherds left their sheep and goats, the woodcutters left the forests, the women stopped weaving and cooking, the millers left the

mills, and the masons stopped all building. All took guns and fought, even with embers, axes, knives, and sticks, to rid the country of the enemy who forbade progress.

These revolutions and wars were going on in Albania for almost four centuries. We do not have a complete record of the people killed, but the Albanians, anxious for freedom, would not leave the battlefield. These facts have brought our country to a very poor condition. I feel that if any other people had been under such a yoke for such a long time, their country would be no more advanced than is the present Albania. The Albanians, without schools and civilizing influences, have been able to keep their language, customs, dress and honor.

During the Turkish régime Albania was divided into many little provinces, each governed by a chief called 'Bajraktar.' 'Bajraktar' is a Turkish word, meaning Flag-keeper. But now we have come to understand that co-operation advances the people. At present we are governed by a central government, which consists of four regents instead of a king; a prime minister, and six others—of home affairs, of outside affairs, of education, of finance, of justice, and of war.

Our parliament consists of seventy-eight members chosen by the people every four years. Everybody is obedient to the government and the taxes required by the government are paid willingly. No one doubts that from now on we shall not have troubles and that everybody will begin to *work* in good earnest as we boys are now doing to repay in the only way we can our debt of gratitude to the American Red Cross Juniors.

I am, sincerely yours,

BEGIR BACI, *Group 2A.*

The Albanian Vocational School.

—*Courtesy Arthur William Dunn, National Director,
American Junior Red Cross.*

ADDITIONAL FACTS

At one time Albania was a part of Turkey in Europe. Its independence was achieved as a result of the World War. The new state stretches along the coast of the Adriatic from the northern boundary of Greece to Yugoslavia and varies in width from fifty to ninety miles. The principal city is Skutari.

The inhabitants of Albania are an intelligent, industrious, and home-loving people. They are intensely patriotic, and notwithstanding the centuries of Turkish oppression, there was instilled into the heart of every boy and girl a love of country, of language and of Albanian customs and traditions. Such a spirit can never be conquered.

The soil of Albania is fertile and well suited to agriculture. The climate is mild and rain is plentiful. Immense crops of maize, wheat, and barley are now raised. The vine flourishes, together with the orange, almond, fig, mulberry, and citron trees. The livestock consists of sheep, goats, horses, cattle and mules. The chief exports are livestock, wool, hides, timber, cheese and tobacco. Under the new order, Albania gives promise of becoming a flourishing state.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Use the index of your geography to find a map of Albania. Locate Turkey in the same way. 2. Read what your geography text tells you about Albania. 3. Compare the statements in your geography with those in the letter of the Albanian boy. Do they differ? In what respects? Which will you believe? Why? 4. Write to the American Red Cross at Washington, D. C. for literature showing what America is doing for this country. 5. Write a letter to the Albanian boy giving him a description of the things in America which are different from those in his own country.

ADDITIONAL READINGS—1. *Heart, A School Boy's Journal*, EDMONDO DEAMICIS; 2. *Little Journeys to the Balkans*, FILES J. KOCH; 3. *School Days in Russia*, A. LAURIE; 4. *When Sarah Went to School*, ELSIE SINGMASTER; 5. *Just Patty*, JEAN WEBSTER.

ON A VIRGINIA PLANTATION

In New England the colonists early began to develop trade and manufactures, and many of the villages grew into prosperous towns and cities. The southern colonies developed more slowly, but large plantations devoted to the cultivation of cotton and tobacco grew amazingly. As you read this selection, take note of such factors as would likely make these differences.

In New England the people do engage in other pursuits besides farming. In Virginia, however, the gentry live on plantations, some of which are several miles in area.

Each planter hath his own wharf from which he sends ships to England with his tobacco, receiving on the return voyage the furniture, clothing, farming tools, and other things which he doth not produce at home.

As the families live altogether at country-seats, they each have their own herdsmen, seedsmen, gardeners, brewers, bakers, butchers, and cooks.

The gentry make generous provisions for their table and have a great variety of edibles; and as for spicery and other things the country does not produce, they get constant supplies of them from England. These gentlemen pretend to have their victuals served up as nicely as if they were in London.

Fish have they in vast plenty and variety, and extraordinarily good of its kind. Beef and pork are commonly sold there at from one penny (two cents) to two pence the pound, or more, according to the time of the year; their fattest and largest pullets at six pence apiece; their chickens at three or four shillings the dozen; their ducks at eight or nine pence apiece; their geese at ten pence or a shilling (twenty-four cents); their turkey hens at fifteen or eighteen pence; or their turkey cocks at two shillings

or half a crown. Oysters and wild fowl are not so dear as poultry, and in their season are the cheapest food they have. Their deer are commonly sold at five to ten shillings, according to their scarcity or goodness.

The bread in gentlemen's houses is generally made of wheat, but some choose the pone, which is made of Indian meal. Many of the poorer sort of people have so little regard for the English grain, that although they might have it with the least trouble in the world, yet they do not sow the ground because they will not go to the trouble of making a fence around it. And therefore their constant bread is pone, so called from the Indian name *opponé*.

A kitchen garden does not thrive better nor faster in any part of the universe than in Virginia. There grow all the fruit plants that grow in England, and in greater perfection than in England. Besides these, there are several roots, herbs, vine-fruits, and salad-flowers peculiar to Virginia, most of which will neither increase nor grow in perfection in England.

Their small drink is either wine and water, beer, milk and water, or water alone. Their strong drinks are Madeira wine, cider, brandy and strong beer which they have constantly from England.

Their fuel is altogether wood, which every man burns at pleasure, for it costs him only the culling and carrying it home. In all new grounds it is such an encumbrance that men are forced to burn great heaps of it to clear the land. There is very good pit coal in several places, but no man has thought it worth while to make use of it, as he has wood in plenty and conveniently near.

The planters get their clothing of all sorts from England, as linen, woollen, silk, hats, and leather goods; yet flax and hemp grow nowhere in the world better than here. Their sheep yield good increase and bear good fleeces, but their owners shear them only to cool them. The mulberry

tree, whose leaf is the proper food of the silkworm, grows there like a weed, and silkworms have been observed to thrive extremely well.

Most of their hides, instead of being made into fine shoes, lie around and spoil or are used only for covering dry goods in a leaky house. Indeed, some few hides with much ado are tanned and made into servants' shoes, but in so careless a fashion that the planters do not care to buy them, if they can get others. Sometimes perhaps a better manager than ordinary will vouchsafe to make a pair of breeches of deerskin. Nay, they are such abominably poor managers that though their country be overrun with wood, yet they get all their wooden ware from England: their cabinets, chairs, tables, stools, chests, boxes, cart-wheels, and all other things, even so much as their bowls and birchen brooms, to the eternal reproach of their laziness.

For their recreation, the plantations, gardens, and orchards constantly afford them fragrant and delightful walks. In their woods and fields, they have unknown varieties of vegetables and other varieties of nature to discover and observe. They have hunting, fishing, and fowling, with which they entertain themselves in a hundred ways. There is the most good nature and hospitality practiced in the world, both towards friends and strangers; but the worst of it is, this generosity is attended now and then with a little too much intemperance.

A neighborhood is as much scattered as in the country in England but the goodness of the roads and the fairness of the weather bring people often together. The inhabitants are very courteous to travelers. A stranger has only to inquire upon the road where any gentleman, or good housekeeper lives, and there he may depend upon being received with hospitality. This good nature is so general among their people, that the gentry, when they

go abroad, order their principal servant to entertain all visitors with everything the plantation affords. And the poor planters, who have but one bed, will very often sit up, or lie upon a couch all night, to make room for a weary traveler to rest himself after his journey.

—ROBERT BEVERLY, 1720.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Place in the outline suggested on page 72 the details presented in this account.

2. Fill out the following outline:

Comparison of Prices of Food Products in 1720 and To-day

Food Products	Prices in 1720	Prices To-day

3. Contrast the amusements of the people of Virginia and New England.

4. Contrast the food of the people of Virginia and New Amsterdam.

5. Describe the Virginia planter as he is pictured in this selection.

SOME PROBLEMS

1. What factors made it difficult to develop such trade and manufacture in Virginia as had been done in New England?

2. In colonial days there existed white-servitude and negro slavery. What form did the white servitude take?

3. The town and the town meeting were as natural to New England as the plantation and the county were to Virginia. Why?

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Stories of the Old Dominion*, J. E. COOKE; 2. *A Soldier of Virginia*, B. E. STEVENSON; 3. *Heart's Highway*, M. E. WILKINS; 4. *To Have and To Hold*, MARY JOHNSTON; 5. *My Lady Pocahontas*, J. E. COOKE.



THE RETURN OF ULYSSES

According to the legend, Ulysses wandered over the seas and earth for twenty years following his conquest of Troy. Upon reaching home, he entered in disguise the hall where the proud suitors for the hand of his beautiful wife were making merry. Penelope, hoping and believing that her hero would some day return home, remained ever faithful; but, on the advice of the goddess Athena, she was proposing a contest for the suitors when her husband appeared.

“Hear, noble suitors! ye who throng these halls,
And eat and drink from day to day, while long
My husband has been gone; your sole excuse
For all this lawlessness the claim you make
That I become a bride. Come then, for now
A contest is proposed. I bring to you
The mighty bow that great Ulysses bore.
Whoe’er among you he may be whose hand
Shall bend this bow, and send through these twelve rings
An arrow, him I follow hence, and leave
This beautiful abode of my young years
With all its plenty,—though its memory,
I think, will haunt me even in my dreams.”

She spake, and bade the master of the swine,
The good Eumaeus, place the bow and rings
Of hoary steel before the suitor-train.
In tears he bore the bow and laid it down.
The herdsman also wept to see again
His master's bow.

* * * * *

And then Eupheithes' son,
Antinous, to the crowd of suitors said,
"Rise one by one, my friends from right to left.
Begin where he begins who pours the wine."
So spake Antinous, and the rest approved.
Then rose Leiodes, son of O'Enops, first
He was their seer, and always had his seat
Beside the ample bowl. From deeds of wrong
He shrank with hatred, and was sore incensed
Against the suitors all. He took the bow
And shaft, and, going to the threshold, stood
And tried the bow, yet bent it not; it galled
His hands, for they were soft and all unused
To such a task.

* * * * *

Then to Melanthius, keeper of the goats,
Antinous gave this bidding: "Light a fire
With speed, Melanthius, in the palace here,
And place a seat before it. Lay a fleece
Upon the seat, and bring us from within
An ample roll of fat, that we young men
By warming and anointing may make soft
The bow, and draw the cord, and end the strife."

He spake. Melanthius kindled instantly
A glowing fire, and near it placed a seat,
And on the seat a fleece, and from within

Brought forth an ample roll of fat, with which
The young men, having warmed it, smeared the bow
And tried, but bent it not,—too weak by far
For such a feat. Antinous kept aloof,
He and the godlike youth, Eurymachus,
Two princes who in might excelled the rest.

The herdsman of Ulysses meantime left
The palace, and with him the swineherd went,
And after them Ulysses. When they all
Were now without the gate and palace court,
Ulysses spake to them and blandly said:

“Herdsman and swineherd, shall I say to you
Somewhat, or shall I keep it back? My heart
Moves me to say it. Should Ulysses come,
Led by some god, or suddenly, what aid
Would he receive from you? Would ye take part
With him, or with the suitors? Frankly speak,
And tell me what your hearts would bid you do.”

Then answered thus the keeper of the herds:
“O Father Jove! wouldst thou but grant my wish,
And let some good god conduct him hither, then
Shall it be seen what might is in these hands!”

So also did Eumaeus offer prayer,
To all the deities, that speedily
The wise Ulysses might return; and when
The chief perceived in all its truth the thought
And purpose of their hearts, he spake and said:

“Know, then, that I myself am he, at home
Again, returning in the twentieth year,
And after many sufferings to the land
That saw my birth. I know that I am come
Welcome to you alone of all my train
Of servants, since I hear no others pray

For my return. Hear, then, what I engage
Shall be hereafter. If some god o'ercome
For me these arrogant suitors, I will give
To each of you a wife and lands, and build
For each a house near mine, and ye shall be
The friends and brothers of Telemachus
Thenceforth. And now, that you may surely know
And trust me, I will show a token here,—
A scar which once the white tooth of a boar
Made, when long since, on the Parnassian mount,
I hunted with Autolycus' sons."

Thus having said, he drew from the broad scar
The covering rags: They looked and knew it well
And wept, and round Ulysses threw their arms,
And kissed in that embrace the hero's head
And shoulders, while Ulysses also kissed
Their heads and hands. The sun would have gone down
Upon their weeping, but for him. He said:

"Cease now from tears, lest some one from the hall
Should see us and report of us within.

Now let us enter—not in company
I first, and ye thereafter, one by one,
And let the sign be this: the others all—
The haughty suitors—will refuse to me
The bow and quiver. When thou bearest it
My noble friend, Eumaeus, through the halls,
Bring it and place it in my hands, and charge
The women to make fast the solid doors:
And then if anyone of them should hear
A groan or other noise of men within,
Let her not issue forth, but silently
Pursue her task. Meantime be it thy care,
My good Philoethius, with a key to lock
The portals of the court and fix the chain."

Thus having said, into that noble pile
He passed again, and took the seat from which
He lately rose, and afterward, in turn
Entered the servants of the godlike chief.

* * * * *

Ulysses, meantime, held
The bow, and turning it, intently eyed
Side after side, and tried each part in turn,
For fear that worms, while he was far away,
Had pierced the horn. At this, a youth among
The suitors, turning to his neighbors, said:

“Lo, an inspector and a judge of bows!
Perhaps he has a bow like that at home,
Or else would make one like it. How he shifts
The thing with busy hands from side to side,
The vagabond, well trained in knavish tricks!”

Then also said another insolent youth:
“May he in all things be as fortunate
As now, when he shall try to bend that bow!”

Such was their talk; but when the wary chief
Had poised and shrewdly scanned the mighty bow,
Then, as a singer, skilled to play the harp,
Stretches with ease on its new fastenings
A string, the twisted entrails of a sheep,
Made fast at either end, so easily
Ulysses bent that mighty bow. He took
And drew the cord with his right hand; it twanged
With a clear sound as when a swallow screams.
The suitors were dismayed, and all grew pale.
Jove in loud thunder gave a sign from heaven.
The much-enduring chief, Ulysses, heard
With joy the friendly omen, which the son
Of crafty Saturn sent him. He took up
A winged arrow, that before him lay

Upon a table, drawn; the others still
Were in the quiver's hold; the Greeks were yet
To feel them. This he set with care against
The middle of the bow, and toward him drew
The cord and arrow-notch, just where he sat,
And, aiming opposite, let fly the shaft
He missed no ring at all; from first to last
The brass-tipped arrow threaded every one.

* * * * *

Then did Ulysses cast his rags aside
And leaping to the threshold, took his stand
On its broad space, with bow and quiver filled
With arrows. At his feet the hero poured
The winged shafts, and to the suitors called:

“That difficult strife is ended. Now I take
Another mark, which no man yet has hit.
Now shall I see if I attain my aim,
And, by the aid of Phoebus, win renown.”

He spake, and turning at Antinous aimed
The bitter shaft, Antinous, who just then
Had grasped a beautiful two-eared cup of gold,
About to drink the wine. He little thought
Of wounds and death; for who, when banqueting
Among his fellows, could suspect that one
Alone against so many men would dare,
However bold, to plan his death and bring
On him the doom of fate? Ulysses struck
The suitor with the arrow at the throat.

* * * * *

Then he, while arrows yet
Were ready to his hand, with every aim
Brought down a suitor; side by side they fell.
But when the shafts were spent, the archer-king

Leaned his good bow beside the shining wall,
Against a pillar of the massive pile,
And round his shoulders slung a fourfold shield
And crowned his martial forehead with a helm
Wrought fairly, with a heavy horsehair crest
That nodded gallantly above, and took
In hand the two stout lances tipped with brass.

—From *Homer's Odyssey*.

With the help of his son, Telemachus, Ulysses next drives every suitor from his home, and discloses his identity to Penelope who welcomes her long lost hero with open arms.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Write this story in your own words. 2. The rows of stars (*****) mean that certain parts have been omitted. If you have enjoyed this selection, secure the book entitled *Homer's Odyssey* and read the parts omitted. 3. Do you believe that Penelope knew how the contest would end? 4. Many words are used here, not common in our vocabulary to-day. Read the selection again silently to make sure that you know their meanings. 5. When you are certain that you can pronounce the proper names, read the poem orally when you are alone in your study room. 6. Do you like it better when read orally than when read silently? 7. The poem is divided into a number of distinct parts. The first part might be called, "Penelope Proposes a Contest." Find and name the other parts. 8. Make a character sketch of each of the following: Ulysses, Penelope, Antinous, Melanthius. 9. Explain the following phrases:

master of the swine,
hoary steel
the ample bowls
these arrogant suitors
the portals of the court
the wary chief
the winged shaft
the bitter shaft
the quiver's hold
the arrow-notch

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Stories from Homer*, ALFRED J. CHURCH; 2. *The Odyssey of Homer*, GEORGE H. PALMER; 3. *The Adventures of Odysseus*, COLUM; 4. *Uncle Remus*, HARRIS.

TAKING LEAVE FOR AMERICA

America has been called the melting pot of the nations. Into it pour Italians, Greeks, Croats, Czechs, Slavs, Scandinavians, Germans, French, English, Scotch, Irish and many other nationalities. In it is kindled the fire of freedom, of political equality, and of proper returns for their labor. Out of it come loyal, industrious, useful American citizens.

Sometimes we are impatient with these new citizens. That is because we do not understand what their home life has been, their hopes and plans on leaving the fatherland. This story will help you to understand these immigrants. Read it for the picture it presents.

To-day they are telling in the village that fifteen are going to-morrow to Fiume by the early train—men, women, and young girls on their way to America. They were all blessed by the priest after mass. The prayer for their happiness away from home was very moving. All who knelt before the altar were very pale, struggling against the tears in eyes which may never see this church again.

On this consecrated spot they took leave of the fatherland, our dear Croatia, which cannot feed her children because they are so many and she is so poverty stricken. She must let them go among strangers in order that those who remain may live, they and their children and their old people. And the old people die in peace because they have hope the little ones shall fare better than ever they have done.

This morning all went early to confession. With God they go safer on their long journey. Toward evening they can be seen hurrying from house to house taking leave of those whom they love. Who can say that there

will ever be another meeting for them? It is very late before they have finished these visits and the family waits for them with impatience. With impatience, how else, when this evening or the few hours still left are so short? This is the last supper at home. There is no going to bed, for at three they must start for the station, as the train goes at four. It is so sad to hear them driving through the village singing a song that expresses all the feelings of their sore hearts.

The saddest moment of all is the departure. The trains have come—they must get aboard. How many sobs and tears and kisses in our little forest rock-bound station! Friends go with them to Fiume—all but the children and old folks, who stay in the village alone.

In Fiume the girls buy what they need for the journey and a little gold crucifix. That must be bought in the fatherland. So must rings, too. Often parents buy the betrothal rings for their sons and daughters who marry in America and send them to them. Faith and love come from the homeland.

Finally, at the ship good-byes must be said—the last. One little girl whose older sister was going by train to Vienna, had come with her to Fiume, but when the train was about to go the little one flung herself down upon the ground in her distress and shrieked terribly. Every one tried to pacify her, but she pressed her little hands over her eyes to hide the engine from her sight and answered, “It is easy for you to talk, but this hateful engine is robbing me of my sweet sister.” She was quite ill from suffering, and they had much ado to get her away. But it is hardest for the mothers who let their sons or daughters go so far away.

Very late, after midnight, people come home—alone. Now come quiet tears, and prayers that God may grant the travelers safe arrival. With what anxiety and joy do

they wait for the news from the agent that their dear ones have reached New York in safety. Their relatives are already expecting them, and the journey can be peacefully continued in their company. Our people generally go to Michigan. In one town there are so many that our people call it "New Lipa."

The money for the journey always comes from relatives or friends to whom all is honestly repaid later. The young fellows try to save the money to bring over a young girl. When she comes to America—generally she does not know her suitor—she is married. If she is unwilling, not finding him to her liking, she must pay back the money; but it very often happens that another lad pays it for her and takes her for his wife instead.

Many girls are very fortunate in America. For instance, this very day a family is coming home. The wife was poor and ill-favored. Relatives sent her money for the journey to America and there she married a poor and very humble sort of man. By work and saving they have got together \$6,000 in thirteen years. They have six children, and with them are now returning. In those days she was poor, ridiculed, alone; now she is well-to-do, respected, the mother of a family. The women are full of curiosity about her. At noon they were all in the street in hopes of seeing her, but in vain. She and her family are staying in Fiume and will come to-night, perhaps. My housekeeper is her godmother and so awaits her happy godchild with much pleasure, for she is to offer her, for purchase, a large meadow which once belonged to the parents of her godchild, but which they were obliged to sell. I think that would be a very pleasant feeling, to be able to buy back again a piece of land lost in one's father's time, and to let the happy grandchildren jump and play about where once the poor grandfather worked and whence misfortune drove him away to die.

My housekeeper, who is already sixty-five, cannot tell without crying how it used to be here in the good old days. Thirty years ago there was no railroad. Our splendid highway, the "Lujziane," even then a century old, saw such activity as will never return. All travel was by this road and our people were happy because they always had the opportunity to work and to live in peace. In one house they kept ten servants, men and maids. Day and night the teams with their heavy loads were on the highway. Labor was very cheap, a man got about thirteen cents and a woman six cents a day. To be sure they had good food besides, bread, meat and wine as much as they wanted, and the children of the women servants were fed, too. The wages were low as I have said, yet the people were contented. Some got very rich, but the poor, too, were well provided for.

Twenty years ago two men went to America from here, the first from our place to go. Now nearly half the village is in America. It is hard to till the fields for there are no workers to be had. Whoever has strength and youth is at work in America. At home are only the old men and women and the young wives with their children. Every wife has much to do for herself. Only poor girls work in the fields. "And they must be paid a crown (twenty cents) a day," sighs my housekeeper and thinks of the better days of old.

The women help one another and live from day to day, dragging along waiting for letters and money. The money generally comes in autumn. Everything is bought on credit through the year; the dealer waits, for he knows that in the autumn it will all be paid. If not then, danger threatens the little house or at least the cow in the stall.

At Christmas and Easter, too, and at mid-summer presents of a few dollars come to the fortunate ones. Others who have a hard lot wait months and years and

never receive anything. Sometimes the husband forgets his wife, the son his father and mother, the brother, his sisters. The new world with new enjoyments silences his conscience and hardens his heart. Oh, how bitterly those at home feel this! They not only suffer; they are ashamed that they have been forgotten.

Once I was traveling third class on the train from Fiume because I like to hear the talk of the common people. One learns more in such a trip than in the best school. In the same compartment with me was a woman, young but very sad. She was from the village next to ours, the place where the chair factory is located for which our women and girls make the cane seats by which they earn their living. She had been in Fiume to sell something. The empty basket stood by her. It was large and must have been very heavy when it was full. In talking with me she gave me a picture of her sad life.

She was very poor. Her father had long been dead. Her mother was ailing and was very anxious about her daughter's future. Then came a widower, no longer young, and tried to persuade her that she ought to give him her daughter. But the daughter could not make up her mind to it. "He does not please me." But the mother said, "Take him, my child, and we shall both be provided for." So she married him. Soon he went to America. She was left alone with her little daughter, for her mother died soon after. The child is now nine years old and goes to school, but the father does nothing at all for his family. More fortunate children often strike the poor little girl when she is going home. Then she says to her mother, "Mama, all the children have a father and nobody dares strike them. Why haven't I a father?" Then the poor woman weeps quietly. In America the husband leads a jolly life. More than that, he borrows money from people and when they want it back he says, "My wife will pay."

And so people from America keep coming to her with bills from her husband. I tried to console her. Heaven knows whether she will ever be happy.

What a joy the young husband in America feels when his wife sends him a picture of their first baby. One wrote home, "I can't write much this time for looking at my dear child as it smiles at me from the picture." He is a locksmith and has been in America a year. Two months ago his wife and baby safely joined him there. She writes how hard it is for her to wear a hat. None of the common people wear them here. But her husband says "You may live with me for years, but I shall not go out with you unless you wear a hat." So the woman must be fine. People require it there.

Many girls, however, take especial delight in the hat that they are to wear in America. But photographs are the best proof to what an extent dress is carried in America. One sees the most beautiful hats and dresses on our women. "It has to be so. It is the custom here," they write. But one must marvel at how fine they are, and when they return they look so entirely different. They know better how to behave and show that they have learned something. All know English, even if not quite correctly. All Slavs, especially Croatians, have a great talent for languages. Our peasants learn English very fast. Years ago when the first letter came from America from the two earliest emigrants, it was a hard matter to get it read, for as neither of them could write, some one else had written for them, but in English. The poor wife had to hunt the neighborhood over until she found an official on a railroad who explained the letter to her after a fashion. I have the story from my housekeeper and she tells how the poor wife who had waited months for news moved heaven and earth to get the letter read. Now there would be no difficulty. There are plenty in the village

who understand English. The children attend English schools while they are in America and derive great benefit from it when they are grown up.

What especially pleases them is the respect in which workers are held in America. They are better cared for, too, mentally. They have three or four Croatian papers; they have organizations and learn much that they bring home later. They have their priests and churches, but as yet only two Croatian schools. All is founded by the contributions of workingmen. They send a great deal home to the churches, too; they are supporting a poor man, and in 1903, when there were the disturbances in Croatia about the Hungarian flag and the Hungarian inscriptions on the railroad stations, our brothers in America sacrificed a great deal for the support of the families of those under arrest. They love Croatia dearly. Each one longs for home and wants to die there. We Slavs are so soft-natured. Homesickness is our disease. On account of it many Croatians cannot hold out and return home too soon.

The talk is all of America. Our newspapers write so much what a bad thing it is for whole families to go there as they do. But it is no use. People must eat. The stones are hard. There is too little land. The government does nothing for the good of the people. There are no factories, there is no building, no mining, so how can people live and pay the taxes? And if the taxes are not paid the cow is taken from the stall, the pillows from under the head.

In Slavonia there is no need of emigration, for there the land is fertile and people can make a good living; but here in the mountain district and on the coast, in Lika, too, and in Dalmatia, people have to go to America.

Only American capital could lessen the stream of emigration. Croatia is a beautiful country. Our mountains doubtless hold great treasures, but we lack the

money with which to seek them. Only American capital could bring them to light. We have the beautiful sea, the lovely Plitvica lakes and the fine district about Agram, but we cannot make use of these beauties as a rich and free people could do.

But we hope for our national resurrection. So many have already died in this hope. It is our ideal, our dearest one. For this Zriny and Frankopany died. The innocent blood of our best sons must at last bring us good fortune.

—From *Our Slavic Fellow Citizens*,
BY EMILY GREENE BALCH.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Locate Fiume on your map of Europe. To whom does it belong?
2. The state to which most Slavs immigrate is mentioned in the story. What do you think their occupations will be when they are settled in their new homes? 3. Why must they wait until money for the voyage is sent by relatives in America? Why not earn it at home? 4. How does the dress of the girls and women change after coming to America? 5. Outline this selection, giving the supporting details under the following heads:

- (a) Why the Croats emigrate.
 - (b) Preparations for the departure.
 - (c) Last minute purchases.
 - (d) How the journey is financed.
 - (e) Why they like America.
 - (f) How emigration from Croatia could be stopped.
6. Other things to know in order to understand this selection better.
- (a) Locate Croatia on the map.
 - (b) Learn what you can about its condition, government, etc., from some recent reference book.
 - (c) Has it ever been a free country?
 - (d) What are its chief industries?
 - (e) Has it valuable natural resources?
 - (f) What are the characteristics of its people?

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Our Slavic Fellow Citizens*, EMILY G. BALCH; 2. *Our Foreign Born Citizens*, ANNIE E. BEARD; 3. *Life Stories of Undistinguished Americans as Told by Themselves*, HAMILTON HOLT; 4. *Americans By Adoption*, JOSEPH HUSBAND; 5. *Home Life in Germany*, SIDGWICK; 6. *The Dutch Twins*, PERKINS.



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THE SHELTERING OAK

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat—
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live in the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets—
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LITTLE FLOWER

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

—TENNYSON.

EARLY TRANSPORTATION IN THE FAR WEST

At the time that our federal government began its operation, things moved very slowly, indeed. Roads were very poor, water transportation was slow, and there were no railroads. One prominent government official stated that the western country could never become a part of the United States, because it was so far from our seat of government, and travel was so slow and difficult.

Yet human minds will find a way to conquer difficulties. Adventure and opportunity call people, may the distance be ever so far, and the path a hard one. How these difficulties were overcome is told in the following account.

Read this article through rapidly, keeping in mind the main topics into which it is divided. Read a second time more carefully, writing down these main divisions with their supporting details.

One day in the middle of May in the year 1848 the residents of the little town of San Francisco were drawn to the doors of their shops and homes by loud shouts. A strange man, holding high above his head a bottle containing a yellow substance, was walking down the street shouting: "Gold, gold, gold, from the American River!"

In March of that year the inhabitants of the village had heard of the discovery of gold by some workmen digging a mill race near Sutter's Fort, but no excitement had followed the report. Many did not believe the report, and practically none had left their homes to hunt for treasure. But, with the sight of the yellow metal, doubt vanished and people became wild with excitement.

THE RUSH TO THE DIGGINGS

Immediately there began a rush to the diggings, unequalled in history. Lawyers, merchants, engineers, armers, blacksmiths, and doctors dropped their work;

printers forsook their shops; sailors left their ships; soldiers deserted their colors. In a short time the town was almost deserted. Even some of the women sought the gold fields.

At the diggings fortunes were gained almost in a day. One man, with the help of some Indians, cleared a dollar a minute. Another found a gold nugget worth three thousand dollars. Others panned as much as five thousand dollars a day. A fourteen-year-old boy, after less than two months' work, brought back over three thousand four hundred dollars. One young man wrote to his relatives in the East that he would re'urn in a short time with five hundred thousand dollars in gold dust.

Through letters, newspapers, official reports, and the accounts of travelers the news of the new El Dorado spread like wildfire. From the Eastern States, from Oregon, Peru, Chili, Vancouver, Hawaii, men came in multitudes. As report after report confirmed the story of the fabulous riches in California, men in every part of the world became mad with the desire to join the hunt for gold.

DIFFICULTIES OF TRANSPORTATION

How were they to get to the gold fields? That was the question. Migrating people always follow a road or a waterway. Between California and the East there was no satisfactory road. On the other hand, never in the history of the world had there been so many people eager to reach an unsettled land. People in the Eastern States tried every possible kind of transportation. In the fall of 1848, those who were able to secure supplies and passage embarked on the rough, dangerous voyage around Cape Horn. Others went by ship to Panama and thence traveled in dugouts or in rude carts or on foot to the Pacific where for weeks, sometimes for months, they

impatiently awaited a vessel bound for California, only to find, too often, that it was already overcrowded. Sometimes men fought like wild beasts to secure the few remaining places on board.



In the spring of 1849, thousands upon thousands started for California by the overland route. Many journeyed in large canvas-covered wagons drawn by mules or oxen. Others rode on horseback. Still others employed a pack train of two-wheeled carts. Some walked, carrying their possessions on their backs. Five Frenchmen pushed a handcart to the Pacific. One man is said to have trundled his goods in a wheelbarrow.

The journey was one which might well have dismayed the hardiest and most courageous. Over the Oregon trail as far as South Pass and southwest to California, the route extended over two thousand miles. With the exception of four small trading posts and a few forts, not a single town, village, or house lessened its desolation. Over mile after mile of barren plain with nothing to break the distressing monotony; across alkali deserts which filled the air with stifling dust; burned by the torrid rays of the

summer sun or half frozen by chilling blasts in the mountain passes; attacked by bands of Indians or desperadoes; exposed to starvation, thirst, and disease, the gold-seekers pressed on.

Thousands died on the way. Many perished of hunger, hardship, and Indian arrows. All sorts of articles littered the road—furniture, anvils, chisels, trunks, stoves, barrels, clothing, bacon, harness, beans. Bones of men and beasts dotted the trail for hundreds of miles. Those who lived to reach California found no sources of food adequate for their wants; no supplies of tools, clothing, and other articles sufficient for their needs.

HIGH COST OF COMMODITIES

The rush of so many people to a region where the production of the necessities of life was insufficient, and where there were such inadequate means of transportation of supplies, increased enormously the prices of the few commodities at hand. Spades and shovels cost ten dollars each. Flour sold for four hundred dollars a barrel. Poor brown sugar brought four dollars a pound and a wooden bowl for gold washing cost sixteen dollars. A restaurant in San Francisco charged three dollars for a cup of coffee, a slice of ham, and two eggs. A newspaper, though a month old, brought a dollar. A shirt at one time sold for forty dollars.

If you bear in mind that practically all the men in California were gold miners and that almost everything they ate or wore or used had to be carried long distances in small ships or over poor roads at great expense, these prices will not seem exorbitant.

TRANSPORTATION NECESSARY TO COMMUNITY LIFE

The story of the forty-niners—the people who went west in 1849—shows why means of transportation are

needed when people gather in large numbers in any community. Under ordinary circumstances people cannot live in regions where roads, canals, or other means of transportation do not exist. If they are farmers, they find it impossible to sell or exchange the crops they do not need for articles they do need. Unless there are adequate means of transportation, workers in the city find it impossible to exchange the results of their labor for food and other commodities. Ordinarily, roads and means of transportation limit the number of people who can go to any new part of the country.

Long before the discovery of gold some commerce had been carried on with California. The first transportation was upon the shoulders of men. At a very early date the Indians trained dogs as burden bearers. The early Spanish introduced the mule pack train from Europe. Such transportation usually cost a dollar a pound per hundred miles. In 1822 the first wagons crossed the plains.

As a result of the rush to the gold fields an enormous freight traffic grew up. Huge canvas-covered prairie schooners, drawn by from six to twelve oxen or mules and capable of carrying from two and a half to eight tons each, made their way slowly westward. These wagons were costly. One writer says that they cost from eight hundred dollars to one thousand five hundred dollars each, mules from five hundred dollars to one thousand dollars a pair, harness for a ten-mule team three hundred dollars to six hundred dollars, making a total cost of from three thousand six hundred dollars to seven thousand one hundred dollars for a single outfit.

For protection from the Indians, usually not less than twenty-five prairie schooners traveled together. Such a caravan averaged from twelve to twenty miles a day. The trip to California ordinarily took from May to November.

NEW DISCOVERIES OF GOLD

The discovery of gold near Pike's Peak, in 1858, was followed by another wave of gold seekers. The western trade grew tremendously. During the sixties, five hundred westward-bound prairie schooners passed Fort Kearney, Kansas, in a single day. During 1865, over ten thousand tons of freight, requiring about five thousand wagons, six thousand mules, twenty-eight thousand oxen, and one thousand three hundred teamsters, were carried west from Atchison alone, and freight was carried west from many other points as well. At one time a single firm employed over six thousand wagons and seventy-five thousand oxen.

Of course, under ordinary circumstances such a commerce could never have developed, for the people out of whose needs it grew would never have gone in large numbers to regions as remote as Colorado and California until proper means of transportation had been established. But their motive was not ordinary; they went to dig gold and silver, not to cultivate the soil.

EXPRESS SERVICE

The slow-moving prairie schooner was not rapid enough for express, mails, and passengers. By 1858, therefore, we find swift stagecoaches, capable of accommodating eleven passengers, nine inside and two on the seat with the driver, making semiweekly trips across the continent. Teams were changed every ten miles. By traveling night and day the trip from St. Louis to San Francisco could be made in a little over three weeks. The fare varied from one hundred dollars to six hundred dollars. Meals, consisting of coffee, bacon, and hardtack were usually included. Letters were carried for ten cents per half ounce.

DISCOMFORTS AND DANGERS OF THE JOURNEY

Passengers got what sleep they could sitting upright and hanging on to the straps. Through especially hostile districts a squad of soldiers in an army ambulance commonly furnished protection, but as a rule, driver and passengers were forced to rely on their own rifles. Every trip had its excitement—a blizzard, a brush with the Indians, an attack by robbers, a stampede of the mules, a serious breakdown or upset, trouble with drunken drivers.

Captain Fiske thus describes his journey over the overland stage in 1863:

“The stage line is wretchedly managed. The company undertakes to furnish travelers with meals (at a dollar a meal), but very frequently on arriving at a station there was nothing to eat. On one occasion we fasted for thirty-six hours. The stages were sometimes in a miserable condition. We were put into a coach one night with only two boards left in the bottom. On remonstrating with the driver, we were told to hold on by the sides.”

PONY EXPRESS

For important letters and dispatches even the swift-flying stagecoach was too slow. Accordingly, in 1859, Senator Gwin, a forty-niner, persuaded a company already running a stage line to Salt Lake City to establish a pony express to the Pacific. It was a serious undertaking to carry the mail over the plains, across the deserts, and through the mountains, but after some hesitation the company consented. They secured five hundred fast horses, built one hundred ninety relay stations, employed two hundred men to look after them, and carefully selected eighty of the best riders on the frontier.

Armed with only a knife and a revolver, the riders were allowed to carry nothing but absolute essentials.

The two waterproof mail bags, locked by the Government, were securely strapped to the saddle, their contents never exceeding twenty pounds. Letters had to be written on tissue paper. At first the postage rate was five dollars for letters weighing less than one-half ounce, ten dollars for those weighing from one-half to one ounce. Later the rate was reduced to one dollar per half ounce.

The fastest time which had ever been made from the Missouri River to the coast was eighteen days. The schedule time of the pony express was ten days. It is said that the pony express never failed to keep to its schedule except when its riders were killed by the Indians. It usually came in ahead of time. Lincoln's inaugural address was carried to the coast in less than eight days. The pony express is said to have lost but one mail. On one occasion, after the rider had been killed and scalped by the Indians, the gallant pony broke away from its captors and brought the mail in safety to the next station.

RIDERS OF THE PONY EXPRESS

The records of the pony express are filled with thrilling stories. One of these is about William F. Cody, later known as Buffalo Bill. Owing to the death of his father, Cody became the chief support of the family. When but fourteen years old he was employed by the pony express. When scarcely sixteen he made the longest pony express ride on record. After a trip of over one hundred miles, he arrived at the relay station to discover that the rider whose duty it was to carry the mails the next lap had been killed the night before in a drunken brawl. Some one must carry the mail. Without a moment's hesitation Cody exchanged mustangs and was off on a hard, dangerous ride of almost seventy miles over a trail crossed by swollen streams. The necessity arising, he immediately made the return trip. In all, he covered a distance of

three hundred twenty-one miles in about twenty-one hours "without stops, except to change horses and swallow one hasty meal—and the mail went through on time."

For such work the riders received from one hundred dollars to one hundred fifty dollars a month and board. With the completion of the telegraph to the coast in 1861 the pony express was discontinued.

THE NEED OF A RAILROAD

The tragic journeys of forty-niners across the plains and through the mountains, the difficulties of the great freight-carrying prairie schooners, the discomforts and the dangers of travel in the picturesque stagecoaches, the perils and heroism of the pony express riders, the growing needs of commerce, all brought home to the American people the need of a railway from sea to sea.

—HOWARD C. HILL.

From *Lessons in Community and National Life*.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. How many types of transportation are discussed in this selection? Which was the fastest? Which was the most dangerous? Which method would you have selected? Why? 2. Compare the cost of food, clothing, and other necessities with their cost to-day. 3. Using a map of North America trace the various routes taken by the gold seekers. 4. Were these gold seekers "pioneers"? 5. What other selections in this reader describe the difficulties of early travel across our continent? 6. Why does the author give an account of the discovery of gold in California before describing the early modes of transportation? 7. What supplies and provisions must these "adventurers" take with them? 8. Compare the time required to make the journey with the time required to-day.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Western Frontier Stories*, ST. NICHOLAS; 2. *The Story of the Pony Express*, GLENN D. BRADLEY; 3. *The Westward Movement*, C. L. BARSTOW; 3. *The Prairie Schooner*, W. E. BARTON; 4. *The Boy Emigrants*, NOAH BROOKS; 5. *Transportation*, W. F. ROCHELIEU; 6. *The Pathbreakers from River to Ocean*, G. R. HEBARD; 7. *A History of Travel in America*, 4 Vol., SEYMOUR DUNBAR.

HOW TO GAIN A DAY

"To settle an argument will you kindly answer the following? A claims that a man starting from New York and going eastward around the world would gain a day when the trip was finished. B claims that he would neither gain nor lose a day no matter in which direction the trip was taken. S. N. J."

With a rotating globe of the world, take the trip eastward discussed in this selection. Start at New York which is about 70° W. longitude. What change in time takes place as you cross each line representing 10° of longitude? Do you actually gain a day?

Obviously the answer to this question is not so simple as some persons assume it to be. Otherwise it would not so often be asked, or so frequently made the subject of an argument.

In this particular case, however, as generally happens in such arguments, it is probable that A and B are trying to row against each other while seated in two different boats so that each goes his own way without affecting the progress of the other, and so both are right, each in his own sense. It is a question of what each really means by "gaining a day." The difficulty is easily made clear with a little care.

The traveler going eastward goes against the sun, and consequently if his watch continues to keep New York time, the sun will rise and cross the meridian at a little earlier hour each successive day.

This gain will be made at the rate of about four minutes for every degree of longitude that he progresses in an eastward direction; and since there are three hundred sixty degrees in the circuit of the earth, by the time he has come around to the starting point again, he will have

gained three hundred sixty times four minutes, or just twenty-four hours in the aggregate.

Another way to put it is to say that, by moving continually so as to meet the sun, he shortens each day (according to his watch) by four minutes of time, provided that during that day he travels one degree eastward.

In either event, no matter how long or how short the length of the journey, when he has made a complete circuit, he will have gained one complete day on his watch; i.e., he will be one day ahead by New York time; and when he arrives in New York, unless he has changed his reckoning (as travelers habitually do in such cases, to accord with the local times, or with the sundial time) he will find that the people there are one day behind him in their date.

If he went around the earth westwardly instead of eastwardly, he would, in the same manner, lose one complete day, because every day the sun would rise later, by his watch, at the rate of four minutes for each degree of longitude.

This phenomenon is the nub of Jules Verne's celebrated story of *Around the World in Eighty Days*. His hero goes round the earth eastward from London on a bet that he can complete the trip in eighty days. But, forgetting, or not thinking of the principle that we have been describing, he believes on returning home that he has lost the bet by being one day late, whereas, as he discovers just in time to save his fortune, he has in reality gained a day and so won the bet. As Verne picturesquely puts it in the story: "While Phineas Fogg, going eastward, saw the sun pass the meridian eighty times his friends in London saw it pass only seventy-nine times."

But—and here is very likely the point that B has in mind in S. N. J.'s question—in absolute time reckoning (if there be any absolute time) there is neither loss nor

gain. The same number of moments of absolute time have elapsed for those who stayed at home in New York or in London, as for the traveler who went round the earth.

Absolute Time Elapsed Is the Same for Both. Suppose that Phineas Fogg made his journey on the planet Mars instead of on the earth, and that you, with a super-telescope, watched him. If he went eastward around Mars, whose period of rotation differs but little from that of the earth, he would gain time on his watch at practically the same rate that the traveler on the earth did, and having come back to his starting point, he would find himself one day ahead of the inhabitants of Mars who had remained on the shores at home.

But for you, watching the whole performance from the earth, there would be no such difference between the time apparently elapsed for the traveler and for the stay-at-homes on Mars.

—GARRETT P. SERVISS.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Using the data given in this story, what time is it in Paris when it is 12:00 o'clock noon at New York? 2. Where would you be when you had gained twelve hours? 3. What direction from New York would you go in order to lose time? 4. Why is it possible for us to obtain the final scores of Eastern football games "between halves" at a Chicago game, when both games start at the same time? 5. How does the author of this selection prove that no "real" time is lost?

PROBLEM

Secure from the library Jules Verne's book mentioned in this selection. List the principal countries and bodies of water which he crossed. Trace on a globe his journey around the world and show how he apparently gained a day.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *About the Weather*, HARRINGTON; 2. *Book of Stars for Young People*, MITTON; 3. *The Year Out of Doors*, SHARP; 4. *Radio for Everybody*, LESCARBOURA.

PETROLEUM AND ITS USES

Why should we as a nation be concerned about the wise use of petroleum products? Read this selection to find the answer.

It was a November day in 1862. In a home on the Illinois prairie an excited family group was gathered round the father who had just returned from the near by city. To all the questions they had asked about the contents of the package which he carried, he had made only mysterious answers. It was dusk, and one of the boys suggested lighting the candles; but the father said his gift would look better in the dark. What could it be? They were asked to stand back from the table as he began to unwrap it. "Don't touch it," he said. "You see, it is of glass, and tall. You might tip it over." He struck a match, touched it to the wick, fitted on the chimney, and the room was illuminated as it had never been before. "A kerosene lamp!" the children exclaimed, for they had heard about this invention and had been eager to see one. Now they actually owned one.

SUBSTITUTION OF PETROLEUM FOR ANIMAL OILS

It is difficult for those of us who are accustomed to living in a petroleum-using world to realize how the use of petroleum products has changed life since the middle of the last century. Up to that time people who lived outside of the cities which were illuminated by natural or manufactured gas had to depend entirely on vegetable and animal oils and fats for light. Tallow and sperm candles were tedious to make and gave poor light. Whale oil lamps were little better.

Not only lighting, but lubricating, depended on animal and vegetable oils. Whale oil was the most important of

lubricating oils, and by 1850 it had become very expensive because of the scarcity of whales. Sometimes a whaler had to spend two or three years in the northern seas before obtaining a full cargo of oil. As a result it was sold at \$2.25 a gallon. Even this expensive oil was unsatisfactory in many ways. It sometimes gummed badly and at other times it formed an acid which injured the metal of the machinery. The finding of petroleum in abundance, together with the discovery of ways of refining it, relieved the anxiety about the future supply of whale oil and gave people a substitute that was much cheaper and better. Before long the whale oil industry and the making of tallow candles almost disappeared.

INVENTION OF REFINING PROCESS

It was really not the discovery of petroleum itself, but the discovery of a way of refining it that made it suddenly important about sixty years ago, for petroleum in its crude form has few uses. It is an oily liquid, commonly thick and dark brown in color, but in some cases thin and in some cases light. It always has a strong disagreeable odor. Early colonial settlers knew of the existence of petroleum from the Indians. From them they learned to use it for medicine, especially as a liniment for rheumatism. For this reason it was first called Indian or Seneca Oil. A few natural springs supplied all that the settlers needed for this purpose.

In 1807 pioneers who were digging wells for salt in western Virginia were distressed because great quantities of this bad-smelling, useless oil flowed into their brine wells. Attempts were made to use it to burn for lighting purposes, but it gave a smoky flame and a disagreeable odor when burning and was considered worthless.

In 1846 a man named Gesner distilled from coal an oil that burned well in lamps. Following his example, but

using crude oil instead of coal, Samuel Keir, a Pittsburgh druggist, finally succeeded in distilling from petroleum a fairly satisfactory oil for lamps. As soon as this became popular, there was a sudden demand for petroleum.

THE FIRST WELL

The next problem was to raise to the surface the supply of oil that was underground. In order to understand this problem we must know how petroleum occurs. It is found stored in the pores of porous rock which is overlaid by nonporous layers. If there were no impervious cover above the oil-bearing rock, the oil would rise to the surface and escape by evaporation. This probably has happened in many places. A cover of fine-grained rock makes an oil reservoir of the porous rock.

To reach the oil supply one must drill through the overlying layers. In 1859 the first oil well in the United States was drilled near Oil Creek in Pennsylvania by "Colonel" Drake, a former railroad conductor. After many discouraging attempts to reach the oil-bearing rock, he left his well one Saturday night thinking that the rods of his drill were broken because the drill went down so easily. When he returned on Sunday morning, he found his well full of oil. The drill had gone down easily because he had struck the oil-bearing layer.

EARLY PROBLEMS OF THE INDUSTRY

Following his discovery, a Pennsylvania oil rush, resembling in many ways the California gold rush ten years before this time, occurred. Many fortunes were made. Many were lost. Hundreds of oil wells were dug.

For the first ten years there were many difficulties to be met. Oil was produced faster than it could be used and much was wasted. Methods of producing the oil and of refining it were very imperfect. The kerosene produced was often not safe because it contained too much highly inflammable naphtha. Explosions, fires, and deaths resulted.

Methods of transporting the oil were also crude. Gradually, however, these difficulties were overcome, many new uses were found for petroleum products and it has become so important that some of the recent stories of petroleum are entitled, "Petroleum, the Advance Guard of Civilization"; "Petroleum as a World Power"; "Petroleum, the Motive Power of the Future"; "The Oil Conquest of the World," etc.

A PETROLEUM REFINERY

A petroleum refinery of to-day is a modern magic house where the sticky, dirty-looking, bad-smelling oil is transformed into more than two hundred useful products. Many of these products are known by everybody to be made from petroleum; others are common, but are not known to most people as petroleum products.

When crude oil is heated slightly, some compounds contained in it are turned to a vapor. If the oil is heated to a greater degree, other compounds are vaporized as the temperature rises. In this way it is separated into lighter and heavier compounds. The process is called distillation.

The crude oil is placed in large iron stills or tanks. Each still is commonly about forty feet long and fifteen feet in diameter and holds from five hundred to one thousand barrels of oil. There are many stills in one refinery. The oil is heated in some instances by fires built underneath the tanks, and in others by pipes through which steam is circulated.

Two products vaporize at such low temperatures (32° F., and 62° F.) that they are usually allowed to escape. They have the unusual chemical names cymogene and rhigolene, and are used in hospitals as petroleum ether.

The next compounds which pass off as vapor when the

temperature of oil is raised are the inflammable oils, such as gasoline, naphtha, and benzine. These substances in vapor form pass through coils of pipes against which a constant stream of cold water flows. As the vapors cool, they condense and pass into receiving tanks. Through transparent windows in the pipe a worker, called a "stillman," watches the condensed liquid very carefully, tests it, and sends it to the receiver in which that particular product belongs.

As more heat is applied the oils known as illuminating oils, chief of which is kerosene, are vaporized, and they are condensed in the same manner as the lighter oils. Usually the products of distillation, the gasoline and kerosene, receive further chemical treatment in order to rid them of impurities before they are put on the market.

There is then left in the still a residue of unevaporated oil. It contains the heavy lubricating oils. This residue is first chilled and that part which makes paraffin solidifies. The rest is then compressed in order to drive out the loose oil, and that which is left after the oil is squeezed out is treated with chemicals until all the products are extracted. It is from this residue that the majority of the two hundred petroleum products come.

THE USES AND VALUE OF BY-PRODUCTS

When we consider the uses of all the products which are secured from the residue, we can easily explain the great importance of petroleum. In the first place, almost all the machinery of the world is oiled with it. Without lubricating oils it would be quite impossible to run machines at the rate that is common these days in all factories. The bearings would soon get hot. Lubricating oil is as necessary as power. Try to think what it would mean if nine-tenths of the world's machinery ceased to work. It would affect the food we eat, the clothes we wear, the

books we read, the furniture we use, the houses we live in—in fact, it would affect our whole mode of living. It would force us to live as simply as our ancestors of hundreds of years ago. While the part of oil in operating machinery might seem to be unimportant, the distress that would come to us, if the oil supply were exhausted, is unlimited.

USES FOR POWER

Try next to picture to yourselves what would happen to our present means of transportation, if we had no gasoline. We could not have automobiles which use gasoline as fuel. We could not have aeroplanes. In the days of our grandparents, the gasoline group of petroleum products was thrown away as waste. Now we use one billion two hundred fifty million gallons annually. We are beginning to study means of increasing our supply and of substituting other materials for gasoline wherever practicable. Inventors are trying to make it possible to use kerosene carburetors. Already paraffin tractors are in use. Since kerosene is now less in demand than gasoline, any change which would allow us to use it in place of gasoline is helpful.

USE AS FUEL

Petroleum is also used as a fuel in factories where a fierce, quick, evenly maintained heat is necessary. Some furnaces are now built so that oil is burned instead of coal to heat the hot water or make the steam which heats the radiators. Both gasoline and kerosene are used in stoves for cooking and heating purposes.

The use of kerosene for lamps has been mentioned. In some places oil illuminating gas is produced from petroleum. In many rural sections oil is used in road making. It is sometimes used in street sprinklers instead of water because it does not dry up as water does but

keeps the dust down for months, making a hard, smooth roadbed.

OTHER USES

Think of some of the other uses of petroleum products. Great quantities of gasoline are used by the clothes-cleaning establishments of large cities. Petroleum by-products are used to kill insects, to protect animals from flies, to preserve timber from decay and destruction by insects. One can see from the uses already named that petroleum affects practically all industries and all commerce.

There are other uses made of the by-products. From the residue left in the still, vaseline, chewing gum, and wax are made. We are all familiar with the uses of vaseline. Many salves and ointments which one buys at the drug store are petroleum products. We are also familiar with the use, or rather the misuse, of chewing gum. Wax has replaced tallow for candles. One's birthday and Christmas celebrations depend in part on petroleum products. The smooth, sleek, look of the cotton goods in dresses is due to the wax used in finishing the cloth. Wax is used in making perfumes, manufacturing matches, ironing clothes, preserving fruits, and many other industries. One cannot help wondering how the people of seventy-five years ago lived without petroleum. Their wants had to be simpler than ours. Our wants are many because we have become accustomed to the uses of all these products of petroleum.

TRANSPORTATION OF PETROLEUM

The transportation of petroleum presented a difficult problem. At first it was put in wooden barrels and loaded on wagons, trains, and ships. Very soon, however, the experiment was made of piping the oil from the wells to the refineries. This proved so successful that thousands

of miles of pipes have been laid. The pipes are commonly six or eight inches in diameter and are near or on the surface of the ground. Oil does not freeze as water does, therefore the pipes do not have to be laid far underground. Engines are placed at regular intervals along the line to pump the oil through the pipes. This saves the work of loading, unloading, and carrying.

After oil leaves the refinery, the problem is not so simple because it must be separated into small lots for many destinations. In some cases it can be piped from refineries to the warehouses of large wholesale dealers. For ocean carrying, large tank steamers have been constructed. Smaller whaleback oil tankers ply the lakes and rivers. Oil tank cars are used on railroads. At convenient places over the entire country distributing stations are established from which oil is carried to small towns and country districts in tank wagons. This system of tank carriers prevents much waste of time, oil, and labor.

THE PROBLEM OF CONSERVATION

The disturbing fact about petroleum is that the supply can be exhausted. Once exhausted, it can never be replaced. Its formation required ages of time, as did the formation of coal deposits. When we realize the fact that the supply of so useful a product as petroleum cannot be renewed, we see the necessity of making the very best use of what we have and of preventing waste of any kind.

In the early days when the first wells were dug a great deal of oil was wasted because of poor construction and lack of facilities for storing.

A second great source of waste is overproduction. When oil is found in a region, wells are put down in great numbers without considering whether or not oil is demanded in such quantities. When it is produced faster

than it can be refined and used, it must be stored. While in storage, it is wasted by evaporation, by leakage, and often by fire. Wise laws have been passed in some states to prevent waste of these kinds.

The wise use of petroleum is quite as important as the stopping of all waste. We ought to make the most of our natural petroleum supply. Some people get the idea that conservation means not using natural supplies. We ought to understand, on the contrary, that wise use is the best conservation.

It is true there will be additions to our supply, because new fields are constantly opened up. Recently science has shown us how to secure a great deal of oil from the oil shales of the Western States. Already a great shale oil industry is established in Scotland. These possibilities lengthen the period of abundant supply, but exhaustion must eventually come. How long the natural supply will last depends largely on how careful we are in using our supply in the most efficient ways, and how successful we are in preventing waste.

—EDITH P. PARKER.

In Community Life Leaflets.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Petroleum was known to the ancient Greeks. Why did they not make use of it? 2. What process mentioned in this selection has made petroleum a valuable product? 3. Picture your city as if a method of refining petroleum had not been discovered. 4. Make a list of the products made from petroleum that are mentioned in this selection. Consult an encyclopedia to add to this list. 5. Prepare a petroleum exhibit for your schoolroom. Secure samples of the products of petroleum and tell for what each is used. 6. Secure a picture of a refinery. Perhaps some classmate has visited one. If so, have him describe what he saw. 7. Consult a Geographical Reader. Find a diagram showing the layers of rock above an oil pool. 8. How are the by-products of petroleum obtained? 9. Why should we be concerned with the ways in which petroleum is used? 10. What will happen if the supply of petroleum is not conserved?

SALEM HOUSE

The master of this school was a Mr. Creakle, who had the reputation of being a stern disciplinarian. It was chiefly for this reason that David Copperfield was placed in his school. David had had trouble with his stepfather, and, in the mix-up, the boy had severely bitten his stepfather's hand, because he felt himself unjustly punished. In consequence, David was promptly sentenced to Master Creakle's private school. The stagecoach in which he journeyed was met, upon arrival, by one of the assistant masters of Salem House, who took David in charge.

A short walk brought us—the Master and me—to Salem House, which was enclosed with a high brick wall and looked very dull. Over a door in this wall was a board with SALEM HOUSE upon it; and through a grating in the door, we were surveyed, when we rang the bell, by a surley face which belonged to a stout man with a bull neck, a wooden leg, overhanging temples, and hair cut close all round his head.

“The new boy,” said the Master.

The man with the wooden leg eyed me all over—it didn't take long, for there was not much of me—then locked the gate behind us, and took out the key.

Salem House was a square, brick building with wings, of a bare and unfurnished appearance. It was so very quiet all about that I said to Master Mell I supposed the boys were out; but he seemed surprised at my not knowing it was holiday time; and that the boys were all at their several homes; that Mr. Creakle, the proprietor, was down at the seaside with Mrs. and Miss Creakle; and that I was sent in holiday time as a punishment for my misdoing. All of which he explained to me as we went along.

I gazed upon the schoolroom into which he took me as the most forlorn and desolate place I had ever seen. I see

it now: a long room, with three long rows of desks, and six of forms, and bristling all round with pegs for hats and slates. Scraps of old copy books and exercises litter the dirty floor. Some silkworms' houses, made of the same materials, are scattered over the desks. Two miserable little white mice, left behind by their owner, are running up and down in a fusty castle made of pasteboard and wire, looking in all the corners with their red eyes for something to eat. A bird, in a cage very little bigger than himself, makes a mournful rattle now and then in hopping on his perch, two inches high, or dropping from it; but neither sings nor chirps.

There is a strange unwholesome smell upon the room, like mildewed corduroys, sweet apples wanting air, and rotten books. There could not have been more ink splashed about if the room had been roofless from its construction and the skies had rained, snowed, hailed, and blown ink through the varying seasons of the year.

Mr. Mell having left me while he went upstairs, I went softly to the upper end of the room, observing all this as I crept along. Suddenly I came upon a pasteboard placard, beautifully lettered and lying upon the desk, which bore these words:

"Take care of him. He bites."

I got upon the desk immediately, apprehensive of at least a great dog underneath. But, though I looked all around with anxious eyes, I could see nothing of him. I was still engaged in peering about when Mr. Mell came back and asked me what I did up there?

"I beg your pardon, sir," says I, "if you please, I'm looking for the dog."

"Dog?" says he, "what dog?"

"Isn't it a dog, sir?"

"Isn't what a dog?"

"That's to be taken care of, sir, that bites?"

"No, Copperfield," says he gravely, "that's not a dog. That's a boy. My instructions are, Copperfield, to put this placard on your back. I'm sorry to make such a beginning with you, but I must do it."

With that he took me down and tied the placard, which was neatly constructed for the purpose, on my shoulders like a knapsack; and wherever I went I had the consolation of carrying it.

What I suffered from that placard nobody can imagine. Whether it was possible for people to see me or not, I always fancied that somebody was reading it. It was no relief to turn round and find nobody; for wherever my back was, there I imagined somebody always to be. That cruel man with the wooden leg aggravated my sufferings. He was in authority, and if he ever saw me leaning against a tree, or a wall, or the house, he roared out from his lodge door in a stupendous voice: "Hallo, you sir! You Copperfield! Show that badge conspicuous, or I'll report you!"

The playground was a bare, gravelled yard, open to all the back of the house and to the offices; and I know that the servants read it, and the butcher read it, and the baker read it; that everybody, in fact, who came backwards and forwards to the house of a morning when I was ordered to walk there, read that I was to be taken care of, for I bit. I recollect that I began to have a dread of myself as a kind of wild boy who did bite.

There was an old door in this playground on which the boys had a custom of carving their names. It was completely covered with their inscriptions. In my dread of the end of the vacation and their coming back, I could not read a boy's name without inquiring in what tone and with what emphasis *he* would read, "Take care of him. He bites." I have looked at that door, until the owners of all the names—there were forty-five in school then, Mr. Mell said—seemed to cry out, each in his own way, "Take care of him. He bites."

It was the same with the places at the desks and forms. It was the same with the groves of deserted bedsteads I peeped at on the way to and when in my own bed. I remember dreaming night after night of being at home, or at a party at Mr. Pegotty's, or in the stagecoach, and in all these circumstances I had nothing on but my little night shirt and that placard.

I had long tasks every day to do with Mr. Mell, but I did them and got through without disgrace. Before and after them I walked about the yard, supervised by the man with the wooden leg. How vividly I call to mind the damp about the house, the green cracks in the flagstones, an old leaky water-butt, and the discolored trunks of some of the trees. At one we dined, Mr. Mell and I, at the upper end of a long bare dining room, full of deal tables and smelling of fats. Then we had more tasks until tea, which Mr. Mell drank out of a blue teacup and I out of a tin pot. Mr. Mell never said much to me but he was never harsh to me. I suppose we were company for each other without talking.

One day I was informed by Mr. Mell that Mr. Creakle (the head master, or principal, of Salem House School) would be home that evening. After tea I heard that he was come. Before bedtime I was fetched by the man with the wooden leg to appear before him. I was ushered in to Mr. Creakle's presence—a stout gentleman with a bunch of watchchain and seals in an armchair with a tumbler and bottle beside him.

“So!” said Mr. Creakle, “this is the young gentleman whose teeth are to be filed! Turn him round.”

The wooden-legged man turned me about so as to exhibit the placard, and having afforded time for a full survey of it, turned me about again, with my face to Mr. Creakle, and posted himself at Mr. Creakle's side. Mr. Creakle's face was fiery, and his eyes were small and

deep-set in his head. He had thick veins in his forehead, a little nose, and a large chin. He was bald on top of his head, but had some thin grey hairs brushed across each temple so that the two sides interlaced on his forehead.

"Now," said Mr. Creakle, "what's the report on this boy?"

"There's nothing against him yet," returned the man with the wooden leg. "There's been no opportunity."

"Come here, sir!" said Mr. Creakle beckoning to me. "Do you know me? Hey?" said Mr. Creakle, pinching my ear with ferocious playfulness.

"Not yet, sir," I said flinching with pain.

"Not yet? Hey?" repeated Mr. Creakle. "But you will soon, hey?"

"You will soon," repeated the man with the wooden leg.

"Now you may go. Take him away."

School began in earnest next day. A profound impression was made upon me, I remember, by the roar of voices in the schoolroom becoming hushed as death when Mr. Creakle entered and stood in the doorway, looking round upon us like a giant in a story book surveying his captives.

He had no occasion, I thought to cry out, "Silence!" so ferociously, for the boys were all struck speechless and motionless. Then he was seen to speak to this effect:

"Now boys," he began, "this is a new half. Take care of what you are about in this new half. Come fresh up to the lessons, I advise you, for I come fresh up to the punishment. I won't flinch. It will be no use rubbing yourselves; you won't rub away the marks I'll give you. Now get to work, every boy!"

When this ordeal was over, Mr. Creakle came to where I sat and told me that if I was famous for biting, he was famous for biting, too. He showed me his cane and asked me what I thought of *that* for a tooth? Was it a sharp tooth? Hey? And with every question he gave me a

fleshy cut that made me writhe. He visited other boys with similar instances of notice, and before the day's work had begun, half the establishment was writhing and crying.

I should think there never was a man that enjoyed his profession more than Mr. Creakle. He had a delight in cutting at the boys, which was like the satisfaction of a craving appetite. He couldn't resist a chubby boy, and was restless until he had scored and marked him for the day. I was chubby myself and ought to know.

There was one advantage, and only one that I know of, in Mr. Creakle's severity. He found my placard in his way when he came up or down the form in which I sat and wanted to make a cut at me in passing. For this reason it was soon taken off and I saw it no more.

Poor Traddles! In a tight, sky-blue suit that made his arms and legs look like German sausages, or roly-poly puddings, he was the merriest and most miserable of all the boys. He was always being caned—I think he was caned every day that half year, except one holiday Monday when he was only ruled on both hands. After laying his head on his desk for a little while, he would cheer up somehow, begin to laugh again, and draw skeletons all over his slate before his eyes were dry. The rest of the half year is a jumble in my recollection of the daily strife and struggle of our lives; of the waning summer and the changing season; of the frosty mornings when we were rung out of bed, and the cold, cold smell of the dark nights when we were rung into bed; of the evening schoolroom, dimly lighted and indifferently warmed, and the morning schoolroom which was nothing but a great shivering-machine; of the alternation of boiled beef and roast beef, and boiled mutton with roast mutton; of clods of bread and butter, dog's-eared lesson books, cracked slates, tear-blotted copy books, canings, rulerings, hair-cuttings,

rainy Sundays, suet puddings, and a dirty atmosphere of ink surrounding all.

I well remember, though, how the distant idea of the holidays began to come towards us. How from counting months, we came to weeks and then to days. How the breaking-up day changed from the week after next to this week, the day after to-morrow, to-morrow, to-day, to-night—when I was inside the Yarmouth mail coach and going home!

I went to sleep in the coach, but when I awoke at intervals, the ground outside of the windows was not the playground of Salem House; and the sound in my ears was not the sound of Mr. Creakle giving it to Traddles, but the sound of the coachman touching up the horses.

—Adapted from *David Copperfield*,
BY CHARLES DICKENS.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Do you think David was pleased with the appearance of the Salem House master who met him at the booking office? Why?
2. For what misdeed, mentioned in the introduction, was David sent to Salem House in holiday time.
3. List the things mentioned in the selection which indicate that Salem House was not a pleasant and happy school.
4. Was David a troublesome boy or an unhappy, innocent boy? What statements in the selection lead you to believe this?
5. Was David a good student? Read the sentence which states this.
6. Describe Mr. Creakle. Would you like to have him for your teacher? Why?
7. What boy was always in trouble?
8. You have read about a number of schools in this book. Look over these selections again and pick out the school you like best. Mark it "1". Then pick out the one you like least and number it "5." Arrange the others in regular order between these, marking the one you like second best "2," etc.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *David Copperfield*, CHARLES DICKENS; 2. *Tom Brown's School Days*, THOMAS HUGHES; 3. *Crofton Boys*, HARRIET MARTINEAU; 4. *Glengarry School Days*, RALPH CONNOR; 5. *Infield Rivals*, RALPH HENRY BARBOUR; 6. *The Young Pitcher*, *ibid.*; 7. *Being a Boy*, CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER; 8. *Story of a Bad Boy*, THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

THE MORAVIAN PEASANT

More than a half million Austrians were living in the United States in 1924. What has caused them to break their home ties and immigrate to this country? Are they persecuted at home for their religious or political beliefs? Is the country overpopulated? Is there land enough for all? Do they obtain a good living in their own land? What steps must they take in order to be admitted to the United States? Some of these questions are answered in the following selection.

In Austria, near the southern boundary of Germany, lived Votja Stach with his family. He, like his neighbors, was a peasant, living by farming the land. He lived in a Moravian village where the strip system, which has come down from the Middle Ages, is still used; and each man holds, not many acres together, but a number of long narrow strips of land. These strips are so narrow that sometimes Votja had to walk on his neighbor's strip to lead the plow horse on his own. He and his neighbors made their scanty living from the land and had little idea of buying and selling. Travelers in that region, who have offered peasant women liberal payment for their embroidered caps or some interesting bit of furniture have found that they will not sell—that money means little to them.

Votja and his neighbors were fond of dancing and had many outdoor dances, the boys dancing by themselves and the girls by themselves. The boys were dressed for such gala occasions in long, white linen tunics with bright woven girdles, wide, white trousers, and hats with bright beadwork and peacock feathers.

Votja's daughter, Bozena, could not marry until she had a dowry, a chest, and a complete outfit of clothes for

the groom as well as herself. Bozena began to knit as soon as she could hold the needles. She had to make ready enough stockings to last herself and her future husband all their lives. Her parents would select a husband for her.

Votja was poor, indeed. His strip of land barely yielded a meager living for his family. Through friends in America he had heard of the United States as a land of wealth, where large farms could be obtained on easy terms. Many of his neighbors and friends had left their native country and now, on the rich lands of Central United States, they had established themselves on large farms and were prosperous and happy.

He decided to immigrate to the United States. His first step was to secure a passport for himself and family.

Before the World War began, the governments of their countries made little effort to keep people from emigrating. Where passports were required, as in Austria, they could be easily secured.

Votja and his family secured their passports easily. Then they had to go to a town where there was an agent of a steamship company and secure their tickets. The agent sent them to the port from which their ship left, and there they were lodged until time to sail. They were given a medical examination so that they would not be sent back when they reached Ellis Island, the place where boats land in New York Harbor.

Next came the trials of the voyage in the crowded steerage quarters. This was to Votja and his family a strange and interesting place. It was several flights down stairs in the fore part of the boat. On either side of a narrow passageway were rows of bunks one above the other. Each member of the family took possession of a bunk and here during the entire voyage they spent most of their time. Here they kept their belongings, and here they ate and slept. It was a tedious voyage in such narrow quarters

and they were glad when finally they were steaming past the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor. There were other ports where incoming steamers landed, but the greatest number of immigrants came into New York.

ELLIS ISLAND

Ellis Island is the place where immigrants must meet certain requirements before they are admitted into this country. Big ferryboats took Votja and his family and the thousand other immigrants who had come on that ship from the steamer to the landing place. In long lines, with bags and bundles in hand, they filed out, slowly, because they must pass by two sets of doctors. The doctors stood one on each side of the passageway. One took each newcomer, and, among other things, turned out his eyelids with a little instrument to see that he had no eye diseases; another doctor examined him for skin disease. All doubtful cases were set aside for more detailed examination.

All who passed these tests were sent into the big hall, put with those who had been listed together on the ship's manifest, and finally each one was asked a great many questions: How much money he had with him; whether he had been arrested for crime in his own country; what relatives expected him here, and where they lived; whether he had been promised a job in America; what his beliefs were about anarchy and polygamy, etc.

SOME IMMIGRANTS ARE SENT BACK

Votja answered all these questions satisfactorily and was then free to go on into New York or wherever he pleased. Many of his fellow immigrants were detained for a while at Ellis Island waiting for relatives to come and claim them; some had arrived ill and were sent to Ellis Island hospital to be cared for; some who were unable to

show that they would be taken care of by friends or would be able to make a living for themselves, or who had certain incurable skin or eye diseases, and after detailed examination by boards of special inquiry, had to go back to the old country.

It is a heavy calamity to these poor people to be refused admission into this country, and some pathetic separations occur when one child in a family, or an old father or mother, must be sent back. However, these cases are noticeable more for their pathos than for their frequency. In the ten years, 1901-10, 8,800,000 immigrants came into our ports, and of these the total number deported was 108,200, or only about one in every eighty-eight.

Votja did not tarry long in New York. His friends had settled in Nebraska and thither he took his family at once. The trip was a hard one, but every passing mile was full of interest; the whirring trains; the cities en route; the jostling crowds, and the wide, open country. These and many other things fascinated this new family of immigrants. At last they were in Nebraska—at the home of old friends, and their long journey ended.

—Adapted from *Community Life Leaflets*.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What questions raised in the introduction are answered in this story? 2. What other questions could have been asked in the introduction? 3. How does this selection differ from "Taking Leave For America"? 4. What problems do these immigrants meet when they land in America? 5. Where would they be likely to settle? Consult a United States Census Report to ascertain in what states Austrians have settled and what occupations they take up in this country. 6. Why are such strict regulations enforced at Ellis Island?

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Imported Americans*, B. BRANDENBURG; 2. *On The Trail of the Immigrants*, EDWARD STEINER; 3. *The New Immigration*, PETER ROBERTS; 4. *Aliens or Americans*, HOWARD B. GROSE; 5. *Our Foreigners*, S. P. ORTH. 6. *The Promised Land*, MARY ANTIN.

A HEROINE OF LONG AGO

Not every story is adapted to dramatization. Read this selection to see if it will lend itself easily to dramatic action. Keep the characters and scenes in mind for this purpose as you read.

Naomi Whitney lived in the most troublous days. When the wild beasts were not preying upon the scanty live stock of the little cabin, the redskins were perpetually crawling and slinking about like dangerous shadows.

One morning Naomi's father discovered that no less than five hens and twelve small chickens were gone from the little rough shed behind the house. Mr. Whitney had found many small foot prints about the backyard—the prints of a fox, he declared. But something on his face when he said this made thirteen-year-old Naomi ponder thoughtfully.

She threw a long black cape over her rough, woolen dress and went out to feed the chickens. The air was chilly and Naomi pulled the ruffled hood, attached to the cape, down over her brown head.

She stared at the long line of bushes against the bleak sky. Above this underbrush the swaying heads of whispering pines nodded and beckoned. Naomi shivered, but not from the chill of the early morning. She threw back her shoulders quickly and drew in a steady breath of the bracing air. But despite her efforts to throw off her uneasiness she wished that their log-chinked house was not so near the woods. She noted a bit nervously how close the out-buildings were to the low bushes which introduced the black timberland beyond. She wished again that her father had not been so anxious to obtain this particular grant of land. To her mind even fertile soil and a barrier

of woods to break the cold winter winds did not seem at all pleasing. And the Hopkins' cabin was fully five miles away.

Naomi carefully scooped out from her pewter dish a generous portion of corn for the chickens. While they ate she began a quiet, thorough search. Yes, there had been a fox—she knew how a fox track appeared. Somewhat perplexed at this plain and ordinary story which the soft tracks told, she arose slowly. Strangely restless, she paced thoughtfully beyond the rough log henhouse and stood among the stubble of the cornfield. The November winds made some of the dry corn husks rattle. Then she stopped suddenly. There at her feet lay, faintly but clearly defined, the print of a foot. It was not the impression of a thieving fox. It was something far more fearful. It was the print of a moccasined foot.

Naomi began a careful search in the deserted cornfield for other trails left by moccasined feet, but she found no more. This act, however, did not quiet her feelings. The stubble and stone and scraggling tufts of grass gave ample opportunities for the crafty redskin to pick his way without leaving any further marks of a visit. Yes, one print was quite sufficient.

As Naomi went back to the cabin carrying her empty dish and a huge wooden spoon, she thought of her grandmother ill in bed with a severe attack of rheumatic fever. Her young-old mind went swiftly to the two crossed muskets over the stone mantel above the wide fireplace. And she remembered the full powderhorn always beneath them on the mantel and the box of leaden balls close by. Yet not an Indian had troubled them during the four months they had lived there. In fact there had been few reports of any redskins within a twenty-mile radius.

A horseman came up the road riding swiftly. As Naomi came around the corner of the house, he was already

talking in quick, low tones to her father and mother.

"Is it—is it Indians?" queried the girl calmly. Her father looked at her sharply.

"No," replied Mr. Hopkins, their nearest neighbor, "but it is nearly as bad."

He glanced at the girl and then included her in his tidings. Young people in those days shared and helped in the anxieties of their elders. And very young they learned the full meaning of responsibility and unselfishness.

"All our family is ill with pneumonia, and I've asked your mother to come to help us for a few days."

Naomi nodded understandingly. "I will care for grandmother," she said.

Then suddenly her face paled as the full significance of that half-concealed moccasined outline came back to her.

Her grandmother leaned on one elbow peering out of the narrow slit of a window which came within the range of her bed. Anxiously the old lady inquired the meaning of Neighbor Hopkins' presence.

"Oh, nothing but illness!" she remarked with relief, as Naomi answered her question. "I feared it was bad news," and she sank calmly back into bed.

The girl turned away her face to hide a smile. Truly illness seemed less than nothing in those days of constant, lurking perils.

Mrs. Whitney came in briskly and began to gather a few things. Very shortly their own horse appeared before the door. As Naomi saw her father mounted, she stared at him in amazement and glanced down the road. Neighbor Hopkins had gone on toward the settlement, evidently for a few simple remedies. The settlement was an eight mile ride beyond.

"I will take your mother over," Mr. Whitney said, as

Naomi came to the door with her. "I will be back by noon."

With no further words they were off. Naomi walked back deep in thought. From the rear window which overlooked the long line of black woods she peered intently. Then shrugging her shoulders she began to whistle bravely.

Her grandmother's chiding tones recalled her. "A Naomi—whistling!" groaned the old lady.

"I'm sorry, grandmother," responded the girl. "I forgot."

Before further comments could come, she took a much-thumbed volume from a rough log box on the wall and went to the corner where her grandmother's cot stood, and began resolutely reading the "Book of Martyrs" which particularly pleased her grandmother.

"A little Indian-meal gruel from the skillet there," suggested the old woman sometime later. Placing the book under the cot, Naomi went quickly to the fireplace. As she filled a little mug with the steaming gruel, she glanced out of the window toward the darkly swaying pines. She stiffened suddenly, spilling a drop of the hot porridge on her trembling hands. Swiftly she glanced at her grandmother. The old lady lay with closed eyes. Stealthily the girl drew a step nearer the narrow window, keeping her face well in the shadow. Had she seen only a few tardy autumn leaves or had the spot of bright color been something else?

Naomi's throat suddenly became very dry. Her heart pounded and thumped, for as she peered at the sullen landscape, a dim, brown face peeked from the underbrush. There were hideous circles of gaudy paint on the dark face, while over the straight hair gleamed lines of brilliant feathers like some bird of tropical plumage.

Dumbly the girl watched it in fascination. But the

figure seemed content to crouch in his hiding place. Helplessly she looked at the wizened face of her grandmother lying with closed eyes. Then her wide eyes went down to the drop of porridge which still clung to her shaking hand. Hardly knowing what she did, she brushed off the little clot of meal. The hot gruel had seared a little red mark on her hand.

For the space of a few seconds Naomi stood and stared at the spot. Strangely enough, her hands no longer shook, and a red flush burned high on either cheek. Her eyes glittered brightly, and her lips were drawn into a scarlet, determined line.

With a last glance at that grim, peering face, the girl stepped swiftly to the mantel. She opened a dark box and extracted something. Then she took a candle dip, bending on her knees to light it among the dull, red coals. All the time she kept peeking toward the shadow line. She sat down on the floor where she could watch and yet not be seen. Her fingers worked fearlessly, rapidly.

"Where is my gruel?" came the pain-racked voice of her grandmother, but she didn't open her eyes.

"The fire is low, grandmother," murmured Naomi cautiously. "Just a moment."

To her intense relief her grandmother accepted her excuse, waiting patiently and quietly.

Still the girl worked on, sometimes biting her lips as if in pain, and sometimes smiling to herself. She breathed a prayer of relief as the quiet, crouching figure in the woods still remained merely a watcher.

"Grandmother," whispered Naomi close to the cot, where she had crept, shading her candle that no ray should reach the ambushed redskin, "Grandmother. You must help me. Quick—listen!" In a few words she told their danger and outlined her plan.

The old lady leaned on one elbow, staring strangely at

the flushed face of her granddaughter, at the shaded candle on the floor, and at what the girl held in her hand.

"Well, Naomi Whitney." There was no fear in the voice, but a grim humor mingled with pride. "If you don't beat everything. Hurry and get me fixed!"

"Just your face and your arms, grandmother," whispered Naomi as she fell to work in dead earnest.

The girl finished her task with complete satisfaction and blew out the candle. She piled dry, pitchy boughs high on the slumbering coals and coaxed up a roaring blaze which lighted up the cabin well—very well so Naomi hoped. She pulled her grandmother's couch much nearer the blazing fire.

With never a groan the sick woman rolled over nearer the fire and left Naomi the outer edge of the cot, that side which came nearer the door. On the table close by, the girl had placed a few bottles with dark liquids. Under the bed in plain view stood water and a skillet of gruel.

Then Naomi unbraided her hair and mussed it roughly with her quick fingers. She peered out of the window.

"He's coming, grandmother," she breathed, "and he is in full war paint. There are others following him."

Naomi stretched herself in an awkward position on the couch. One hand tore at her hair and the other sprawled over the edge, dangling in seeming helplessness.

Presently, through her half-closed eyes, she saw the hideous, staring face of the chief at the window. She uttered a little moan and tossed restlessly. Her grandmother imitated her, trembling and shaking with the realism of fear. Another face peered in at the narrow window, then a third.

The Indian warriors seemed to be arguing with the chief. Stolidly he shook his head and grunted. Then Naomi felt her loosened hair stiffen and stand on end. The heavy wooden latch on the door moved the fraction

of an inch. Slowly the door opened. The gaudily painted figure of the chief stalked in, followed by his equally terrifying band. Bows and arrows and tomahawks seemed to be much in evidence. About ten feet from the couch the Indian leader stopped. A hesitating look crept over his glittering eyes.

Slowly Naomi raised herself with difficulty until she stood up tottering. She took a stumbling step toward the graven figure of the chief. The room was soundless except for the low moans of the old woman and the snapping of the pine fagots.

Fearlessly the girl brought her wide gaze to rest on the chief. She raised her hands and pointed to her face and to her arms, and then at the fever-reddened features of the moaning old woman. The flare of the blazing fire showed to the staring redskins a pale-faced girl with wild hair and with—the chief fell back a step gazing as if hypnotized. For he plainly saw the red, mottling spots covering the face, the neck, and the arms of the girl and the old woman. His warriors behind him saw, too.

"Go! Go!" screamed Naomi, gesturing like one crazed with fever. Again she pointed to her face.

"Ugh! ugh!" exclaimed the chief, grasping the situation, and then, without a final look, the redskins uttered harsh cries of abject terror. They pushed one another, they stumbled in their attempts to leave the ill-fated cabin, and covered their eyes and their noses as they sped toward the woods.

When the last bush had closed over the terrorized Indians, Naomi crept quietly to the door and shut it. Her grandmother was weeping and laughing alternately.

Naomi studied her face. The seeming miracle had been accomplished by merely a candle and a piece of fine wire. By heating the wire nearly redhot in a tongue of flame, she had burned little blisters until both she and her grand-

mother appeared fearfully spotted. Anyone who ever had seen a person with smallpox would surely think these two were suffering with it. The Indians had suffered far more than the white man from this death-dealing, spotted disease. They knew but too well the terrible danger of the virulent smallpox.

When Mr. Whitney first saw Naomi at noon he was terribly startled. Even to his eyes she seemed in the throes of the dread disease. He was speechless with horror and relief as he heard her story. When Mr. Hopkins returned from the settlement Naomi's father told him of her brave strategy. Before sundown the two men had warned the various settlers of the impending danger.

But strangely enough no further signs of the Indians were reported. Possibly they believed the disease to be widespread in that locality. As for Naomi's complexion, the marks of this make-believe smallpox were easily healed by a thick coating of mutton tallow, and in a few days she appeared none the worse for her terrifying experience.

—FLORENCE M. PETTEE.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Assuming that you are going to dramatize this selection, how many scenes will there be? 2. Mark the places where the several scenes end. 3. How many characters are there? 4. List them according to scenes. 5. Mark the speaking parts of each. 6. Indicate just what acting each character shall do. 7. Try to make each scene a unit in itself: (a) the introduction—one or more sentences; (b) the main body; and (c) a sentence, or two, to show that the scene is ended.

Additional Reading.—*Cadet Days*, CHARLES F. KING; *When Sarah Went to School*, ELSIE SINGMASTER; *Child Life in Colonial Days*, A. M. EARLE; *To Have and To Hold*, MARY JOHNSTON; *Stories of the Old Dominion*, J. E. COOKE.

PROUD OF IT!

Is this poem one to be spoken on Flag Day, or one to be lived each day of the year? How can a boy or girl show that he is proud of the flag other than by "shouting uproarious" for it?

I'm proud of the Flag; of the Red, White and
Blue of it,
Deeply I thrill when it waves in the air,
Knowing the tales that are splendid and true
of it,
Stories whose glories I'm longing to share.
How my heart lifts at each wonderful view of it.
Lifts with a loyalty never to lag
There is a glow and a gleam in each hue of it,
Oh, but I'm proud of the Flag!

* * * * *

Red for the blood of the men who have fought
for it,
White for the souls of them, gallant and clean,
Blue for the skies where the eyes of men sought
for it
Floating above them, untarnished, serene;
Flag of my country, the thinkers have thought
for it,
Dreamers have dreamed: though I never shall
brag
Knowing the deeds that the heroes have wrought
for it,
I shall be proud of the Flag.

I shall be proud—not in shouting uproarious—
But in upholding that Flag to the last,
Seeking by service to keep it still glorious
All through the future as in the years past;
Aye, in a spirit of faith uncensorious
Mine shall be fealty never to lag;
South, East or West or in realms of old Boreas,
I shall be proud of the Flag.

—BERTON BRALEY.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What idea expressed in this poem is also stated in President Coolidge's speech quoted in *The Junior League of Nations*? 2. What kinds of tales could our Flag tell, if it could speak? 3. Why should this poem be placed in a Community Life project? 4. What reasons are given for being proud of the Flag? 5. How does the author of the poem show that he is proud of our Flag? 6. Why is Flag capitalized? 7. Read the poem out loud. Do you like it better read orally or silently? Why?

FLAG DAY

"We meet to celebrate Flag Day because this flag which we honor and under which we serve is the emblem of our unity, our power, our thought and purpose as a nation. It has no other character than that which we give it from generation to generation. The choices are ours. It floats in majestic silence above the hosts that execute those choices, whether in peace or in war. And yet, though silent, it speaks to us—speaks to us of the past, of the men and women who went before us and of the records they wrote upon it. We celebrate the day of its birth; and from its birth until now it has witnessed a great history, has floated on high the symbol of great events, of a great plan of life worked out by a great people."

—WOODROW WILSON.



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A MAY MORNING

A MAY MORNING

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

—JOHN MILTON.

THE RAINBOW

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man
Or let me die!

The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my life to be,
Bound each to each by natural piety.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SEEN IN PORTO RICO

This selection gives you a delightful description of one of our island territories. It is a beautiful study of color and atmosphere. Read it through, first giving special attention to the contrasting colors of roofs, foliage, mountain wall and glimmering stream. Notice the various methods of transportation mentioned in the story.

Four days sailing from New York City brings you to the purple mountains and palm-fringed shores of Porto Rico, our picturesque West Indian possession. The sun gleams over the blue waters, and the wind blows soft from tropic seas. As the steamer nears San Juan, you see the gray walls of Morro Castle, and beyond these, the red and yellow roofs of the town.

San Juan is the capital of Porto Rico and has been many times attacked from the sea, but the stout old forts have repelled invaders, again and again. You may see on the walls of Morro the scars of shells from United States gunboats, made when Admiral Sampson unsuccessfully bombarded San Juan in 1898.

Ships crowd the rock-rimmed harbor, and the old city wall stretches along the shore. Behind these, San Juan rises, a strange mixture of ancient and modern, with Spanish and American office buildings, glistening, white palaces, and iron-barred fortresses, ox-carts and motor cars. Beyond Morro is the grim vastness of San Cristobal with gloomy dungeons and gray towers, both a fort, and a prison where citizens have been protected and enemies tortured during the long years of Spanish rule.

San Juan has prospered since Uncle Sam moved into Porto Rico in 1898. Sanitation and public schools followed the Stars and Stripes. Modern industries elbow the

crumbling ruins. Energetic business men from "the States" mingle with brown and black and yellow men along the narrow streets. There are trolley cars and gasoline launches, a new railway station, busses, and department stores, but you enjoy most the old-world atmosphere which lingers amid these newer things. Porto Rico is still picturesque, and, since the United States introduced modern sanitation, it is one of the most healthful spots in the world.

IN OLD SPANISH STREETS

You wander up San Justo Street leading from the docks through the business section, and you pass ancient Santa Ana with her sixteenth century images and altar paintings. Across the street is the American Bank, looking as modern as Fifth Avenue. There are quaint, shadowy *patios* hidden away from the up-to-date shops and electric signs.

Turning east, you reach the shaded square of the Plaza Principal. Near here is the governor's palace, Santa Catalina, with its beautiful courts, its stately throne room, and audience chambers. Beyond is the great cathedral, the burial place of Ponce de Leon, who founded San Juan. Beyond this are ancient monasteries, the Plaza Colon with its statue of Columbus, and broad streets that lead out of the city to the splendid highways winding over the mountain ridge which extends through the center of the island.

You may hire an automobile and journey across the interior to Ponce, an important port on the southern shore. Porto Rico has an area of about thirty-six hundred square miles, and there are excellent roads crossing it and circling its coast. You leave San Juan by Puerto Tierra, a suburb which took its name from the old land gate in the city wall. There are crumbling bits of wall remaining, but no sign of a gate.

You cross San Antonio bridge to the mainland of Porto Rico, and then through palm-lined streets, past beautiful gardens to the open valleys and gray-green mountain slopes.

RUSTIC SCENES

You meet many different sorts of vehicles in the streets and on the country roads.

There are lumbering, two-wheeled ox-carts with the oxen yoked at the horns, Spanish fashion. There are ponies and donkeys half hidden by their great loads of green grass, and there are motor cars and carriages and galloping horsemen. Barefooted natives follow narrow footpaths and carry loaded baskets on their heads, or push wheelbarrows filled with fruit, cakes, and vegetables.

Beyond the city the road winds through cocoanut groves and grassy plains up to the foothills and the dizzy mountain precipices at the crest of the central mountain ridge. There are many splendid views along the way. Red-roofed towns lie in sunny valleys, and there are thatched huts of the natives, masses of gigantic bamboos, and avenues of palms. You pass ancient Spanish bridges and banks of fern and orchid and rows of *poinciana* trees with flames of scarlet bloom.

Below you are shimmering rivers, lilac foothills, green, sunlit pastures, and flashing waterfalls. About you are towering peaks and gigantic canyons, glowing gold and purple in sunlight and shadow. Barranquitas is a lofty interior town where the air is always cool and bracing. About it are coffee groves and a wilderness of palms and tropical plants. These jungles are never sultry; they have a decided chill after sundown.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL!"

"Aibonito," meaning "How beautiful," is the appropriate name which the Spaniards gave another town near

the summit of this lofty roadway. You climb on through groves of coffee and banana trees. Flowers bloom thick beside you, and there are masses of sturdy tree ferns. Aibonito Pass is 3,300 feet above sea level.

Close to the edge of giant cliffs the road winds and dips, and you descend to Ponce in the midst of a level valley. The buildings here are typically Spanish. There are the usual shaded plaza, stately cathedral, and flowery *patios*. Balconies drape their vines and blossoms against stucco walls, and homes are embowered in gorgeous gardens.

Two miles from the city are docks and warehouses from which coffee and sugar are shipped. From Ponce you may circle the island to the west and north, passing Guayanilla which has the largest Porto Rican sugar factories. Here General Miles landed in 1898, when he entered the island with United States troops. The town has a bloody history, having been destroyed a number of times by pirates and Indians.

Farther west is San German, the picturesque "city of the hills," with a cool, invigorating climate and huge barracks built for the use of Spanish soldiers. Near the center of the west coast is Mayaguez, the third city in commercial importance, with a population of 40,000. It lies in a fertile plain and has a good harbor. Behind it are forest-covered mountains and large coffee groves. It has clean streets, attractive homes, and interesting markets. You may enjoy its delightful seaside drive or buy curios, palm-leaf hats and exquisite drawn work at its enticing shops.

AN INDIAN STORY

Northward is Anasco, a village with a single historic incident. Here, says tradition, the simple-minded Porto Rican Indians first exploded their initial theory that the Spaniards were angels from heaven. The natives had been growing suspicious of the immortal character of their

conquerors; and when they captured an unlucky Spaniard called Salcedo, they determined to see if it were not possible for him to die. They held the poor man under water until he was drowned, and they became convinced that these white people were of mortal flesh like themselves. We can imagine the Indians lost most of their awe of the Spaniards after the death of Salcedo.

You next reach Aguadilla, noted as the spot where Columbus first touched Porto Rico. He took on water for his ships from the springs along the beach and called the place "Ojo de Aqua," "The Water's Eye."

At Arecibo, on the north coast, there are immense sugar fields made by draining the surrounding swamp lands. As you return to San Juan you visit the little native village of Contano in its mangrove swamps just across from the capital. South of this is Bayamon, the town which Ponce de Leon founded at the place of his first landing on the island. You may gather magnificent grapefruit, pineapples, oranges, and bananas from the orchards about Bayamon.

AN ISLAND OF CONTRASTS

From the draining of swamps you may turn to the watering of the dry lands in the south. Both industries have been encouraged by the United States Government. On some of the inland plains giant cacti, Spanish bayonets, and other desert vegetation appear. Irrigation is necessary here, and immense cane fields have been developed. Native grasses grow over most of the island, and these are cut and marketed green.

Spanish is spoken very generally in Porto Rico, though English is the official language and is gaining in use through its being taught in the schools; but you meet many people in stores and offices who do not speak English, and you will find a knowledge of Spanish very useful if you stay long in Porto Rico.

It is estimated that only about twenty per cent of the Porto Ricans are able to read and write, but the people are very loyal to the United States and are interested in the schools and anxious to have their children educated.

Porto Rico is a land of contrasts, yet without the extremes of poverty one finds in a less fruitful spot. There are bamboo huts and glistening white palaces, broad plantations and tiny cane patches, but you can hardly imagine any one's going hungry in Porto Rico.

A little cabin among the bamboos, a garden that bears the year round, tropical fruits dropping beside the door: these, and the pink and yellow churches, the glittering shops, the cool trade winds, and bowers of fragrant bloom might easily seem paradise enough for an easy-going native. At night there is rare enchantment, with the yellow stars aglow in the deep, dark sky. Fountains play in the shadowy courts, and the air is heavy with the scent of orange blossoms. There is strange, barbaric music in the little huts, and laughter and songs and the call of night birds and the glimmer of fireflies. The waves lap softly against the warm, white sands, and the moon rides calmly over the heaving sea.

WARM PATHS OF THE OCEAN

The warm Gulf Stream pours its waters out between Cuba and Florida, the tides rise high on the inland coasts, and the wind blows balmy and salt from the tropic seas. Porto Rico is undoubtedly the most foreign part of the United States. Its people have the fire, the romance, and the languorous ease of sunny Spain. They are more oriental than western, and they are likely to be as proud of their lineage as the Anglo Saxon is of his. The old Spanish walls are crumbling to ruin, but the influence of Spanish blood will linger. Yet the people are responding with enthusiasm to the Government which they welcomed with cheers in 1898.

Porto Rico is about one hundred miles long and thirty-six miles wide. With men and supplies from Santo Domingo, Ponce de Leon made the first settlement in 1509. After that, Sir Francis Drake and other privateers tried unsuccessfully to capture the island. Dutch and English made attempts, also, but were driven off. Then Sampson bombarded San Juan with little effect, and the United States took possession after the peace protocol had been signed with Spain.

You find few mines in Porto Rico, although iron, copper, gold, and other minerals are known to exist. The climate is rather hot along the coast, but cool and delightful in the interior plateaus. The population is somewhat over a million, and fifty thousand are Negroes. There are some mixed races, but the large part of the population is of pure Spanish descent.

From *Little Journeys in America*.

By ROSE HENDERSON.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Reread the story with a map of Porto Rico before you. Trace the journey across the island. 2. Place the following headings on separate slips of paper:

- (a) Principal cities
- (b) Methods of transportation
- (c) Chief industries
- (d) Chief products
- (e) Characteristics of the inhabitants

List under each, appropriate material as you read. Under descriptive phrases might be listed such expressions as, palm fringed shores, rock-rimmed precipices, sunlit pastures, etc. Explain the meaning of each phrase you list. 3. Contrast one of these Porto Rican cities with a Mediterranean city described in "Through A Boy's Eyes." 4. Does the selection present facts which indicate that the United States has problems to solve in Porto Rico? What are some of these problems?

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Our American Neighbors*, T. O. WINSLOW; 2. *Little Journeys to Cuba and Porto Rico*, MARIAN M. GEORGE; 3. *Porto Rico, the Land of Rich Port*, JOSEPH SEABURY.

FLYING SQUADRONS

The Department of Agriculture at Washington, after a careful study of the question, tells us that the annual loss to the farmers of this country from the attacks of insect and rodent pests alone is about a billion dollars.

The following selection tells you how these injurious insects are kept in check. Read it for the valuable information it will give you. Are you doing your share in this fight by protecting the birds?

Whenever there is an unusual outbreak of criminal insects or rodents, a flying squadron hastens to the scene. Immediately it proceeds to deal with the offenders in a manner which makes them aware of the iron hand (perhaps we should say the "iron beak") of the law of balance in nature. All too few of us have even a small conception of the importance birds have in the plan of life.

Injurious insects and rodents are man's two greatest enemies. The damage they do to crops, forests, supplies of food and clothing, and by spreading diseases among men and domesticated animals, amounts to far more than a billion dollars annually in the United States alone. Millions of dollars are spent each year to wage war against these pests.

Birds are the natural enemies of these two great destroyers of man's wealth. Without their help man would soon be driven from the earth. This may sound like an extreme and foolish statement, but it is entirely justified by the facts.

If some power suddenly swept all bird life from the earth, the greatest check on the rapid increase of insects and rodents would be removed. There are few forms of life which increase with greater rapidity than insects.

Without an adequate restraining force, it would be only a few years until any one form would be so numerous as literally to carpet the earth, or darken the skies.

As an example of insect productivity let us consider the Colorado potato beetle, our ordinary potato bug. Its whole life cycle requires fifty days. In some seasons there are four generations. The progeny of a single pair, if left unmolested, would number about sixty millions in a season. Assuming that they were still unmolested, and all survived the rigors of winter, the end of the second season would find a population of two quadrillion insects ready to hibernate.

Once we realize that there are about three and one-half million kinds of insects, according to recent authoritative estimates, all with the power of rapid reproduction, we begin to feel that something ought to be done about it. And doubtless we would try to do something about it, but for the fact that nature has taken the situation in hand, and left nothing for us to do but keep out of the affair. At times man does interfere, and he usually makes trouble for himself, though there are exceptions. One example of interference which caused trouble will suffice.

Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, was extremely fond of cherries. He was much chagrined to find that sparrows were also partial to his favorite fruit. Forthwith he ordered them to be exterminated. His subjects obeyed with enthusiasm. Two years later there was almost no fruit of any kind, and the trees were stripped of their foliage by caterpillars. The great ruler had exterminated the very birds that made a cherry crop possible. Realizing his mistake he imported large numbers of sparrows at great cost. His imported flying squadron completely righted things in short order, and the monarch gladly paid the tax they placed upon the cherry crop.

The first year the Mormons settled in the Great Salt

Lake district their wheat crop was almost entirely destroyed by black crickets. They managed to save enough grain for seed for the second year. The crop was in fine condition when the crickets appeared again. A promising field in the morning was a barren waste when the sun set. The colony was in grave danger of starvation. Just when they were ready to give up in despair, thousands of gulls arrived on the scene and quickly devoured the offending crickets. A monument now stands in Salt Lake City, erected in memory of the gulls which saved the colony.

Wherever there is an excessive number of insects there is apt to be a rapid influx of birds, since the food supply is abundant and easily obtained. When the supply becomes less plentiful, the situation will be left in charge of the resident birds, the extra birds moving on to some other trouble center. This rule seems to hold true whether the food supply consists of insects, rodents, dead animals or seeds. The proper flying squadron arrives, quells the riot and then moves on or turns to other tasks in the same region.

By simply centering their attention upon the most abundant food supply, birds quickly overcome any threatened disaster from an undue increase in any one species of insect, rodent or plant life; and what damage they do to crops is greatly overbalanced by the good they do to the crops in general.

Because of an unusually simple and efficient digestive system, birds are able to handle their food very rapidly. Young birds sometimes require an amount of food almost equal to their weight each day. Under experimental conditions a young robin has been fed almost twice its weight in one day. It seems probable that nestlings must have their stomachs full of food most of the day, if they are to be healthy and comfortable. In from eight days to several weeks they grow from tiny helpless creatures

to birds as large as their parents. During that time their weight doubles several times, and they must grow a complete equipment of feathers. The need for food in large quantities is only normal, considering the rapid growth of the bird. The task placed upon the parent birds is a very great one, and a very beneficial one for man since it results in a decrease in the number of his enemies.

Adult birds eat from hundreds to thousands of insects each day. Seed eating birds, such as the dove, may have two thousand or more seeds in their stomachs at one time. It is not surprising, then, that the feeding of birds should have so great a controlling influence upon the increase of insects, rodents and plant pests.

—*Courtesy Cleveland Museum of Natural History.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Select the information given in this article which will be of value to you in preparing the argument called for on page 408.

SOME ARITHMETIC PROBLEMS

1. If you ate each day as much food in proportion to your weight as does the young robin, how much would you consume in a year? (Use your present weight as a basis for figuring without considering any increase in weight.)
2. If Nature permitted birds to increase as rapidly as she does insects, what would be the result?
3. What percentage of increase is there in a family of a pair of Colorado potato beetles in a single season?
4. If the entire loss caused annually by insects and rodents could be stopped, in how many years would the saving amount to a sum large enough to pay off our national debt?

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *The Birds of Killingsworth*, HENRY W. LONGFELLOW; 2. *Gray Lady and the Birds*, MABEL O. WRIGHT; 3. *Wild Bird Guests*, EARNEST H. BAYNES; 4. *Insect Artisans and Their Work*, EDWARD STEP; 5. *Our Insect Friends and Foes*, BELLE S. CRAGIN; 6. *Birds in Their Relation to Man*, CLARENCE M. and DEARBORN NED WEED; 7. *Blossom Hosts and Insect Guests*, W. H. GIBSON.

A PRAIRIE FIRE

The following selection is taken from *The Prairie* by James Fenimore Cooper. It is a part of one of the author's best known novels and shows his remarkable skill in word painting.

A party of six, engaged in exploring the West, had been captured by a band of Sioux Indians; but during the night, they had managed to effect their escape, and are fleeing towards a friendly Pawnee village as our story opens. Read for the pictures.

The sleep of the fugitives lasted for several hours. The trapper was the first to shake off its influence, as he had been the last to court its refreshment. Rising, just as the grey light of day began to brighten that portion of the studded vault which rested on the eastern margin of the plain, he summoned his companions from their warm lairs, and pointed out the necessity of their being once more on the alert. While Middleton attended to the arrangements necessary to the comforts of Inez and Ellen, in the long and painful journey which lay before them, the old man and Paul prepared the meal, which the former had advised them to take before they proceeded to horse. These several dispositions were not long in making, and the little group was soon seated about a repast which, though it might want the elegancies to which the bride of Middleton had been accustomed, was not deficient in the more important requisites of savour and nutriment.

"When we get lower into the hunting-grounds of the Pawnees," said the trapper, laying a morsel of delicate venison before Inez, on a little trencher neatly made of horn, and expressly for his own use, "we shall find the

buffaloes fatter and sweeter, the deer in more abundance, and all the gifts of the Lord abounding to satisfy our wants. Perhaps we may even strike a beaver, and get a morsel from his tail, by way of a rare mouthful."

"What course do you mean to pursue, when you have once thrown these bloodhounds from the chase?" demanded Middleton.

"If I might advise," said Paul, "it would be to strike a water-course, and get upon its downward current, as soon as may be. Give me a cotton-wood, and I will turn you out a canoe that shall carry us all, the jackass excepted, in perhaps the work of a day and a night. Ellen, here, is a lively girl enough, but then she is no great race-rider; and it would be far more comfortable to boat six or eight hundred miles, than to go loping along like so many elks measuring the prairies; besides, water leaves no trail."

"I will not swear to that," returned the trapper; "I have often thought the eyes of a Redskin would find a trail in air."

"See, Middleton," exclaimed Inez, in a sudden burst of youthful pleasure, that caused her for a moment to forget her situation, "how lovely is that sky; surely it contains a promise of happier times!"

"It is glorious!" returned her husband. "Glorious and heavenly is that streak of vivid red, and here is a still brighter crimson; rarely have I seen a richer rising of the sun."

"Rising of the sun!" slowly repeated the old man, lifting his tall person from its seat with a deliberate and abstracted air, while he kept his eye riveted on the changing, and certainly beautiful tints, that were garnishing the vault of heaven. "Rising of the sun! I like not such risings of the sun. Ah's me! the imps have circumvented us with vengeance. *The prairie is on fire!*"

"God in Heaven protect us!" cried Middleton, catching

Inez to his bosom, under the instant impression of the imminence of their danger. "There is no time to lose, old man; each instant is a day; let us fly."

"Whither?" demanded the trapper, motioning him, with calmness and dignity, to arrest his steps. "In this wilderness of grass and reeds, you are like a vessel in the broad lakes without a compass. A single step on the wrong course might prove the destruction of us all. It is seldom danger is so pressing, that there is not time enough for reason to do its work, young officer; therefore let us await its biddings."

"For my own part," said Paul Hover, looking about him with no equivocal expression of concern, "I acknowledge, that should this dry bed of weeds get fairly in a flame, a bee would have to make a flight higher than common to prevent his wings from scorching. Therefore, old trapper, I agree with the captain, and say mount and run."

"Ye are wrong—ye are wrong; man is not a beast to follow the gift of instinct, and to snuff up his knowledge by a taint in the air, or a rumbling in the sound; but he must see and reason and then conclude. So follow me a little to the left, where there is a rise in the ground, whence we may make our reconnoiterings."

The old man waved his hand with authority, and led the way without further par lance to the spot he had indicated, followed by the whole of his alarmed companions. An eye less practised than that of the trapper might have failed in discovering the gentle elevation to which he alluded, and which looked on the surface of the meadow like a growth a little taller than common. When they reached the place, however, the stunted grass itself announced the absence of that moisture which had fed the rank weeds of most of the plain, and furnished a clue to the evidence by which he had judged of the formation of the ground hidden beneath. Here a few minutes were lost in breaking down the tops of

the surrounding herbage, which, notwithstanding the advantage of their position, rose even above the heads of Middleton and Paul, and in obtaining a look-out that might command a view of the surrounding sea of fire.

The frightful prospect added nothing to the hopes of those who had so fearful a stake in the result. Although the day was beginning to dawn, the vivid colors of the sky continued to deepen, as if the fierce element were bent on an impious rivalry of the light of the sun. Bright flashes of flame shot up here and there, along the margin of the waste, like the nimble flashes of the north, but far more angry and threatening in their color and changes. The anxiety on the rigid features of the trapper sensibly deepened, as he leisurely traced these evidences of a conflagration, which spread in a broad belt about their place of refuge, until he had encircled the whole horizon.

Shaking his head, as he again turned his face to the point where the danger seemed nighest and most rapidly approaching, the old man said, "Now we have been cheating ourselves with the belief that we have thrown these Tetons (Sioux Indians) from our trail, while here is proof enough that they not only know where we lie, but that they intend to smoke us out, like so many skulking beasts of prey. See, they have lighted the fire around the whole bottom at the same moment, and we are as completely hemmed in by the devils as an island by its waters."

"Let us mount and ride," cried Middleton; "is life not worth a struggle?"

"Whither would ye go? Is a Teton horse a salamander that can walk amid fiery flames unhurt, or do you think the Lord will show his might in our behalf, as in the days of old and carry you harmless through such a furnace as you may see glowing beneath yonder red sky? There are Siouxs, too, hemming the fire with their arrows and knives

on every side of us, or I am no judge of their murderous deviltries."

"We will ride into the center of the whole tribe," returned the youth fiercely, "and put their manhood to the test."

"Ay, it's well in words, but what would it prove in deeds? Here is a dealer in bees, who can teach you wisdom in a matter like this."

"Now for that matter, old trapper," said Paul, stretching his athletic form like a mastiff conscious of his strength, "I am on the side of the captain, and am clearly for a race against the fire, though it line me into a Teton wigwam. Here is Ellen, who will—"

"Of what use, of what use are your stout hearts, when the element of the Lord is to be conquered as well as human men. Look about you, friends; the wreath of smoke that is rising from the bottoms plainly says that there is no outlet from the spot, without crossing a belt of fire. Look for yourselves, my men; look for yourselves; if you can find a single opening, I will engage to follow."

The examination which his companions so instantly and so intently made, rather served to assure them of their desperate situation than to appease their fears. Huge columns of smoke were rolling up from the plain, and thickening in gloomy masses around the horizon. The red glow, which gleamed upon their enormous folds, now lighting their volumes with the glare of the conflagration, and now flashing to another point, as the flame beneath glided ahead, left all behind enveloped in awful darkness, and proclaimed louder than words the character of the imminent and approaching danger.

"This is terrible!" exclaimed Middleton, folding the trembling Inez to his heart. "At such a time as this, and in such a manner."

"The gates of heaven are open to all who truly believe," murmured the pious devotee in his bosom.

"This resignation is maddening! But we are men, and will make a struggle for our lives! How now, my brave and spirited friend, shall we yet mount and push across the flames or shall we stand here, and see those we most love perish in this frightful manner, without an effort?"

"I am for a swarming time, and a flight before the hive is too hot to hold us," said the bee-hunter, to whom it will be at once seen that Middleton addressed himself. "Come, old trapper, you must acknowledge this is but a slow way of getting out of danger. If we tarry here much longer, it will be in the fashion that the bees lie around the straw after the hive has been smoked for its honey. You may hear the fire begin to roar already, and I know by experience that when the flame once gets fairly into the prairie grass, it is no sloth that can outrun it."

"Think you," returned the old man, pointing scornfully at the mazes of the dry and matted grass which environed them, "that mortal feet can outstrip the speed of fire on such a path! If I only knew now on which side these miscreants lay!"

"What say you, friend Doctor," cried the bewildered Paul, turning to the naturalist with that sort of helplessness with which the strong are often apt to seek aid of the weak, when human power is baffled by the hand of a mightier being, "what say you; have you no advice to give away, in a case of life and death?"

The naturalist stood, tablets in hand, looking at the awful spectacle with as much composure as if the conflagration had been lighted in order to solve the difficulties of some scientific problem. Aroused by the question of his companion, he turned to his equally calm though differently occupied associate, the trapper, demanding,

with the most provoking indifference to the urgent nature of their situation—

“Venerable hunter, you have often witnessed similar colorful experiments—”

He was rudely interrupted by Paul, who struck the tablets from his hands with a violence that betrayed the utter intellectual confusion which had overset the equanimity of his mind. Before time was allowed for remonstrance, the old man, who had continued during the whole scene like one much at a loss how to proceed, though also like one who was rather perplexed than alarmed, suddenly assumed a decided air, as if he no longer doubted on the course it was advisable to pursue.

“It is time to be doing,” he said, interrupting the controversy that was about to ensue between the naturalist and the bee-hunter; “it is time to leave off books and moanings, and to be doing.”

“You have come to your recollections too late, miserable old man,” cried Middleton; “the flames are within a quarter of a mile of us, and the wind is bringing them down in this quarter with dreadful rapidity.”

“Anan! the flames! I care but little for the flames. If I only knew how to circumvent the cunning of the Tetons, as I know how to cheat the fire of its prey, there would be nothing needed but thanks to the Lord for our deliverance. Do you call this a fire? If you had seen what I have witnessed in the Eastern hills, when mighty mountains were like the furnace of a smith, you would have known what it was to fear the flames, and to be thankful that you were spared! Come, lads, come; 'tis time to be doing now, and to cease talking; for yonder curling flame is truly coming on like a trotting moose. Put hands upon this short and withered grass where we stand and lay bare the 'arth.”

“Would you think to deprive the fire of its victims in this childish manner?” exclaimed Middleton.

A faint but solemn smile passed over the features of the old man, as he answered, "Your gran'ther would have said, that when the enemy was nigh, a soldier could do no better than to obey."

The captain felt the reproof, and instantly began to imitate the industry of Paul, who was tearing the decayed herbage from the ground in a sort of desperate compliance with the trapper's direction. Even Ellen lent her hands to the labor, nor was it long before Inez was seen similarly employed, though none amongst them knew why or wherefore. When life is thought to be the reward of labor, men are wont to be industrious. A very few moments sufficed to lay bare a spot some twenty feet in diameter. Into one edge of this little area the trapper brought the females, directing Middleton and Paul to cover their light and inflammable dresses with the blankets of the party. So soon as this precaution was observed, the old man approached the opposite margin of the grass, which still environed them in a tall and dangerous circle, and selecting a handful of the driest of the herbage, he placed it over the pan of his rifle. The light combustible kindled at the flash. Then he placed the little flame in a bed of the standing bog, and withdrawing from the spot to the center of the ring, he patiently awaited the result.

The subtle element seized with avidity upon its new fuel, and in a moment forked flames were gliding among the grass, as the tongues of ruminating animals are seen rolling among their food, apparently in quest of its sweetest portions.

"Now," said the old man, holding up a finger, and laughing in his peculiarly silent manner, "You shall see fire fight fire! Ah's me! many is the time I have burnt a smoothy path from wanton laziness to pick my way across a tangled bottom."

"But is this not fatal?" cried the amazed Middleton;

"are you not bringing the enemy nigher to us instead of avoiding it?"

"Do you scorch so easily? Your gran'ther had a tougher skin. But we shall live to see; we shall all live to see."

The experience of the trapper was in the right. As the fire gained strength and heat, it began to spread on three sides, dying of itself on the fourth, for want of fuel. As it increased, and the sullen roaring announced its power, it cleared everything before it, leaving the black and smoking soil far more naked than if the scythe had swept the place. The situation of the fugitives would have still been hazardous had not the area enlarged as the flame encircled them. But by advancing to the spot where the trapper had kindled the grass, they avoided the heat, and in a very few moments the flames began to recede in every quarter, leaving them enveloped in a cloud of smoke, but perfectly safe from the torrent of fire that was still furiously rolling onward.

The spectators regarded the simple expedient of the trapper with that species of wonder with which the courtiers of Ferdinand are said to have viewed the manner in which Columbus made his egg stand on its end, though with feelings that were filled with gratitude instead of envy.

"Most wonderful!" said Middleton, when he saw the complete success of the means by which they had been rescued from a danger that he had conceived to be unavoidable. "The thought was a gift from heaven, and the hand that executed it should be immortal!"

"Old trapper," cried Paul, thrusting his fingers through his shaggy locks, "I have lined many a loaded bee into his hole, and know something of the nature of the woods, but this is robbing a hornet of his sting without touching the insect!"

"It will do—it will do," returned the old man, who after

the first moment of his success seemed to think no more of the exploit; "now get the horses in readiness. Let the flames do their work for a short half-hour, and then we will mount. That time is needed to cool the meadow, for these unshod Teton beasts are as tender on the hoof as a barefooted girl.

Middleton and Paul, who considered this unlooked for escape as a species of resurrection, patiently awaited the time the trapper mentioned with renewed confidence in the infallibility of his judgment.

—JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Select the three paragraphs which seem to you most descriptive. 2. Arrange them in the order of your preference and be ready to defend your preferences by arguments. 3. List such descriptive words and phrases as seem to you particularly choice.

Additional Readings.—*Leather Stocking Tales*, JAMES FENIMORE COOPER; *In a Boy's Town*, W. D. HOWELLS; *Boys and Girls of Pioneer Days*, CAROLINE S. BAILEY; *Famous Scouts*, CHARLES H. JOHNSTON; *American Pioneers*, MOWRY AND MOWRY.

GOOD AMERICANS

We are citizens of the United States, and we believe that our Flag stands for self-sacrifice, for the good of all the people.

We want, therefore, to be true citizens of our great country, and will show our love for her by our works.

Our country does not ask us to die for her welfare. She asks us to live for her, and so to live and so to act that her government may be pure, her officers honest, and every corner of her territory a place fit to grow the best men and women, who shall rule over her.

—MARY McDOWELL.

JOHN APPLEBY

Wisconsin is sometimes called the bread and butter state of the nation. This story gives one of the reasons why this statement can truthfully be made.



“That boy would spend all of his time in tinkering, if he could. He’s got wheels in his head and will end in the asylum one of these days.”

Thus spoke some of the neighbors of John Appleby, making sport of his inventions and hoping thus to turn his mind to more useful occupations.

True, John loved to tinker, as the neighbors said, and all of his spare time on the farm found him busily employed “making things.” He fitted up a bench in one end of the tool house and there he worked at all sorts of contrivances.

At first his inventions were mere toys, such as any boy loves to make, but as he grew older his interest in machinery grew and his whole thought became absorbed with mechanical inventions.

Schools in the new state of Wisconsin were scarce and poor at best. John Appleby shared the lot of most farmers’ sons of that day. He attended school in winter and worked hard on the farm in summer to help make the family living.

After John became of age, he hired out to a farmer, hoping to earn sufficient money with which to put some of his inventions upon the market.

In those days it was customary to mow grain with a reaper which left the grain in loose piles upon the ground. It was while following one of these reapers, binding the grain by hand, that the thought came to John Appleby, "Why not invent a binder? If a machine can be made to cut and rake the grain into bundles, why not make a machine that will go one step further—that will bind the bundles and thus avoid the back-breaking labor of binding them by hand?"

The thought took root at once, and during the next few months John Appleby worked hard and long to perfect a machine that would bind grain into bundles.

After months of experimenting, he convinced some of his friends that he had a machine worth trying out; so they advanced the money with which the first grain binder was made. This was in 1867. The following year forty binders were manufactured. The first machines bound the grain with wire, and although these binders were fairly satisfactory, farmers objected to the bits of broken wire found in the thrashed straw. They claimed that the pieces of wire were injurious to stock and machinery. Accordingly, John Appleby kept on experimenting and in 1879 perfected a knotter that would tie a knot in twine instead of wire. News of Appleby's success soon reached the officers of the McCormick Harvester Company (now the International), and those gentlemen were not slow in buying the young inventor's patent.

Soon the twine binder displaced all of the wire binders. To-day John Appleby's knotter is used on every twine binder the world over—in America, on the uplands of Australia, the prairies of Canada, the plains of South

America, and the steppes of Russia. John Appleby completed the invention which Cyrus McCormick had begun in 1840. Without McCormick's harvester, perhaps Appleby's binder would never have been invented; but it is certain that Appleby's binder attached to McCormick's harvester increased the usefulness of the latter's machine a thousand fold.

The invention of the twine binder made possible the growing of immense crops of grain. Where formerly ten acres were grown, now one hundred could be grown, and with about the same amount of labor.

This invention helped, to a large extent, in the building up of our large cities. By releasing farm help formerly needed in growing and harvesting the farm crops, and by enabling a farmer to grow from two to ten times the amount of crops he formerly grew, the farmers' boys turned to the cities and found employment in some of the great industries. Thus the cities grew in wealth and population, and the farms were still able to feed the urban population because of the increased production of farm products.

—*An Interview with John Appleby.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. How was grain harvested before the self-binder was invented?
2. If John Appleby had not invented the self-binder, what would be true of labor conditions on our farms?
3. What other countries than America are indebted to John Appleby?
4. Refer to a geography for the population of Australia? Could Australia have become a great grain producing region without the invention of John Appleby?
5. Consult a geography or a Yearbook of Agriculture to determine the annual production of small grains in the United States to-day.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Stories of Useful Inventions*, S. E. FORMAN; 2. *The Story of Great Inventions*, ELMER E. BURNS; 3. *The Boy's Own Book of Great Inventions*, FLOYD L. DARROW; 4. *Leading American Inventors*, GEORGE ILES; 5. *Cyrus Hall McCormick, His Life and Work*, 6. *The Romance of the Reaper*, HERBERT CASSON; 7. *How We Are Fed*, J. F. CHAMBERLAIN; 8. *American Inventions and Inventors*.

A HOME IN THE BLACK FOREST

In order to understand our own country better, we need to know something of the home life and customs of those who have come from afar and established new homes here. Each nationality has made its contribution to our political, social, and industrial life.

As you read this account of a home in the Black Forest, try to pick out certain qualities or traits of character in these people which they have brought to us as citizens in America.

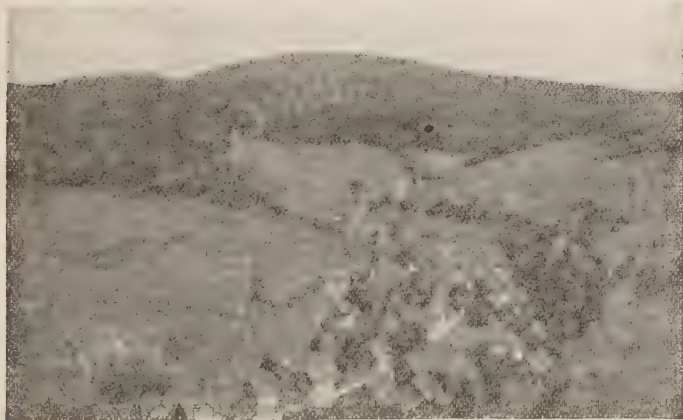
My ancestors came from Germany. Grandfather Steiner was one of that vast army of Germans who came to America in the fifties to better their fortunes.

Grandfather's home was in the Black Forest of the Fatherland—that section whence so many beautiful legends, quaint fairy tales, weird superstitions, and curious folk tales had their origin. From earliest childhood I had heard these tales recounted. Their perennial charm had woven a spell over me from which I could not escape and would not if I could. At last I was to visit this fairyland: to see with my own eyes some of the mountains and streams, the valleys and crags whence these stories had arisen; to visit among the sturdy, contented, home-loving forest people, and to observe their manner of living—a manner that changes little from generation to generation.

From Freiburg my destination lay distant about thirty miles. The road wound gracefully over the hills and then down into a valley where it continued parallel with the river. All along the route I was struck with the beauty of the scenery and the perfection of the highways. Since forestry is the principal industry, good hard roads for transporting the logs to the mills are highly important, and they are kept in perfect repair. Every little way we

came upon road menders—men with horse and cart filling up the ruts and depressions.

The homes of the peasants are small stone cottages. They are never too large, and often too small, to accommodate the owner's family. Consequently, when a guest arrives, he must find lodgings at the village inn. I followed custom, and upon my arrival at Hassburg, took quarters at the inn.



A VILLAGE IN THE BLACK FOREST

The next day found me a visitor in the ancestral home. This old place had been occupied by successive generations of Steiners for over two hundred years. The present occupants are Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Steiner and their six children. Naturally, every feature of the house and its furnishings were objects of special interest to me. The old house was located on a hillside and might be called a three-story structure. The basement sheltered cows, chickens, and other farm animals; the first story housed the family, and the second story held the hay, grain, and fodder.

I was welcomed by Mrs. Steiner and children with true

German hospitality and made to feel right at home. As I entered the house, the first thing that attracted my attention was the great stove in the far corner of the living room. It was immense, eight feet high and covered all over with blue and white porcelain blocks. It reminded me at once of the huge bake ovens I had often seen in the shops at home. "Is that a bake oven?" I asked innocently.

"Ach, no!" replied Mrs. Steiner laughing, "we never bake bread in the house. That is our stove. Come, see for yourself," and she opened the stove door and showed me the great fire box within. Then she explained how the great stove, built in the center of the house, heated the four rooms adjoining it. The house was built around the stove, as it were.

"We would call such a stove a furnace in America," I said, "and would place it in the basement."

"No! No!" exclaimed Mrs. Steiner, "the cows, they don't need it."

The other household furnishings were of the simplest sort: a few wooden chairs, a sofa, table, clock, and chromos. The floor was without a covering of any kind, but immaculately clean. In one corner was a high bedstead hidden by a canopy.

"Ach! sure," said Mrs. Steiner in answer to my question, "that's the same old bed where grandpa Steiner slept and all the other Steiners, too. It's big and strong, already yet." Then she showed me the stepladder for climbing in and the two feather ticks between which the occupants are accustomed to sleep. "As warm as toast," she added approvingly.

I was later shown through all the house, and every feature described in detail either by Mrs. Steiner or one of the children. They wanted me to see and know about everything. And such children! Their faces fairly beamed with health and happiness. I loved them all at sight and

hugged them to my heart. "Here's where Mother makes the cookies," said little Fritz, as we came into the kitchen; "and the coffee cake," added Gretchen; "and the sausage, too," said Simon, smacking his lips. True enough, the kitchen was the workshop of the family and a better exhibition of cleanliness and order would be hard to find.

At length I returned to the living room while Mrs. Steiner and the girls began preparations for dinner. Shortly before noon Mr. Steiner came in from his work. I was suddenly struck with the strong resemblance he bore to my own father. There could be no doubt of the relationship.

"We are both chips off the old block," said he, speaking in terms of woodcraft, "only in this case the old block is dead and gone." And then we exchanged family history until dinner was called.

Dinner was served in the big kitchen upon a plain table set with eight plates. Sophie volunteered to wait on the rest. The food was plain, well-cooked, and wholesome. It consisted of potato soup, boiled pork and potatoes, sauer kraut, black bread and coffee. In my honor, after Sophie had removed the plates, we were all served with raspberry sauce and cake.

Yes, it was a peasant's dinner in a peasant's home, but I never relished a meal more, even at Del Monico's. It was good to eat and good to talk about; and, withal, it was seasoned with that genuine hospitality which seems instinctive with German peasants.

After dinner Mr. Steiner returned to his work in the woods, and I went with the children to see the farm and the live stock.

The Steiner farm consisted of two long pieces of land, containing in all about four acres. I observed that most of the Black Forest farms were very irregular in shape and from a distance the several tracts looked like patches on

a crazy quilt. Except for plowing, no horses, or oxen, are ever used on the place. Most of the work is done by Mrs. Steiner and the children. The girls will follow in their mother's footsteps until grown; but the boys will begin work in the woods with their father as soon as they are able to earn a few pennies a day.

The principal tools on the Steiner farm are a scythe, rake, hoe, fork and flail. Crops are planted by hand and harvested by hand. The meadow is cut twice a year, by scythe, and every square foot of tillable soil is coaxed to yield its utmost.

At every opportunity on this tour of inspection, the children inquired: "How you do it in America?" I'm no farmer, but I tried my best to give them some idea of farming by machinery. Much of what I said must have been vague and meaningless, but they signified their approval of the American way of farming by frequent exclamations of "good!" or "fine!" At least one boy caught something of my meaning, for on the way back to the house he confided, "When I get big, I come to America."

Near the cow yard stood a queer looking cart. "What's that?" I asked.

"A hay cart!" they shouted, and laughed at my ignorance.

"A hay cart," I repeated. "Can you give me a ride in your hay cart?"

"Sure! sure!" they shouted with glee, and away they ran to hitch up the "horses."

The live stock on the Steiner farm consisted of two cows, four pigs, a few geese and a small flock of chickens. There being no pasture, the cows and pigs are never allowed out to graze; on the contrary, these animals are always confined within stout pens and have their rations doled out to them like so many soldiers.

Presently the "carriage" was ready. While I was taking

stock of the pigs and chickens, the boys had yoked the two cows to the cart, and here it was! Of course I couldn't back out now. And why should I? Why shouldn't I have a ride in the only "automobile" on the farm? Moreover, all my life I had wanted a ride on a load of hay. Here was my chance. I had come all the way to Germany to get that ride. Certainly, I'd go, and I did. I climbed up, and off we started for the meadow to get a jag of hay. A happier group of children could not be found, and I was a child with them. We raked and forked up the hay until we had a load. Then all climbed on and rode back to the house, shouting and laughing in high glee.

Two characteristics of the Black Forest peasants impressed me very deeply: their industry and their frugality. Everybody works, young and old, early and late. There are no drones in the beehive. And everything is saved—every straw from the farm, every scrap from the kitchen, and every piece from the clothespress. Clothing for the younger children is made out of outgrown garments of the older ones. A suit of clothes for the husband and a wool dress for the wife last them a life time.

My visit was altogether too brief, but I left Hassburg with renewed pride in my ancestry and a wholesome respect for the sturdy character and rugged lives of the peasants of the Black Forest.

—MARY STEINER BAUERMAN.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. In order to answer the question set in the introduction, reread this story rapidly, writing down such words or phrases as describe this family group and their manner of living. *Hospitable* might be one such word. 2. What are the characteristics of the descendants of the Black Forest peasants who live in our country? 3. How has their manner of living changed? 4. Judging from their life in this story, in what ways have they bettered themselves by coming to our country?

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *A Little Journey to Germany*, MARIAN GEORGE; 2. *Fritz in Germany*, McDONALD, BLAISDELL and DALRYMPLE; 3. *Elsbeth*, MARGARET MULLER; 4. *Germany*, SIDGWICK.

LAETITIA, THE LITTLE PATRIOT

Wars are fought, not alone with soldiers and with gunpowder. Whole villages are often burned, and old men, women, and children left homeless and in poverty.

Yet soldiers, whether they be friend or enemy, are fathers, sons, brothers. Do their hearts beat with pity at times? Do they listen to childish appeal, or do they destroy without mercy? Read this story and judge.

Dame Wright had just taken the last loaves from the oven, and was dusting off some ashes from the wooden bread-shovel before she replaced it in its corner. Clear, spring sunlight streamed into the kitchen, warming the stone floor to a deep brown color, and touching the mugs and platters on the dresser, till they fairly winked back its brightness. A robin outside was whistling gayly, and a long branch of lilac buds peeped in at the wide-swung upper door. A patter of flying feet sounded outside, and the lower door was flung hastily open, revealing a little figure in a long, blue cloak, the hood of which, fallen back, discovered a head of short-cropped, curly hair. Laetitia's eyes were dilated with surprise and terror, and before the astonished dame could comment on her disheveled appearance, she gasped out:

"Oh Grandmother, the British are crossing the valley, and Master Paxton saith they will camp here at nightfall! He saith thee and Grandfather must hasten to depart at once. Thou shalt have two of his horses, and accompany him to the huts on the mountain side!"

"Neighbor Paxton is a kindly man. Calm thyself, Laetitia. When thou hast thy breath, run to the mill,

child, and bid thy grandfather come. Alas! for these troublous times when the aged and children fly before the march of strong men."

With a sad, anxious face, Dame Wright began instant preparations, while Laetitia, pulling her hood over her curls, sped down the path to the mill. She met her grandfather coming homeward. He was old, feeble and bent, and was clad in coarse homespun.

"Laetitia," he said, as she trotted along at his side, "vex not thy grandmother this day with foolish terrors, but lend thy help like the willing little handmaiden thou art, and remember that all things work for good to them that fear the Lord."

Laetitia glanced up at his face. "But will not the Red-coats spoil the house of goods and furniture, and perhaps burn thy dear home, Grandfather? And thou an old man without sons, and Grandmother, too, is so old."

"I know not, my daughter. So far the Lord hath spared my gray hairs, though this war hath taken the five boys, my five brave lads!" His voice shook. "But thou must be brave, Laetitia. Thou art our one ewe lamb."

"I will, then, Grandfather. Not another tear will I shed."

They entered the yard, bright with violet-sprinkled grass, and found Dame Wright busily packing what she could into secret places, and piling up household treasures for burial in the woods. Laetitia gave a hand and flitted hither and yon all day. Her nimble feet and thoughtfulness saved the old people much worry and fatigue.

An errand took her upstairs. As she was kneeling in a roomy closet in search of her grandmother's camlet cloak, her bright eyes fell upon her grandfather's ink-horn and quill pen lying on some blue paper. As she went about from room to room, up and down the old house, more and more the fear grew upon her that it was for the

last time. The thought of her grandparents, homeless and desolate, of rough soldiers clanking about the house with devastating hands, filled the soft eyes with tears and caused her heart to throb heavily. The ink and paper were a suggestion. She ran downstairs with the cloak, and finding that neither grandfather nor grandmother needed her at that instant, she returned to the closet and carefully picked up the writing materials.

The quill was new and the ink good. Slowly and thoughtfully the little fingers guided the goose quill along the faint lines, first across one sheet and then across another. When the task was finished, Laetitia raised her flushed face and surveyed the result with satisfaction and no small degree of hope. It ran:

"To The Redcoats:

I am Laetitia Wright, aged fourteen, who lives in this house with my grandparents. They are old and feeble folk, gentle and peaceful to friend and foe. I pray you, dear Redcoats, spare their home to them, and do not burn or ruin our house. Perhaps thou hast a little maid like me in England, and old parents. Thou couldst not burn the roof from over their heads, and in such pity and mercy, spare ours! We leave thee much to eat and would leave thee more, were our store larger.

Signed, LAETITIA WRIGHT."

This was neatly written on both papers, and Laetitia, tucking them into her pocket, slipped off to her duties with a lighter heart. The last preparations were soon made, and they started off to join the cavalcade, already in line, to travel up the side of Orange Mountain to the log huts built there in readiness for just such an invasion.

"Alas, my geese!" exclaimed Laetitia, when with tearful eyes they had turned their backs on the low, white house. "My geese are still in the pen, Grandmother! Let me hasten back and turn them loose."

Permission was given her, and away she darted across

the brook, over the rough foot-log to the pen. There were her snow-white geese and the gray gander. They were Laetitia's particular pride and care, and knew her well. Stopping only to stroke one smooth back, she opened the wicket gate and drove them honking and hissing into the woods.

It would take but an instant more, she thought, and ran to the house. She pulled the papers from her pocket, and hastily slipping one below the kitchen door, fastened the other on the front door knocker. Then she hurried back and was soon mounted on a horse behind her grandfather in the little procession that trudged along the mountain road to the shelter huts and safety.

At sunset the British reached the village and proceeded to occupy every available building. The peaceful quiet and exquisite neatness of the Wright homestead were rudely invaded by coarse laughter, loud shouts, and the tramp of heavy boots.

One of the officers soon found and read Laetitia's note which was under the knocker; and another stalwart, good-natured fellow spelled out the note in the kitchen; and Colonel Ross looked long and contemplatively at the childish characters. Then his stern face softened.

"Thou'rt a bold little lass and a leal one," he muttered under his breath. "Thou wouldst take us for fiends to destroy thy home after this." He glanced at the humble cottage, so bravely pleaded for, and then across to the mountains where a faint spring twilight was falling and a pale new moon was shining. Insensibly his thoughts drifted to his own home in England, where that same moon would light up his little Cecily's casement. His own little lass! There was a heart under his red jacket.

Striding into the kitchen, he found a knot of men commenting upon the other letter. Then and there he gave orders that no pillage except for necessary food and

fodder was to be indulged in throughout the village, and no damage was to be done to goods or furniture.

Just as the men, hungry and tired, were searching for provisions for supper, along the brook came Laetitia's geese toward their pen.

A shout welcomed them and they were soon seized and dispatched, all but the gander. One young soldier had a knife drawn to kill the squawking fowl, when he paused suddenly. "Mistress Laetitia, since this bird may be thine, I'll spare him out of courtesy," he said as he popped the old gander into the open pen. "He will make thee a good roast e'er thou hast the wherewithal to refill thy empty larder." So the solitary gander escaped with his life.

Next night at sunset, the bugles blew the marching signal, and the sound echoed and re-echoed up the silent valley. Even the secret huts in the forest, where there was anxious watching for the red light of burning homes and the dark smoke of destroyed crops, caught the sound, but the night fell and waned without a glimmer to indicate such a calamity to the fugitives.

Early the next morning the little band returned to the village. Instead of wailing and tears, shouts of joy and thanksgiving arose from every house. Dirt and disorder reigned supreme, but not a broken chair or dish was to be seen. In a day or two all could be restored, except the depopulated chicken roosts and several missing pigs. The grain fields were untrampled, and the flowers in the dooryards were left unharmed.

Laetitia's little heart beat with real thankfulness, but she kept quite silent. As they dismounted before their own door she saw the disconsolate gander solemnly perambulating on the green, like some self-imposed guardian. "Alas, for the rest of the flock!" cried Dame Wright. "But what has the fowl on its neck? Such a burden I never saw on a gander before."

Laetitia sprang forward and kneeling down, detached a little bag and a slip of paper. The bag chinked with coin, and a dimpled smile broke over her hitherto anxious face as she read the slip.

"Listen, Grandmother, and dear Grandfather!" she cried gleefully. Evidently the gay soldier had written the reply to her note.

"Sweet Mistress Wright,
We bid you good-night,
'Tis time for us soldiers to wander.
We've paid for your geese,
A penny apiece,
And left the change with the gander.

"Though Redcoats we be,
You plainly will see,
We know how to grant a petition.
With rough soldier care,
We've endeavored to spare
Your home in a decent condition."

It was signed by the Colonel and a number of the soldiers. Then, in reply to her grandparents' astonished questions, she shyly told them about her petitions, and the daring with which she had left them at the doors.

Fervent were the blessings called down upon her curly head when the news was spread abroad, but Laetitia only laughed and escaped attention when she could.

"It is as thou saidst, Grandfather," she declared, as she tossed some corn to the bereft gander. "The Lord's hand stayed that of the enemy, and perhaps, the Redcoats have hearts like ours."

"Ay, and obedient daughters to touch them to good deeds," added Dame Wright, as she lovingly kissed her grandchild. "The Lord be thanked for sending thee to us."

—LILLIAN L. PRICE
In Revolutionary Stories Retold.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Reread the first paragraph to get the picture there presented. Can you draw it? 2. List the descriptive words which help to make this picture more vivid. 3. Rewrite the first paragraph stating all of the facts but omitting these descriptive words. 4. Compare your paragraph with the one in the story. What conclusions do you reach? 5. List all the statements made which show Laetitia to be a thoughtful and kind child. 6. Why did not the Redcoats set fire to the village? 7. What are the most important sentences in Laetitia's letter? 8. Did Laetitia really forget to loose her geese when she started off the first time? 9. Why did she write two notes? 10. Who, do you suppose, wrote the note to Laetitia?

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *The Founding of New England*, ADAMS; 2. *The True Story of Benjamin Franklin*, BROOKS; 3. *The Boys of '76*, COFFIN; 4. *Our Ancestors in Europe*, HALL; 5. *A Day in a Colonial Home*, PRESCOTT; 6. *We and Our History*, HART.

CHERRIES

Beneath the tree the farmer said,
Smiling and shaking his wise old head:
"Cherries are ripe, but then, you know,
There's the grass to cut and the corn to hoe;
We can gather cherries any day;
But when the sun shines we must make hay.
Tonight, when, the work has all been done,
We'll muster the boys, for fruit and fun."

Up on the tree a robin said,
Perking and cocking his saucy head,
"Cherries are ripe! and so today
We'll gather them while you make the hay;
For we are the boys 'thout corn to hoe,
Nor cows to milk, nor grass to mow."
At night, said the farmer: "Here's a trick!
Those roguish robins have had their pick."

AN EXCITING CANOE RACE

The Robin Hoods and King Arthurs of Merry England have their counterpart in the heroes of the adventurous pioneering days of America. Those were days of conflicts with Indians in which the cunning of the savage was matched by the keen eye, unerring marksmanship, and skill of our American scouts and hunters.

Cooper is our chief chronicler of these stories of adventure. He has immortalized Hawkeye, the American scout and pioneer, who, at the time of this story, is working with the English army during the French and Indian war. Study him.

The heavens were still studded with stars when Hawkeye came to arouse the sleepers. Casting aside their cloaks, Munro¹ and Heyward² were on their feet while the woodsman was still making his low calls at the entrance of the rude shelter where they had passed the night. When they issued from beneath its concealment, they found the scout awaiting their appearance nigh by, and the only salutation between them was the significant gesture for silence made by their sagacious leader.

"Think over your prayers," he whispered, as they approached him, "for He to whom you make them knows all tongues; that of the heart, as well as those of the mouth. But speak not a syllable; it is rare for a white voice to pitch itself properly in the woods. Come," he continued, turning toward a curtain of the works, "let us

¹ Munro is the father of two young ladies who have been captured and carried away by the Indians. With his companions he is now following the trail of the captors. This canoe race is but one of many adventures through which they pass before they finally rescue the women.

² Duncan Heyward is a British officer who was with the young ladies when they were captured.

get into the ditch on this side, and be regardful to step on the stones and fragments of wood as you go."

His companions complied, though to two of them the reasons of this extraordinary precaution were yet a mystery. When they were in the low cavity that surrounded the earthen fort on three of its sides, they found the passage nearly choked by the ruins. With care and patience, however, they succeeded in clambering after the scout until they reached the sandy shore of the Horicon.

"That's a trail that nothing but a nose can follow," said the satisfied scout, looking back along their difficult way; "grass is a treacherous carpet for a flying party to tread on, but wood and stone take no print from a moccasin. Had you worn your armed boots, there might, indeed, have been something to fear; but with the deerskin suitably prepared, a man may trust himself, generally, on rocks with safety. Shove in the canoe nigher to the land, Uncas;³ this sand will take a stamp as easily as the butter of the Jarmans on the Mohawk. Softly, lad, softly; it must not touch the beach, or the knaves will know by what road we have left the place."

The young man observed the precaution; and the scout, laying a board from the ruins to the canoe, made a sign for the two officers to enter. When this was done, everything was studiously restored to its former disorder; and then Hawkeye succeeded in reaching his little birchen vessel without leaving behind him any of those marks which he appeared so much to dread.

"Now," continued the scout, looking back at the dim shore of William Henry, which was now fast receding, and laughing in his own silent but heartfelt manner;

³ Uncas is the son of the last chief of the Mohicans, a fine Indian who sides with the Americans, and is, as his tribe has always been, a bitter enemy of the Huron Indians.

"I have put a trail of water atween us; and unless the imps can make friends with the fishes, and hear who has paddled across their basin this fine morning, we shall throw the length of the Horicon behind us before they have made up their minds which path to take."

"With foes in front and foes in our rear, our journey is likely to be one of danger."

"Danger," repeated Hawkeye, calmly, "no, not absolutely of danger, for, with vigilant ears and quick eyes, we can manage to keep a few hours ahead of the knaves; or, if we must try the rifle, there are three of us who understand its gifts as well as any you can name on the borders. No, not of danger; but that we shall have what you may call a brisk push of it is probable; and it may happen a brush, a scrimmage, or some such diversion; but always where covers are good and ammunition abundant."

Heyward, who was a doubly interested spectator, as well from the beauties of the place as from the apprehension natural to his situation, was just believing that he had permitted the latter to be excited without sufficient reason, when the paddle ceased moving, in obedience to a signal from Chingachgook.⁴

"Ugh!" exclaimed Uncas, nearly at the moment that the light tap his father had made on the side of the canoe notified them of the vicinity of danger.

"What now?" asked the scout; "the lake is as smooth as if the winds had never blown, and I can see along its sheets for miles; there is not so much as the black head of a loon dotting the water."

The Indian gravely raised his paddle, and pointed in the direction in which his own steady look was riveted.

⁴ Chingachgook, the father of Uncas, is the chief of the Delaware, or Mohican, Indians.

Duncan Heyward's eyes followed the motion. A few rods in their front lay another of the low-wooded islets, but it appeared as calm and peaceful as if its solitude had never been disturbed by the foot of man.

"I see nothing," he said, "but land and water; and a lovely scene it is."

"Hist!" interrupted the scout. "Ay, Sagamore, there is always a reason for what you do. 'Tis but a shade, and yet it is not natural. You see the mist, Major, that is rising above the island; you can't call it a fog, for it is more like a streak of thin cloud—"

"It is a vapor from the water."

"That a child could tell. But what is the edging of blacker smoke that hangs along its lower side, and which you may trace down into the thicket of hazel? 'Tis from a fire; but one that, in my judgment, has been suffered to burn low."

"Let us then push for the place, and relieve our doubts," said the impatient Duncan; "the party must be small that can lie on such a bit of land."

"If you judge of Indian cunning by the rules you find in books or by white sagacity, they will lead you astray, if not to your death," returned Hawkeye, examining the signs of the place with that acuteness which distinguished him. "If I may be permitted to speak in this matter, it will be to say that we have but two things to choose between: the one is, to return and give up all thought of following the Hurons—"

"Never!" exclaimed Heyward, in a voice far too loud for their circumstances.

"Well, well," continued Hawkeye, making a hasty sign to repress his impatience, "I am much of your mind myself; though I thought it becoming my experience to tell the whole. We must then make a push, and, if the Indians or Frenchers are in the narrows, run the gantlet

through these toppling mountains. Is there reason in my words, Sagamore?"

The Indian made no further answer than by dropping his paddle into the water and urging forward the canoe. As he held the office of directing its course, his resolution was sufficiently indicated by the movement. The whole party now plied their paddles vigorously, and in a very few moments they had reached a point whence they might command an entire view of the northern shore of the island, the side that had hitherto been concealed.

"There they are, by all the truth of signs," whispered the scout, "two canoes and a smoke. The knaves haven't yet got their eyes out of the mist, or we should hear the accursed whoop. Together, friends—we are leaving them, and are already nearly out of whistle of a bullet."

The well-known crack of a rifle, whose ball came skipping along the placid surface of the strait, and a shrill yell from the island interrupted his speech and announced that their passage was discovered. In another instant several savages were seen rushing into the canoes, which were soon dancing over the water in pursuit. These fearful precursors of a coming struggle produced no change in the countenances and movements of his three guides, so far as Duncan could discover, except that the strokes of their paddles were longer and more in unison, and caused the little bark to spring forward like a creature possessing life and volition.

"Hold them there, Sagamore," said Hawkeye, looking coolly backward over his left shoulder, while he still plied his paddle; "keep them just there. Those Hurons have never a piece in their nation that will execute at this distance; but 'Kill Deer' [Hawkeye's rifle] has a barrel on which a man may calculate."

The scout, having ascertained that the Mohicans were sufficient of themselves to maintain the requisite distance,

deliberately laid aside his paddle and raised the fatal rifle. Then several times he brought the piece to his shoulder, and when his companions were expecting its report he as often lowered it to request the Indians would permit their enemies to approach a little nigher. At length his accurate and fastidious eye seemed satisfied, and throwing out his left arm on the barrel, he was slowly elevating the muzzle, when an exclamation from Uncas, who sat in the bow, once more caused him to suspend the shot.

"How now, lad?" demanded Hawkeye. "You saved a Huron⁵ from the death-shriek by that word; have you reason for what you do?"

Uncas pointed toward the rocky shore a little in their front, whence another war canoe was darting directly across their course. It was obvious now that their situation was too imminently perilous to need the aid of language to confirm it. The scout laid aside his rifle, and resumed the paddle, while Chingachgook inclined the bows of the canoe a little toward the western shore, in order to increase the distance between them and this new enemy. In the meantime they were reminded of the presence of those who pressed on their rear by wild and exulting shouts. The stirring scene awakened even Munro from his apathy.

"Let us make for the rocks on the main," he said, with the mien of a tried soldier, "and give battle to the savages. God forbid that I or those attached to me or mine should ever trust again to the faith of any servant of the Louises."

"He who wishes to prosper in Indian warfare," returned the scout, "must not be too proud to learn from the wit of a native. Lay her more along the land, Sagamore; we

⁵ The Huron tribe sided with the French, and as they were powerful Indians, wise in woodcraft and fierce in battle, they were among the most deadly foes whom the English colonists had to meet.

are doubling on the varlets, and perhaps they may try to strike our trail on the long calculation."

Hawkeye was not mistaken; for, when the Hurons found that their course was likely to throw them behind their chase, they rendered it less direct, until, by gradually bearing more and more obliquely, the two canoes were, ere long, gliding on parallel lines, within two hundred yards of each other. It now became entirely a trial of speed. So rapid was the progress of the light vessels that the lake curled in their front in miniature waves, and their motion became undulating by its own velocity. It was, perhaps, owing to this circumstance, in addition to the necessity of keeping every hand employed at the paddles, that the Hurons had not immediate recourse to their firearms. The exertions of the fugitives were too severe to continue long, and the pursuers had the advantage of numbers. Duncan observed, with uneasiness, that the scout began to look anxiously about him, as if searching for some further means of assisting their flight.

"Edge her a little more from the sun, Sagamore," said the stubborn woodsman; "I see the knaves are sparing a man to the rifle. A single broken bone might lose us our scalps. Edge more from the sun, and we will put the island between us."

The expedient was not without its use. A long, low island lay at a little distance before them, and, as they closed with it, the chasing canoe was compelled to take a side opposite to that on which the pursued passed. The scout and his companions did not neglect this advantage, but, the instant they were hid from observation by the bushes, they redoubled efforts that before had seemed prodigious. The two canoes came round the last low point, like two coursers at the top of their speed, the fugitives taking the lead. This change had brought them nigher to each other, however, while it altered their relative positions.

"You showed knowledge in the shaping of birchen bark, Uncas, when you chose this from among the Huron canoes," said the scout, smiling, apparently more in satisfaction at their superiority in the race, than from that prospect of final escape which now began to open a little upon them. "The imps have put all their strength again at the paddles, and we are to struggle for our scalps with bits of flattened wood, instead of clouded barrels and true eyes. A long stroke, and together, friends!"

"They are preparing for a shot," said Heyward; "and as we are in a line with them, it can scarcely fail."

"Get you then into the bottom of the canoe," returned the scout; "you and the colonel; it will be so much taken from the size of the mark."

Heyward smiled, as he answered:

"It would be but an ill example for the highest in rank to dodge, while the warriors were under fire!"

"Lord! Lord! that is not a white man's courage!" exclaimed the scout, "and, like too many of his notions, not to be maintained by reason. Do you think the sagamore, or Uncas, or even I, who am a man without a cross, would deliberate about finding a cover in a scrimmage when an open body would do no good? For what have the Frenchers reared up their Quebec, if fighting is always to be done in the clearings?"

"All that you say is very true, my friend," replied Heyward; "still, our custom must prevent us from doing as you wish."

A volley from the Hurons interrupted the discourse; and, as the bullets whistled about them, Duncan saw the head of Uncas turned, looking back at himself and Munro. Notwithstanding the nearness of the enemy, and his own great personal danger, the countenance of the young warrior expressed no other emotion, as the former was

compelled to think, than amazement at finding men willing to encounter so useless an exposure. Chingachgook was probably better acquainted with the notions of white men, for he did not even cast a glance aside from the riveted look his eye maintained on the object by which he governed their course. A ball soon struck the light and polished paddle from the hands of the chief, and drove it through the air far in advance. A shout rose from the Hurons, who seized the opportunity to fire another volley. Uncas described an arc in the water with his own blade, and, as the canoe passed swiftly on, Chingachgook recovered his paddle, and, flourishing it on high, he gave the war-whoop of the Mohicans, and then lent his strength and skill again to the important task.

The clamorous sounds of "Le Gros Serpent!"⁶ "La Longue Carabine!"⁷ "Le Cerf Agile!"⁸ burst at once from the canoes behind, and seemed to give new zeal to the pursuers. The scout seized "Kill Deer" in his left hand, and, elevating it above his head, he shook it in triumph at his enemies. The savages answered the insult with a yell, and immediately another volley succeeded. The bullets pattered along the lake, and one even pierced the bark of their little vessel. No perceptible emotion could be discovered in the Mohicans during this critical moment, their rigid features expressing neither hope nor alarm; but the scout again turned his head, and, laughing in his own silent manner, he said to Heyward:

"The knaves love to hear the sounds of their pieces, but the eye is not to be found among the Mingoos that

⁶ *Le Gros Serpent* is a French phrase meaning *The Great Serpent*, or *The Big Snake*, a name which the Hurons gave to Chingachgook.

⁷ *La Longue Carabine* means *The Long Rifle*, and is the French name which the Hurons gave to Hawkeye.

⁸ *Le Cerf Agile* is a French phrase which means *The Nimble Deer*. It is the name given to Uncas by the Hurons.

can calculate a true range in a dancing canoe! You see the dumb devils have taken off a man to charge, and by the smallest measurement that can be allowed we move three feet to their two."

Duncan, who was not altogether as easy under this nice estimate of distances as his companions, was glad to find, however, that, owing to their superior dexterity, and the diversion among their enemies they were very sensibly obtaining the advantage. The Hurons soon fired again, and a bullet struck the blade of Hawkeye's paddle without injury.

"That will do," said the scout, examining the slight indentation with a curious eye; "it would not have cut the skin of an infant, much less of men, who, like us, have been blown upon by the heavens in their anger. Now, Major, if you will try to use this piece of flattened wood, I'll let 'Kill Deer' take a part in the conversation."

Heyward seized the paddle and applied himself to the work with an eagerness that supplied the place of skill, while Hawkeye was engaged in inspecting the priming of his rifle. The latter then took a swift aim and fired. The Huron in the bows of the leading canoe had risen with a similar object, and he now fell backward, suffering the gun to escape from his hands into the water. In an instant, however, he recovered his feet, though his gestures were wild and bewildered. At the same moment his companions suspended their efforts, and the chasing canoes clustered together and became stationary. Chingachgook and Uncas profited by the interval to regain their wind, though Duncan continued to work with the most persevering industry.

As the Hurons to every appearance, had abandoned the pursuit, there was no apparent reason for this excess of caution. It was, however, maintained for hours until they had reached a bay nigh the northern termination

of the lake. Here the canoe was driven upon the beach, and the whole party landed.

At this point, however where, their footsteps might be expected to be no longer visible, they retraced their route to the brook, walking backward with the utmost care. They now followed the bed of the little stream to the lake, into which they immediately launched their canoe again. A low point concealed them from the headland, and the margin of the lake was fringed for some distance with dense and overhanging bushes. Under the cover of these natural advantages, they toiled their way, with patient industry, until the scout pronounced that he believed it would be safe once more to land.

The boat was again lifted and borne into the woods, where it was carefully concealed under a pile of brush. The adventurers assumed their arms and packs, and the scout announced to Munro and Heyward that he and the Indians were at last in readiness to proceed.

From *The Last of the Mohicans*.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Make this story into a motion picture scenario, rereading it to determine what scenes should be shown. Write a brief description of each scene. What introduction will be necessary? What stage properties are required? How will each of the characters be dressed? Write the sub-titles that would be flashed on the screen preceding each scene. 2. What evidences of skill in Indian warfare is shown by the scout and his Indian companions? 3. What evidence of ignorance in such warfare is shown by Munro and Heyward? 4. Were Heyward and Munro brave, or foolhardy, in refusing to lie down in the canoe? 5. Sketch the river with its islands showing the relative positions of the canoes at various points in the race. 6. What character do you like best in this story? Why?

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *The Last of the Mohicans*; 2. *The Deer Slayer*, J. FENIMORE COOPER; 3. *American Leaders and Heroes*, W. F. GORDY; 4. *Famous Scouts*, CHARLES H. JOHNSTON; 5. *American Pioneers*, W. A. and B. S. MOWRY; 6. *Four American Pioneers*, FRANCES M. PERRY and KATHERINE BEEBE; 7. *American Hero Stories*, EVA M. TAPPAN; 8. *Daniel Boone*, J. S. C. ABBOTT.



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MY ROSE GARDEN

THE VOICE OF NATURE

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a vein of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart;
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Thus it was that in the Northland
Came the spring with all its splendor,
All the birds and all the blossoms,
All the flowers and leaves and grasses.

—LONGFELLOW.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

Secure a road map of your state. Notice how the highways cross and recross the state connecting the most remote villages with the larger centers. How has this great highway system developed? The following account will tell you.

"A billion dollars for highways!" Father exclaimed, looking up from his paper. "Think of it, children, the United States is spending annually on highways alone more money than it cost to run the entire government when I was your age—and probably more money than all other countries combined."

"Yes, Daddy, but think of the fine roads we are getting," replied Sadie. "Only last week we were discussing the subject of Roads in school and found it a very interesting topic."

"So? What did you learn?"

"First of all, we learned that a road in the country means a public highway from one place or town to another; and in a city it usually means a street, alley, or boulevard. We learned also that roads in America followed this order of development: first, the footpath and trail widened into a road; then, the graded dirt road; next, the turnpike; and finally, the paved highway.

"In Colonial times, we read in a reference book, whatever trade there was between different settlements was carried on in boats along the seacoast and up and down the rivers. Gradually, as the settlements grew in importance, overland trails were cut through the forests. Sometimes these followed the old Indian trails and sometimes the deer runs were made wide enough for man and beast to travel. To mark the pathway, trees were blazed

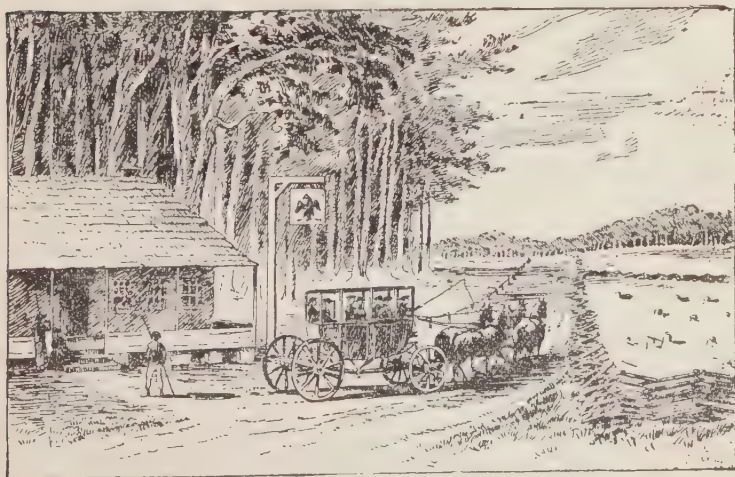
at frequent intervals; hence the term, 'the blazed trail.' If the distance was considerable, a traveler journeyed on horseback with his personal belongings packed in a pair of saddlebags. Over these same trails pack horses trudged with goods for the settlements."

"That's good, Sadie. Go on."

"Then came the dirt roads. It is said that the first of these was built in Virginia in order to transport tobacco from the plantations to the river docks. After the planter had packed his tobacco in a big wooden hogshead, he fitted shafts to it, hitched a horse between the shafts, and actually rolled his tobacco to market! Wasn't that clever? Later, when he could afford to buy wagons and carts, these tobacco roads just naturally became the wagon roads of the country."

"Very good, daughter, I see you are rather familiar with the origin of our American roads; but I'm wondering if the book you consulted mentioned the King's Highway?"

"No, not a word, Father."



"It's rather interesting," continued Father, "but too long a story to tell to-night except very briefly."

"It is said that the public road is the oldest civic enterprise in the world. Let us see. Long, long before cities had parks, or schools, or waterworks, or fire protection, they had streets within the walls of the city and roads leading out across the country. At first such roads were merely trails from town to town; but as cities grew in importance, it was found necessary to furnish them with military protection. How could this be done? By building good roads over which the King's soldiers could be rushed to the support of any city besieged.

"Immediately help was summoned, the military camp would be all astir, and soon the broad highway would resound to the tramp of marching feet, the rumble of heavy wagons, and the clatter of horsemen galloping forward.

"From what I have just said, it is easy to see how a highway, built primarily for the use of the King's soldiers, came to be called 'The King's Highway'; and finally, when the people gained more power, how the King's Highway became the public highway.

"Some of these old roads, built centuries ago, are still in use in England. Many of the towns which they joined have crumbled into dust, but the roads remain, mute monuments to those ancient highway engineers.

"Now, to return to dirt roads a moment; don't get the idea that they will soon be a thing of the past, even though the American people are spending a billion a year in road construction. Do you know that, the total length of roads in this country put end to end, would reach around the earth a hundred times? No, I don't think the job of paving that stretch of road will be finished very soon. Your children's children will leave the task incomplete and the cost of it unpaid when they pass away.

"In the article I have just been reading, the writer speaks of the importance of good roads to the farmer. He shows that it costs the farmer twenty-three cents per ton per mile to haul his produce to town over dirt roads; whereas, it costs the railroads only one cent per ton per mile to haul the same produce to market. It is well to know these facts when talking about roads."

"But, Father, for two hundred years—"

"Yes, I'm aware of that; for two hundred years travelers wallowed in the mud and mire of dirt roads before communities began to build hard roads. Most of these early roads were ungraded, and rivers and streams had to be forded or crossed on ferryboats. Examples of these primitive roads may be found, thousands of miles of them, in parts of our country even to-day. Really, no material improvement was made on the dirt road until the coming of the turnpike."

"Oh, I know about that," exclaimed Alice, eager to contribute her bit to the discussion. "We had that topic last week."

"Very well, Alice, let's hear what you know about 'pikes.'"

"Well, it was like this: the dirt roads at certain times of the year were under water or were so soft that wagons stuck fast in the mud; and when this happened, people in the inland towns had to go without provisions and suffer all manner of hardships."

"One day a funny thing happened. Some prominent men had set out upon a journey. Upon attempting to cross a particularly bad piece of road, their wagon mired clear to the hubs and their poor horses were unable to pull it out. Other wagons came up to assist, and they mired there also. Soon the road was blockaded with wagons stuck in the mud. That brought matters to a climax."

"The wagons were finally pulled out, but the travelers

resolved then and there to tolerate such conditions no longer. A company was immediately formed, and twelve miles of hard road was constructed. Toll gates were set up every four miles and travelers were charged five cents per rider and ten cents per team at each gate for using the road."

"Supposing the traveler didn't have five cents, or couldn't make change, or refused to pay the toll," said Sadie. "What then?"

"In most cases, we were told, people paid the toll willingly and were allowed to pass; but sometimes quarrels occurred at the toll gates, and sometimes rude men, refusing to stop, drove their teams through the gates and broke them down. To prevent such occurrences, the gate keepers designed a special kind of gate. Across the top of one gatepost they balanced a long heavy pole. The short end was weighted with rocks and the long end swung across the roadway to the other gatepost."

"I don't see —"

"Wait a moment, Sadie, till I make my point. The toll keepers drove long sharp pikes into each side of the gate sweep to turn back the horses when they reached the gates. Just think of it, Sadie, a long pole blockading the road and bristling with sharp pikes on either side! Needless to say, those pikes put a stop to 'rushing the gates'; and that's how we got the word 'turnpike.' Other toll roads were built and these, in turn, were called turnpikes; and the name has clung to the roads ever since."

"Good enough, Alice. We see the point, without difficulty, and shall be on the lookout next time we travel some old turnpike. However, toll roads are fast going out of fashion. Here and there one remains; or a toll bridge, but they are not popular with the traveling public; they are apt to turn people away, and the community suffers a loss of trade in consequence."

"Not all turnpikes were built by private companies. Do you know of any that were not?" asked Father.

"Yes, our history speaks of one or two. It says the Colonial legislatures sometimes appropriated money for the construction of public highways; and the National Road from Baltimore to Vandalia, Illinois, a distance of eight hundred miles, was built with money appropriated by the United States Government. It cost \$7,000,000 and was the main highway to the West until the coming of the railroads."

"That's true, dear. Strange how the coming of the railroads everywhere seemed to absorb all of our thought and energy and to check the proper development of our highways for more than fifty years thereafter. I'm not sure that the highway improvement would have come even yet, had it not been for the coming of the automobile. There's your explanation of this amazing program for better roads everywhere. An automobile cannot perform satisfactorily except upon good roads; and now that its use has become universal, the public is demanding automobile roads everywhere. Already thousands of miles of highways have been completed which are just as fine as our city streets."

"We learned about some of them, too," said Alice; "we learned that two of the most famous highways in America are the Dixie Highway from Mackinaw, Michigan, to Miami, Florida; and the Lincoln Highway from Newark, New Jersey, to San Francisco, California. The Lincoln Highway, said to be the longest improved road in the world, is five thousand miles in length.

"Here are the names of some of the principal cities through which the Lincoln Highway passes: Newark, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Mansfield, South Bend, Joliet, Clinton, Omaha, Cheyenne, Salt Lake City, Reno, Sacramento, and San Francisco."

"That's splendid, Alice, just splendid," and Father's face beamed with deep significance. "Now, how should you girls like to take a motor trip over the Lincoln Highway next summer?"

"Oh, Daddy! The very thing! You couldn't have proposed anything nicer. Sadie and I were talking about such a trip only 'ast Sunday. Wouldn't it be fun, Daddy, to drive to San Francisco next summer and surprise our cousins?"

"Very well, let's make our plans early and be prepared to start as soon as school closes in June. I must lay down one condition, however, name y: that you girls take the road maps and figure out, traveling two hundred fifty miles a day, just where we may expect to stop each night. Mother and I will plan the camping outfit."

"That's a bargain," replied Sadie, as she danced about the table. "It will be great fun. Come on, Alice, you get the road guide and I'll get the map."

"Here comes Mother. Oh, Mother!" cried Alice, "we are going to take a trip next summer. Daddy says we may. We are going to San Francisco. And just think, we are going the entire distance over a king's highway—called in his honor the Lincoln Highway!"

Thus the evening passed happily, the first of many spent by the Wilson family in planning their summer tour.

—J. R. TANNER.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Write to the Highway Department of your state for information concerning the number of miles of paved roads constructed during the past ten years. 2. The class may be organized into two groups to debate the question—*Resolved*, That the building of highways should be a local, not a state, affair; or *Resolved*, That concrete rather than gravel should be used in road construction. 3. Are paved roads worth their cost to the farmer? How could you prove this?

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Transportation*, W. F. ROCHELIEU;
2. *Elementary Industrial Arts*, L. L. WINSLOW.

THE POCKET GOPHER

This interesting story will give you a great deal of information about the habits of one of our rodents which does much damage to growing crops, orchards and lawns.

Read it carefully and select a name for each paragraph as you read.

Picture to yourself a clover meadow, level, green, and smooth. Here and there are small mounds of earth that look as if some careless person had dropped a bushel of soil in a place at irregular intervals over the field. A closer survey of those piles of dirt shows that they are not carelessly dropped masses, but are cones built up somewhat like volcanic cones having a rim and a down slope toward the center. One or two still show soil moist on the surface proving that the dirt has been exposed to the sun but a few minutes.

Who did it? How catch the offender? 'Tis a task worthy the skill of a detective and will require many of his tactics. If you want to engage in the sport, don clothes the color of dead grass and sit patiently in sight of the fresh mound. Keep concealed as much as possible and you may be rewarded by the sight of the maker at work, or such of him as appears above ground. However, the only sure way to see him in the open is to handcuff him in a steel trap and pull him forth, a most unwilling and savage prisoner. Keep the toe of your shoe away from his teeth, as leather is a small obstacle to his sharp weapons.

You will find him a squat-legged, square built, almost neckless rodent, with a flat broad head, tiny beady eyes, small ears, and a short naked tail. He is some ten inches

in length from the tip of his snout to the back of his round stout hams with not more than three inches more to be added for the tail. The soft, thick, but short hairy coat is a grayish, tawny brown.

These features, although prominent, are not the only ones that challenge your attention. As unusual as the elephant's trunk, are the toenails on this creature's forefeet. They resemble the enormously long finger nails said to be the mark of a Chinese gentlemen in former days; but these nails have the usefulness of the elephant's trunk. Look at them carefully and you will see that each of the five toes is armed with a long curved claw or nail. The one on the middle digit is fully an inch and three quarters long; the next ones, a trifle shorter; and the outer ones, nearly an inch in length. The middle one is also the broadest. Besides these nails there is also a fringe of long stiff hairs standing out from the upper sides of each toe. The palm, as might be expected, is broad and flat.

In walking in soft ground the claws curve upward and do not bother him much. But put him on a board or cement walk, and he must turn his feet outward and walk on his wrists to get along. Let him loose in the garden and you will see how he uses these huge nails. No, you won't either! A half dozen rapid movements, accompanied by a shower of dirt, and half of your prisoner is hidden by Mother Earth. How did he do it? Those claws work with the precision of a steam shovel, but far more rapidly. The only difference is that they scrape downward and backward, pushing the dirt under the body; and the hind feet which are also armed, but with smaller claws, paw the dirt back still farther.

There is another feature that looks interesting. You had best inspect a museum specimen for this point. You will see that the teeth are four in number and protrude from his furry lips in a peculiar fashion. Each of his

two upper teeth bear two lengthwise grooves, which is the identification mark of this rogue.

He is known as *Geomys bursarius*, or pocket gopher. The name leads you to examine him still more closely. Again you find some peculiar whims in his physical make-up. On each side of his mouth is a queer fold that you noticed on your living specimen. Use the eyes in the tips of your fingers and you will find these folds are the outer edges of a pair of pockets, one on each cheek; they extend back to his shoulders and are an inch and a half broad; they have fur inside as well as outside and have no other opening than this one on his cheek. Does he carry dirt in them? That shower behind his legs contradicts that claim, unless he carries it out of his burrow in them.

Your muscles are now so tired that you positively cannot be quiet another instant, when a mass of soft dirt begins to emerge from this open mound. It is being pushed by his forefeet held sidewise. Eyes appear above the surface. Ah, you are sighted! No more work at the opening this morning.

After waiting in vain, you go home to dinner and return to renew your vigil, only to find the opening carefully closed, full of soil, and a fresh mound some six feet farther on with its opening also closed. Dig it open and you will find a smooth burrow some four inches in diameter and extending horizontally to a depth of five to fifteen inches. The chain of mounds leads you to dig still farther until you are convinced that they all belong to the same runways. Often they are many yards in extent and turn and wind and branch with no seeming plan.

More days in spying will show that one gopher is accountable for the twenty-five or thirty mounds on an acre or so of ground. They are all dirt from connected runways, some broader than others and some grass lined for a nest. He dwells alone and seldom leaves his ex-

cavations. Roots and hard soil are cut with his chisel teeth as he excavates with his forefeet. His squat body and short legs fit him for just such a life occupation, but how about that slender naked tail? Whist! Backward he runs at an amazing pace, his sensitive tail acting as eyes or rather feelers for him.

What is there for him to eat? Oh, yes, the clover and alfalfa roots were cut off at the top of his burrow. Here are pieces of them in this side gallery. What is that? Small potatoes, pieces of larger ones, bits of parsnip, carrot, clover leaves and stems with bits of other succulent plants. A half bushel or so stored in his various galleries. No shortage of food supply for him!

Methinks those mounds of soil in the garden unravel the mystery of a promising row of sweet potatoes that failed to meet expectations. Those tubers were thick and finely formed at the top, but seldom over two inches long, and the lower surface looked gnawed. Winter time does not stop his activity as fresh mounds under the snow testify. Raspberry canes without earthly support and young apple trees and other young trees minus their roots tell how he lived. Many a young orchard in the Missouri Valley is seriously injured by his ravages.

You will have given up all hopes of ever seeing this rodent when he is gathering clover leaves, when, just about dusk, he slips stealthily from his burrow and moves straight to a bushy clover plant. He bites off the clover leaves and seems to be brushing his cheek with his claws. He moves so rapidly that in the dim light you cannot see what he is doing. Oh, for the power to move noiselessly and unseen! There he comes slipping back to his burrow. Cheek pouches are greatly distended and, yes, it is—a clover leaf sticks out of one. Now is the mystery of those fur-lined pockets solved? Of course, a fur pocket that could not be turned inside out is no good for a dirt carrier.

September and October warn him to get out his winter overcoat, so he begins at his nose and sheds his thin, tawny, summer hair for a new, softer, thicker, darker coat. The last of October sees it nearly off and the new one on. A curious line marks the region of the change. November brings added fur to provide against winter chills, but this coat does not push the former one off—the new hairs grow up through the old.

Spring days come, and he leaves his burrow to go courting. Should you chance to meet him abroad some day, and it's apt to be a glowering one, he will display his ugly spirit in a pugnacious manner, snap his teeth and give low quick hisses. Better let him have the path—your shoe is too thin to dispute it with him in his present mood.

You may be an unwilling spectator to his demise, should a big owl or marsh hawk pass that way. Those who have studied the food of these birds in the regions west of the Mississippi say that the pocket gopher frequently falls prey to these birds. Others of his enemies are weasels and big bull snakes; also the farmer with his steel trap and poisoned parsnips. The weasel with his wonderful agility and wicked fangs could worst his more awkward victim; but how is the battle carried on with sluggish, good-natured Sir Bull Snake? Reports say his snakeship invariably comes out victorious, by simply swallowing Mr. Gopher. One Nebraska observer reports that when digging for a missing trap, he found the trap attached to a gopher's foot protruding from a bull snake's mouth. He had swallowed the gopher, but couldn't extend his jaws sufficiently to engulf the trap. Upon releasing the trap, the snake's jaws closed, and no gopher existed. That farmer gives bull snakes free rent in his clover and alfalfa fields and orchards. Dame Rumor says one farmer has been known to carry a bull snake carefully out of his corn field for fear of injuring it while cultivating the crop.

The damages of pocket gophers, of which farmers complain most, are the mounds which clog the sickle bar of the mower, and smother the grass beneath them, and the danger of a horse being seriously injured by breaking through into their burrows.

Seldom has Old Mother Nature made an animal more fitted for underground dwelling than this one—the body just fits the runways; no long legs or tail to be in the way; a head placed right in front of the shoulders without the bother of a neck; tiny, close fitting ears; a sensitive tail; sharp, strong, cutting, teeth and broad grinders; a wonderful digging apparatus; a fur that is close, smooth and warm; and last, but not least, those capacious pockets.

One might think the pocket gopher would possess the earth, but only two or three young are produced each year, and active enemies work toward their extermination. Every farmer boy who has ever attempted to rid his father's farm of gophers for a stated sum, can testify to the wit and persistence necessary to overcome their cunning. Little is yet known of this surly, solitary miser. His life and his deeds challenge your study.

MAE CRESSWELL.

—In *Nature Study Review*.

THINGS TO DO

1. Read the selection a second time and list under paragraph headings the supporting details. 2. Select the information given in this article which will be of value to you in preparing a talk on "Protecting the Birds." 3. Consult other reference books to determine whether the owl and marsh hawk do actually feed on gophers. 4. If you find reliable evidence to prove that they do not, write a letter to the author of this reader, calling his attention to the error and quoting your evidence.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. *Wild Neighbors*, EARNEST INGERSOLL; 2. *Secrets of the Woods*, W. J. LONG; 3. *A Watcher in the Woods*, DALLAS LORE SHARP; 4. *Fourfooted Animals and Their Friends*, MABLE O. WRIGHT; 5. *Baby Animals*, GEORGIA M. McNALLY; 6. *Children of the Wild*, CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS; 7. *Neighbors Unknown*, *ibid*; 8. *The Book of Knowledge, The World Book*; 9. *The Nature Study Review*.

HIS AWAKENING

Some readers have questioned the fitness of this title. When you have finished the story decide whether or not the title is appropriate.

"Somehow, Bob, the boy doesn't seem to amount to much."

Ira Gray said this to his brother, as the two sat in the New Mexico twilight gazing at the figure of a boy perched high on the corral fence.

"He is a good boy as far as morals go. He is generous to a fault. He seems to realize his own shortcomings, too, but I am sure that he does not appreciate their true significance. I have done my best to awaken some spark of ambition in him ever since he entered high school, but I have failed. He takes little interest in anything and I don't believe that he has ever had a serious thought.

"He has always wanted to come west; like all boys, he has been attracted by ranch life, but even the plans for this trip seemed to interest him little. Just to have him take himself seriously; just to have him do something that shows he has a will—that's all I want. If he can come to a realization of things as they are, while he is with you this summer—well, I can do nothing but thank you, I guess; it will mean too much to me."

Bob Gray, bachelor ranchman and cattle king, shifted in the deep chair which held his generous frame.

"I've seen his like before," he said. "Maybe he will come out all right, maybe he will turn out all wrong. You never can tell. I'll give him the run of the outfit, and if there is the making of a man in him, it ought to show up."

While the brothers talked, Leonard Gray swung his legs against the corral fence and watched the Ace of Spades. The Ace of Spades was a horse, every hair of him black, strong of bone and muscle, a beautiful specimen of his kind, but untamable. The boy had heard the story of this horse shortly after his arrival that morning; of how year after year the best horsemen in the country had attempted to conquer the beast; of how he would stand while they put on bridle and saddle and then, how the demon would break forth, and the would-be rider would go spinning through thin air. He sat there now, wondering what sort of a disposition an animal like that must have. "Why not be ridden and have it over with?" the boy asked himself. "It surely would save a lot of trouble in the end."

This line of thought was typical of the sort that ran through his mind. Leonard never took things seriously; it was too much trouble. He just let events slip along, never attempting to accomplish the slightest thing for himself.

The twilight faded and he swung slowly down from the fence, his strong young arms easily bearing the weight of his sturdy body. He walked toward the house, and as he approached the broad veranda, he heard his uncle's voice telling his father the story of the Ace of Spades.

"That horse," concluded the man, "is more of a man than most of those who try to ride him. When a man starts in to ride a bucking horse, it is largely a case of will against will, if the rider has had any experience at all. Of course, if a greenhorn—tenderfoot, we call 'em out here—gets on a bad horse, the chances are that he'll be thrown because of a lack of knowledge about hanging on. But when a good rider strikes one of these outlaw horses, it is purely a case of will. If the horse has the stronger determination, there will be a fall; if the man is the stronger of the two, the horse will be successfully ridden.

"So far, he has never been beaten. Once or twice I have thought that he would be outwilled by a man, but each time he won by throwing his last bit of strength into an effort to unseat the rider. I have sometimes doubted that the man lives who can ride him, but I hate to think that, because it is to acknowledge that that horse out there is a better man than any of us. Strange way to look at it, perhaps, but there's a lot of truth in it."

"Uncle Bob," said Leonard after they had been silent a moment, "why don't you let him go. What's the use in trying to ride him, if it's all that trouble?"

The rancher sat looking at his nephew a moment in the starlight and then said softly:

"Well, Leonard, it's just like a good many things in life. We may find it difficult to overcome some obstacles that we could just as well go around, but the true satisfaction in living belongs to the man who takes all the hard knocks that come his way and tries to hit back just a shade harder himself. This ranch could get along without that horse; this state could get along without him. But we keep him here just to see if some day someone won't come along and prove himself just a little bit better horseman than any of the others who have tried to ride the Ace. The man who will ride that horse will be a *real* man; there'll be nothing half-way about him."

Leonard smiled to himself at this philosophy. Surely he told himself, it was all foolishness. This idea of going out of one's way to fight battles did not appeal to him in the least.

In the morning Leonard's father started on his trip back east. He said little to his son in parting, and nothing at all of what was uppermost in his heart—the hope that the boy would awaken to himself during the time he was to spend in the West, and return home a young man, displaying will power, determination and the lust for ob-

stacles to overcome, which are the qualities that go to make up successful men.

Young Gray was not a total stranger to the ways of the West. Those ways, after all, are not so different from those of the East. Leonard had always been around horses and knew how to ride better than most boys of his age. This was to his advantage in the new country, for everywhere he went beyond walking distance was on the back of a horse. They gave him a pinto pony to ride, a sleek, sure-footed, leather-lunged little rascal that drew a second look wherever he went. It was a mount of which to be proud, but Leonard merely nodded when told this and rode with no more pride or bearing than he would, had he been on a long-eared burro.

One morning his uncle asked him to go on an errand to a ranch house several miles away. Leonard consented and started out to get his pony. The little beast was grazing near the corral, but when the boy approached, it scampered away playfully.

"Go on, then," muttered Leonard, and going back to the corral, he saddled an aged, moth-eaten scrub of a horse and rode away.

One of the cow punchers had witnessed the incident. "He'd rather ride that busted-down little red hoss than catch that purty boy that he rides!" he said in telling it. Then and there the others drew their conclusion on Leonard's character, and thereafter he was greeted by blank silence when he appeared where the men were loafing.

The ranch owner himself was often provoked by his nephew's attitude. At first he tried, by subtle suggestion and the guiding of circumstances, to awaken the boy's interest in some of the happenings. But it seemed useless, Leonard listened attentively enough when others were talking, but he always left the impression that he had been

attentive merely for the sake of politeness rather than because he had any interest in the subject under discussion. He was mildly interested in things occasionally, but never to the point where he would start out to investigate for himself; seldom, in fact, did he ask questions about anything. So it came that Uncle Bob settled down to wait grimly. He hoped that the boy would change before many months had passed; hoped so for his brother's sake more than anything else, because Leonard's bearing had worn on him and he was just about out of patience with the lad.

When Bob Gray had said that he would give his brother's son the run of the ranch, he meant it. Leonard came and went as he chose. He was big enough, strong enough, and intelligent enough to take care of himself, it was reasoned, and so no one worried over him. During the first weeks on the ranch the boy took many long rides. He went and came in an aimless fashion, not seeming to care a great deal about the sights that were to be seen, the game that was to be shot, or the new things in the line of ranching that were to be witnessed.

As one of the cowboys put it: "Some of the time he rides an' thinks, but most of th' time, he just rides."

Soon the riding ceased to attract Leonard, and for hours at a time he would sit on the ranch house porch, gazing unseeingly across the flat country to the dim, blue mountain-peaks far out on the horizon. Sometimes he would read. Now and then he wrote to his father. But his life, for the greater part, was as empty and innocent of serious purpose, or the expression of an individuality, as it had ever been.

"Maybe you're getting tired of it here," said his uncle one day. "Perhaps you would like to go home."

"You know that isn't so," replied the boy, looking the other squarely in the eye. "You know I like it here, and

you know I don't want to go home. Guess it's as good as any other place."

That ended the discussion. "If he'll only stay here, it may keep his father from worrying so much," Uncle Bob muttered to himself later. "He doesn't worry me."

But he was not quite true to himself with that last statement. The boy did worry him, and worried him badly. Time after time he had checked himself just as he was about to break forth and give the lad a thorough tongue scourging, but he always was glad afterward that he held his peace. If a fellow must be scolded into being true to himself, it is certain that the scolding will do no good. It is only original impulse that counts in such cases. No one else can make you be yourself except yourself.

The weeks grew into months and the months into a season. Spring had given way to summer shortly after Leonard's arrival at the ranch. The hot, dusty summer dragged itself out. The days became their longest and then commenced to grow shorter. The nights commenced to be a trifle cool, the vegetation on the plains lost some of its luster. Autumn was coming.

"It's been a mighty good stock summer," said Uncle Bob to the foreman one day. "I suppose that you have got your plans for the fall round-up well under way by this time."

"Yes, we're thinking about it now," replied the man.

"Well, it isn't any too soon. There is going to be a mighty big job before you boys when you once start out. I'd go along myself, but I can't turn my work here over to any one. You will need all the help you can get, but it's certain that you don't want to hire any poor men this time. They'd only be in the way."

Leonard overheard the conversation from where he sat in the shade and dropped the newspaper that he had been lazily reading.

"Round-up," he muttered to himself. "I'd like to see that."

Then he fell to speculating on his chances of going with the men when they started out to gather, brand and select cattle for market. That evening he broached the subject to his uncle.

"Wonder if I could get in on the round-up," he said.

The other looked up quickly and replied: "I don't much think so, Leonard. The foreman tends to the crew and he's pretty particular about whom he takes along."

This was a deliberate evasion. Bob Gray's word was law with his men, and had he wanted to send his nephew out with the crew, there would have been no difficulty; but he was afraid to trust the boy in their hands. They were rough men, knew how Leonard had been acting, and the pranks they might play in the spirit of half-fun might cause trouble.

It was the evening before the Gray outfit was to start for the range, preparatory to rounding up. The cook wagon was loaded, saddles had been overhauled, horses were in the best of shape, for it is the hardest work of the year for cattle men. The foreman was sitting in his cabin, going over the orders that had been given him, when he was attracted by the scuff of a shoe crossing the door sill. He looked up to see Leonard Gray.

"I want to go with you tomorrow."

The boy's statement was direct and simple. The other thought for a moment. Then he said: "Why, you can't do anything to help us, and we can't carry along any excess baggage."

"You mean I'm not experienced enough to do any work?"

"No," replied the foreman pointedly. "Others weaker and greener than you are by a good deal can help a lot, but you haven't shown yet that you have any desire to

do anything or, for that matter, that you have any ability to do anything. We need men, but not your sort." And he turned back to his desk.

Leonard stood still for a moment, then he turned and without a word walked out into the cool of early evening. The sun had scarcely gone below the horizon and it was a still night, but the tang of frost was in the air. The boy was aroused. For the first time in his life, he had taken a real interest in something, and when he had voiced that interest, he had been most generously sat upon by a cow puncher. His skin grew a trifle warm as he thought it over.

The horse wrangler was driving the saddle stock from the corral to water after their evening grain. Leonard strolled over to the corral and leaned against the gate. One horse was left within the enclosure—the Ace of Spades. He stood with his head up, sniffing the air as though scenting danger or a strange presence.

"So it would take a real man to ride you, would it?" muttered the boy. "And he called me a piece of excess baggage!"

Quickly he turned and walked away toward the barn where his saddle was kept.

The foreman sat puzzling over a new problem which had come up before him.

"If we ship from there, it will mean the—"

He dropped the pencil he held in his hand, broke the sentence off short and stood up. For a second time the shriek came to him. It was the squeal of a maddened, fighting horse.

"The Ace!" he muttered, throwing open the door. "Who the dickens is fooling with him?" And he started for the corral on a run.

Others were running in that direction. The cow punchers, all recognizing the scream as that uttered by

the fighting Ace of Spades, dropped whatever work they had in hand and ran for the highly-fenced enclosure where a cloud of dust was rising. "Who is it?" asked one breathlessly of the three or four who had beaten him to the topmost rail, from which the best view of the fight was obtainable.

"Can't make out yet; dust too thick," replied someone. "Hang on, old party! Stay by him!"

The rider was not in the saddle. The Ace, as was his trick, had stood quietly while the saddle was being cinched, had waited until the rider's foot was in the stirrup, and then started, running sideways, away from the man who clung to him. Squealing and kicking, pitching a little now and then, dodging this way and that went the black beast, while the rider, one foot dragging on the ground, clung to the saddle horn with both hands and bided his time, waiting for a chance to lunge upward and gain the seat.

With a bang, the horse struck the fence. He threw up his head and wheeled as though to swing the man about and crash him into the rails. Quick as he was, the rider was quicker. As the animal's fore feet left the ground, and he gave his body the impetus that would swing it around with the hind legs for a pivot, the rider jerked himself upward by a pull on the horn, clamped both legs under the horse's belly and sat upright.

"It's the tenderfoot kid!"

A half dozen uttered the exclamation at once.

"Here you—Red and Charley. Get in there and rope that horse. He'll kill the kid!" snapped the foreman.

But before the men could run off to catch their horses to execute the order, Bob Gray halted them.

"The boy's all right," he told them quietly. "Let's see which is the best man this time."

They settled down to watch the fight. No sooner had the Ace of Spades felt the weight of Leonard in the saddle

than he commenced to buck, as only a few horses can buck. With feet and head together, he arose and crashed down to earth again. Each time he struck the ground, he spun around. Each time he arose, he squealed. Up and down, around and around, stiff-legged, fighting, streaming lather, went the horse. Shouting now and then, goading with a spur when he dared, white and grim, Leonard Gray sat in the saddle.

It was not a graceful ride he made. Now and then he grasped the horn; several times he appeared to be losing his seat. But he was staying with the horse—that was the only essential.

Soon the Ace tired of the preliminary tactics. He started bucking straight toward the fence. This did no good, so he ran the length of the corral and stopped, with feet buried in the earth, a maneuver designed to pitch the rider over the rails. It failed to work. With a scream the Ace rose on his hind legs and the cow punchers on the rail yelled a warning. To be caught under him on a backward fall would be fatal. There was no fall, this time. Just as the horse was attaining the balance necessary before he could fling himself backward, the loaded butt of a quirt crashed down on his head, directly between the ears. With a shake of the head he dropped to all fours again. Down to the ground he went and attempted to roll, but the boy stood over him and when the Ace scrambled to his feet once more, he still had the rider.

Leonard lost a stirrup once during this battle and it looked as though one more rider had been thrown, but his luck was with him and he caught the dangling foot hold. Not for one instant did the horse cease his frantic fighting. He bit at the lad's knees, but received a boot toe in the muzzle. He bucked and reared, pitched and ran, tried to scrub the boy off against the fence, but was discouraged by the goading of the spurs. He screamed,

and his eyes stood out from their sockets. Then he stopped.

"Open the gate!" yelled Leonard, but before the words were uttered, two of the men had swung the bars back.

Threshed with the whip and prodded with the spurs, the Ace of Spades headed for the opening. The rider shouted and redoubled his efforts as they emerged from the corral, and with a whimpering sound the animal sped away into the fading night. They saw the sparks strike from his feet; they heard his hoofs drum on the ground, and they stood and looked at one another, dumbfounded.

"Wall," drawled one. "It wa'n't what you might call a purty ride."

"Thet's right—go on an' kick," jeered another. "Th' Ace throwed *you* sky high an' *you* grabbed leather every minute."

"He rode him, boys; that's all that counts," said the foreman quietly. "He rode him. When he gets back, that horse 'll be like a kitten, I guess." He cleared his throat, "I guess we'd better make arrangements for one more man—man, I said—on the round-up."

Then Bob Gray hurried into the house to write the letter that a man back in the East had waited so long to receive.

From *The American Boy*.

BY HAROLD TITUS.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Give the time and place of this story. 2. Who are the principal characters? 3. Find what you consider the best descriptive part of the story. 4. Find the part where action is prominent. 5. How do the sentences compare in length? 6. What conclusion may you draw with respect to length of sentences which express lively action? 7. What other title can you suggest for this story? 8. Give your reasons for thinking your title better than the one selected by the author.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—1. "The Stampede of the Bison," from *The Prairie*, J. FENIMORE COOPER; 2. "Joan of Arc," from *Child's History of England*, DICKENS; 3. "The Ransom of Red Chief," from *Whirligigs*, O. HENRY; 4. *The Pickwick Papers*, DICKENS; 5. *Stories of the Great West*, ROOSEVELT; 6. *To the Adventurer*, JACK LONDON.

WORD STUDY

Note to Pupil. The one reference book which you, as a pupil, will use most frequently is the dictionary. The Word List below is a sort of small dictionary and is intended to teach you how to use the large reference book. Only the more difficult words of The Seventh Reader are given. The correct pronunciation is indicated by the spelling inside of the parenthesis. Your teacher will explain to you how to get the sound and the accent from this spelling. Many words have several meanings. In this Word List only the meaning used in this book is given. For other meanings, see the large dictionary.

KEY TO SOUNDS

ā as in <i>ate</i>	ā as in <i>all</i>	ī as in <i>it</i>	ū as in <i>but</i>
ă as in <i>at</i>	ē as in <i>eve</i>	ō as in <i>vote</i>	û as in <i>churn</i>
â as in <i>dare</i>	ě as in <i>set</i>	ô as in <i>not</i>	ÿ as in <i>lily</i>
ä as in <i>arm</i>	ē as in <i>fern</i>	ô as in <i>for</i>	ōō as in <i>boot</i>
â as in <i>ask</i>	ī as in <i>find</i>	ū as in <i>use</i>	ōō as in <i>foot</i>
ou as in <i>out</i>		oi as in <i>oil</i>	

a

abomination (ă-bŏm-ĭ-nă'shŭn), feeling of disgust
adieu (ă-dū'), good-by
administer (ăd-mĭn'ĭs-tēr), to give, to conduct
admonished (ăd-mŏn'ĭsht), warned, advised
adroitness (ă-droit'nĕss), skill and readiness
adversity (ăd-vŭr'sĭ-tĭ), misfortune
aggregate (ăg'rĕ-găt), equal
agility (ă-jĭl'ĭ-tĭ), nimbleness, activity
Aguadilla (ă-gwă-thĕl'yă), town in Porto Rico
Albania (ăl-bă'nĭ-ă), independent state of West Balkan Peninsula
amphibious (ăm-fĭb'ĭ-ŭs), able to live on land and in the water
anaconda (ăn-ă-kŏn'dă), a large snake of South America
anarchy (ăn'ăr-kĭ), absence of government

Anasco (ăn-yăs'kŏ), town in Porto Rico
anecdotes (ăn'ĕk-dŏts), tales
animated (ăn'ĭ-măt-ĕd), full of life, lively
Antigua (ăn-tĕ'gwă), an island, branch of the West Indies
apathy (ăp'ă-thĭ), insensibility, unconcern
appalling (ă-pŏl'ĭng), shocking, terrible
apprehensive (ăp-rĕ-hĕn'sĭv), apt, quick to understand
apprenticed (ă-prĕn'tĭst), put under the guidance of a master tradesman
approbation (ăp-rŏ-bă'shŭn), approval, consent
asafetida (ăs-ă-fĕt'ĭ-dă), a plant of Persia and the East Indies having a strong odor and taste of garlic
aspect (ăs'pĕkt), countenance
asp'ration (ăs-pĭ-ră'shŭn), strong wish, desire

assailed (ă-săld'), attacked, encountered

assiduously (ă-sīd' ū-ŭs-lī), attentively

assimilates (ă-sīm' ī-lāts), to become incorporated

authoritative (ô-thôr' ī-tā-tīv), commanding reliable

autobiography (ô-tô-bī-ôg' rā-fi), character sketch of a person written by himself

b

barbarous (băr' bâ-rŭs), merciless, brutal

Barranquitas (băr-răn-kē' tās), municipality of Porto Rico

bartering (băr' tēr-ing), exchanging

Bayamon (bā-yā-môn'), municipality of Porto Rico

behooved (bē-hōovd'), to be necessary for

beleaguered (bē-lē' gērd), surrounded, blockaded

Berezina (byēr-yā' zē-nā), a river in White Russia

biennial (bī-ēn' ī-āl), happening once in two years

Bobruysk (bō-brōō'y'sk), town in Russia

brandished (brăn' dīst), moved or waved, as a weapon

brigandine (brīg' ăn-dēn), a coat of body armor

buckler (bŭk' lēr), a shield

buffoon (bŭ-fōon'), a clown, a jester

bumpkin (bŭmp' kĭn), an awkward country fellow

bunglingly (bŭn' glĭng-lī), clumsily, awkwardly

bunt (bŭnt), to push or shove with the head, to butt

burghers (bŭr' gērs), inhabitants of a borough

butts (bŭts), wands set up for targets

buxom (bŭk' sŭm), healthy, lively

c

cache (kăsh), a hiding place

caitiffs (kă' tĭfs), mean, despicable persons

camlet (kă'm' lēt), a woven fabric originally made of camel's hair

capotes (kă-pōts'), long cloaks or overcoats

cascade (kăs-kăd'), a fall of water over a precipice

cassada (kă-să'dà), plant having fleshly rootstocks yielding a nutritious starch

Cattegat (kăt' ē-găt), arm of the North Sea

cavalcade (kăv-ăl-kăd'), a march of horsemen

centavos (sĕn-tă' vos) small Spanish coins

certes (sēr' tēz), certainly

chaise (shāz), a two-wheeled carriage

characteristics (kăr-ăk-tēr-ĭs' tĭks), distinctive traits

chivalrous (shĭv' ăl-rŭs), valorous, warlike

circumnavigate (sŭr-kŭm-năv' ī-găt) to sail round

cognomen (kŏg-nŏ' mĕn), surname

con (kŏn), to study in order to know, peruse

conjecture (kŏn-jĕc' tŭr), suppose, think, guess

conscientious (kŏn-shĭ-ĕn' shĕc), faithful

consternation (kŏn-stēr-nă' shŭn), astonishment, surprise

contamination (kŏn-tăm-ĭ-nă' shŭn), to soil, stain or corrupt by contact, pollute

contemplate (kǒn'těm-plāt), to meditate on, to regard thoughtfully
contraband (kǒn'trā-bānd), forbidden goods

contrivance (kǒn-trīv'āns), plan, scheme, device

covetous (kǔv'ě-tūs), eager to obtain, very desirous

counsellors (koun'sě-lērs), advisers

Courland (kōōr'lānd), former government of Russia, now divided between Latvia and Lithuania

credulity (krē-dū'li-tī), readiness of belief

Croatia (krō-ā'shī-ā), province of Yugoslavia, Europe

cymogene (sī'mō-jēn), an inflammable, gaseous petroleum product used for producing low temperatures

Czecho-Slovakia (chěk-ō-slō-vā'kī-ā), republic of central Europe

d

Dalmatia (dāl-mā'shī-ā), province of Yugoslavia, Europe

dastardly (dās'tārd-lī), stupid, dull

decorum (dē-kō'rūm), decency of conduct

deference (dēf'ēr-ēns), a yielding of judgment or preference

deliberation (dē-līb-ēr-ā'shūn), careful consideration

demurely (dē-mūr'li), affectedly modest, or serious

derisive (dē-rī'siv), taunting, insulting

despotic (dēs-pōt'ik), tyrannical, possessing and abusing unlimited power

dexterity (dēks-tēr'ī-tī), skill and ease in using the hands, cleverness

diligently (dil'ī-jēnt-lī), industriously, busily

direful (dir'fōol), dreadful, horrible

discourse (dīs-kōrs'), conversation

discrimination (dīs-krīm'ī-nā'shun), judgment

distaff (dīs'tāf), the staff for holding a bunch of flax, or from which the flax is drawn in spinning

Dnieper (nē'pēr), river in Russia

dominant (dōm'ī-nānt), ruling, governing

duffel (dūf'əl), a coarse, woolen cloth having a thick nap

e

effusion (ě-fū'zhūn), pouring out of

emaciate (ē-mā'shī-āt), to cause to lose flesh

emancipation (ē-mān-sī-pā'shūn), freedom, deliverance

emphatically (ēm-fāt'ī-kāl-lī), forcibly, impressibly

emulate (ēm'ū-lāt), to strive to equal or excel

encumbrance (ěn-kūm'brāns), burden, hindrance

enjoining (ěn-join'ing), commanding

enterprise (ěn'tēr-prīz), that which is to be undertaken

enthral (ěn-thrōl'), to enslave

epitaphs (ěp'ī-tāfs), inscriptions on monuments

erudition (ēr-ōo-dīsh'ūn), instruction, education

Ethiopian (ē-thī-ō'pī-ān), a Negro

evinced (ē-vīnst'), conquered

f

fabulous (fāb'ū-lūs), not real, invented

fastidious (fās-tīd'ī-ūs), difficult to please

ferule (fēr'ool), flat piece of wood used for punishing children

feuds (fūds), disputes, quarrels

fjords (fyôrd's), a narrow inlet of the sea between high banks or rocks
Fiume (fyôô'mā), city in Italy
flippant (flīp'ănt), speaking fluently without knowledge or consideration
forecastle (fôr'kās'-l), forward part of a vessel where sailors live
formidable (fôr'mī-dā-b'l), exciting fear
frescoes (frēs'kōz), the art of painting on freshly spread plaster before it dries
freshets (frēsh'ēts), overflowing of streams caused by melted snow or heavy rains
frugality (frōo-gāl'ī-tī), economy, thrift
Funchal (foon-shāl), district of Portugal
fusty (fūs'tī), ill-smelling, moldy

g

genie (jē'nī), fabulous being
gentry (jēn'trī), people of education and good breeding
geomys busarius (jēōm'īs bū sār'ī-ūs), pocket gopher
glamor (glām'ēr), a spell or charm, as one which deceives the sight
goede vrouw (gūd frow), good wife
Gualtieri (gwāl-tyā'rē), municipality of Italy

h

halyard (hāl'yērd), a rope for hoisting or lowering sails
harangue (hā-răng'), noisy speech
harbinger (hār'bīn-jēr), a messenger
harpichord (hărp'sī-kôrd), an old-fashioned piano
hauberk (hó'bērk), a coat of mail
hibernate (hī'bēr-nāt), to winter
Huguenot (hū'gē-nôt), A French Protestant in the 16th century

i

ibid (é-bīd) the same reference
i. e., that is
illiterates (ī-līt'ēr-āts), uneducated people
imminently (īm'ī-nēnt-lī), impending
imperceptibly (īm-pēr-sēp'tī-blī), unseen
impervious (īm-pēr'vī-ūs), impassable, impenetrable
importuned (īm-pör-tünd), annoyed, begged repeatedly for
impunity (īm-pū'nī-tī), freedom from punishment
inapplicable (īn-ăp'li-kā-b'l), not suitable
incandescence (īn-kăn-dēs'ēns), the glowing of a body due to its high temperature
incentive (īn-sēn'tīv), motive, inducement
incredible (īn-krēd'ī-b'l), unlikely, fabulous
indigo (īn'dī-gō), a dark blue earthy substance, tasteless and odorless, with a copper-violet luster when rubbed
infinite (īn'fī-nīt), unlimited, boundless
ingeniously (īn-jēn'yūs-lī), skillfully
ingratitaing (īn-grā'shī-ăt), commending to the favor of another
innovators (īn'ō-vā-tērs), persons introducing something new
insolent (īn'sō-lēnt), insulting, abusive
instinctive (īn-stīnk'tīv), natural
intolerance (īn-tōl'ēr-ăns), refusal to allow to others the enjoyment of their opinions
intrusive (īn-trōō'sīv), entering without right or welcome

inundation (ín-ún-dā'shūn), an over-flow, flood

irrepressible (ír-ē-prēs'í-b'l), not capable of being repressed or controlled

itinerant (í-tín'ēr-ánt), traveling about the country

j

joinery (join'ēr-ī), art or trade of constructing articles by joining pieces of wood

k

Kamchatka (kām-chát'kà), province of eastern Siberia, Russia

kirtle (kúr't'l), a man's tunic or coat

l

lament (lá-měnt'), to express or feel sorrow

languorous (lăn'gēr-ūs), grievous; dullness

lavishly (lăv'ish-lī), extravagantly; excessively

leal (lēl), faithful, loyal

legitimately (lē-jít'ī-mât-lī), lawfully

Libau (lē'bou), capital of Courland province, Latvia, Europe

Lika (lē'kà), town in Jugoslavia

literally (lít'ēr-ăl-lī), true of fact; practically

m

magnanimously (măg-năn'ī-mūs-lī), honorably; nobly

malefactors (măl-ē-făk'tērs), evil doers

Marabout (măr'â-bōōt), a Mohammedan hermit or saint

marauding (mă-ród'ing), looking for plunder

maxim (măk'sīm), a proverb; a saying

Mayaguez (mă-yă-gwās'), city in Porto Rico

meed (mēd), reward for service

menace (mēn'ās), threaten

mien (mēn), manner; bearing

Minsk (mēnsk), capital of White Russia

missile (mīs'íl), a weapon or object thrown

moat (mōt), a ditch

mortification (môr-tī-fī-kā'shūn), humiliation

motley (môt'li), mixed

multitudinous (mül-tī-tū'dī-nūs), great in number

mustang (müs'tăng), the small, hardy, half-wild horse of Texas and New Mexico

mutinied (mū'tī-nīd), refused to obey orders

n

Nagasaki (nă-gă-să'kē), town in Japan

nettles (nēt'ls), a plant with prickles or stinging hair

niggardly (nīg'gărd-lī), stingy; miserly

nub (nüb), a point or gist of a story

o

obvious (ōb'vī-ūs), easily seen; discovered

omens (ō'mēns), signs of future events

onerous (ōn'ēr-ūs), burdensome

onslaught (ōn'slôt), a furious attack

optimistic (ōp-tī-mīs'tik), hopeful

oracle (ōr'â-k'l), one whose decisions are regarded as great authority

overwhelmed (ō-vēr-hwēlmd'), overpowered

p

pagan (pă'găn), a heathen

papaya (pă-pă'yă), oblong yellow edible fruit of a palmlike tree

patriarchal (pă-trī-ăr'kăl), venerable

pavese (păv'is), a large shield

pedagogue (pēd'â-gōg), schoolmaster

pensive (pěń'sív), sad

Pentecost (pěń'tē-köst), a solemn festival of the Jews

peradventure (pěr-ád-věń'tŭr), by chance, perhaps

perceive (pěr-sěv'), to see into, discern

perennial (pěr-ěń'ĩ-ăl), perpetual, unceasing

persecution (pěr-sē-kŭ'shŭn), infliction of loss, pain or death for belief or adherence to a certain creed or mode of worship

peruse (pě-rōōz'), to observe carefully

phenomenon (fē-nŏm'ē-nŏn), any observable fact or event

philosophized (fī-lŏs'ō-fīzd), reasoned

phosphorus (fŏs'fŏr-ŭs), a nonmetallic element of the nitrogen group

physique (fī-zēk'), physical or bodily structure

pillage (pīl'āj), act of plundering

poinciana (poin-sī-ā'nà), a prickly tropical shrub with showy orange-red flowers

polygamy (pō-līg'ā-mī), having more than one wife or husband at the same time

polyglot (pŏl'ĩ-glŏt), made up of several languages

ponderous (pŏń'dēr-ŭs), weighty

poniard (pŏń'yārd), a dagger

portentous (pŏr-těń'tŭs), monstrous, wonderful

portmanteau (pŏrt-māń'tō), bag, case

potentate (pŏ'těń-tāt), one possessing great power

potently (pŏ'těńt-lī), strong, mighty

potions (pŏ'shŭns), doses of liquid medicine

precursor (prē-kŏr'sēr), a forerunner

preposterous (prē-pŏs'tēr-ŭs), monstrous

prodigious (prŏ-dīj'ŭs), enormous

progeny (prŏj'ē-nī), offsprings

protocol (prŏ'tŏ-kŏl), treaty

psychology (sī-kŏl'ō-jī), science of mind

q

quavers (kwā'vĕrs), vibrations of the voice

queue (kŭ), tail-like twist of hair worn at the back of the head

r

rationally (rāsh'ŭn-āl-lī), sensible, within reason

reconnoitering (rĕk-ŏ-noi'trīng), examining with the eye, surveying

regime (rā-ahēm'), rule, management

relished (rĕl'isht), enjoyed

reluctantly (rĕ-lŭk'tānt-lī), unwillingly

remonstrance (rĕ-mŏń'strāns), protest

rendezvous (rāń'dĕ-vŏŏ), meeting place

residue (rĕz'ī-dŭ), remainder

retinue (rĕt'ī-nŭ), attendants

Reykjavik (rā'kyā-vĕk), town of Iceland

rhigolene (rīg'ŏ-lĕn), liquid used to keep objects cool

rhomboid (rŏm'boid), a parallelogram in which the angles are oblique and the adjacent sides are unequal

roundelay (rouń'dĕ-lā), a simple strain which is short and lively

ruble (rŏŏ'b'l), a gold coin of Russia

s

sagacious (sā-gā'shŭs), wise

Sangreal (sāń'grĕ-āl), the Holy Grail

santon (sāń'tŏn), a Turkish saint

sapodilla (sāp-ŏ-dīl'ā), a large tropical American tree with hard durable wood and handsome evergreen foliage

sarbacane (sār'bā-kān), a blowgun

sauntering (săn'tēr-īng), to wander idly

scrupulous (skroo'pū-lūs), careful, cautious

shrewdness (shrood'něss), sharpness, keenness

sieges (sējs), seats

significance (sīg-nīf'ī-kāns), meaning

sinews (sīm'ūz), muscular power, strength

sixpence (sīks'pěns), an English coin about twelve cents

Skagerrak Sea (skäg'ēr-rāk), arm of North Sea

sobriety (sō-brī'ē-tī), seriousness, reasonableness

sojourn (sō'jurn), to tarry

solaced (sōl'ast), cheered, soothed

Soldan (sōl'dān), a sultan

sonneteer (sōn-ēt-ēr'), composer of small poems

soporiferous (sōp-ō-rīf'ēr-ūs), drowsy

spontaneously (spōn-tā'nē-ūs-lī), produced without human labor

straitened (strāt'nd), in need

stratagem (strāt'ā-jēm), trick of deceiving

subsistence (süb-sīs'těns), livelihood

sustenance (süs'tě-nāns), means of living

symmetry (sīm'ē-trī), harmonious relation of parts

t

tandem (tān'děms) hitched in single file

tenaciously (tē-nā'shūs-lī), holding fast

tethered (tēth'ērd), to confine as with a rope or chain

theory (thē'ō-rī), general principle

Tirana (tē-rā'nā), capital of Albania

tolerably (tōl'ēr-ā-b'ly), moderately good or agreeable

tow (tō), cloth made of coarse and broken part of flax or hemp

tranquil (trān'kwīl), quiet, calm

Trondhjem (trōn'yēm), city of Norway

trundled (trūn'd'ld), to roll anything on little wheels

trysting-place (trīst'īng), meeting place

u

uncontaminated (ūn-kōn-tām'ī-nāted) not polluted

upheave (ūp-hēv'), to raise

unsullied (ūn-sūl'id), untarnished

v

vagabond (vāg'ā-bōnd), one who wanders from place to place

valor (vāl'ēr), bravery

varlet (vār'lēt), an attendant

venerable (vēn'ēr-ā-b'l), deserving of honor and respect

venom (vēn'ūm), poison

versts (vūrsts), a Russian mile

vigilant (vij'ī-lānt), watchful, attentive

visionary (vīzh'ūn-ā-rī), unreal

volition (vō-līsh'ūn), choice, preference, determination

vouchsafe (vouch-sāf'), to grant

w

wantonness (wōn'tūn-něss), recklessness

weird (wērd), pertaining to witchcraft

whilom (hwī'lūm), formerly, once

wielder (wēl'dēr), one having power or authority

wince (wīns), to shrink as from a blow

withe (wīth), willow, twig

wraiths (rāths), unreal images, visions

writhe (rīth), to twist and turn

y

yeomen (yō'mēn), body guards

